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TRAVELS

IN

SOUTHERN RUSSIA,

AND

THE CRIMEA;

THROUGH HUNGARY, WALLACHIA, & MOLDAVIA,

DURING THE YEAR 1837.

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BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY RAFFET.

DEDICATED TO H.I.M. NICHOLAS I., EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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EXPLANATION OF

THE GEOLOGICAL MAP

OF THE

CRIMEA,

BY M. J. N. HUOT,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

TRAVELS IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA,

BY M. ANATOLE DE DEMIDOFF.

EXPLANATION OF THE SIGNS.

- Town or City.
- Village of 20 or more houses.
- Hamlet containing from 5 to 20 houses.
- Hamlet of fewer than 5 houses.
- A house.
- Ancient hamlet, uninhabited.
- Church.
- Monastery.
- Mosque.
- Post house, or relay.
- Post road.
- High road.
- Bye road.
- Light-house.
- Anchorage.
- Wind-mill.
- Water-mill.
- Fort, or redoubt.

EXPLANATION OF THE COLOURS.

12. Pseudo Volcanic
11. Plutonic Rocks
} Igneous formation.

10. Recent formation.

9. Diluvial formation.

8. Upper beds
7. Middle beds
6. Inferior beds
} Super cretaceous formation.

5. Chalk
4. Green sand
3. Neocomian, or Lower Green sand
} Cretaceous formation.

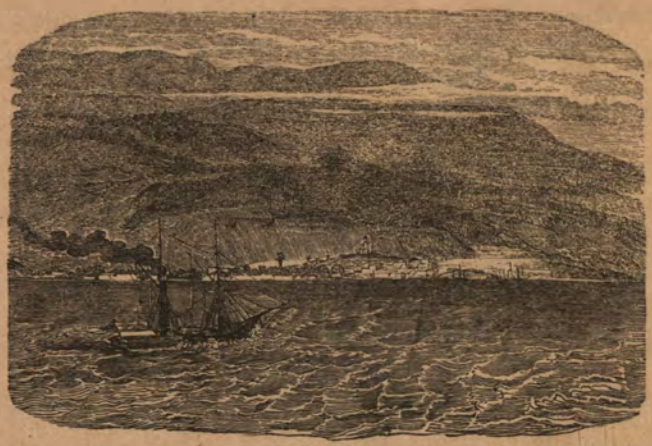
2. Oolitic formation
1. Lias formation
} Jurassic formation.

1 / 424,470

50,000 metres.

50 versts.

70 leagues, 25 to a degree.



CHAPTER I.

YALTA.—BAGHTCHEH-SARAÏ.

Before quitting Yalta to begin our daily investigations upon the soil of the Taurida, we had to accomplish several indispensable preliminaries. This occupied two days, nor were these two days lost as regarded the researches of our naturalists, or the achievements of our painter. Our picturesque campaign could not have opened under more favourable auspices. Count Woronzoff was kind enough

to assist us himself in tracing out the plan of our expedition. We had, moreover, a skilful guide and powerful recommendations, and, thus fortified, we were now about to commence the wandering existence of sportsmen, geologists, and naturalists. The goal was before us, the only business now was to touch it with our hands.

On the 13th, we were all assembled, towards evening, on the shore at Yalta, when the steamer which had brought us, the "Peter the Great," left the bay, which still continued rough, and steered towards the east, carrying on board two persons, proceeding to rejoin M. de Demidoff and the carriages, which could be better disembarked at Kaffa, where they would be substituted for the télègues; from a height, beneath which the sea spreads out to a distance, our eyes followed, for a long time, the course of the steamer, tossed by a somewhat heavy sea. The promontory on which we stood was once occupied by the old church of Yalta, and amidst its ruined foundations we stumbled over two skulls worthy of the grave-digger in "Hamlet." We made a booty of these human remains, of proud origin doubtless, as they lay thus abandoned beneath the vaulted roof of the sanctuary.

On a height not far from hence stands the new church of Yalta, a charming edifice, of the lightest design, and filled with delicate sculptures. The entrance to the interior is through the base of an elegant tower, while

a dome in the oriental style, surrounded by four of smaller dimensions, picturesquely crowns the edifice.

On the following day, we strolled over the environs. Two small rivers, which heavy rains or the thawing of the snow, sometimes convert into torrents, flow into the bay of Yalta. The first, which has given its name to this modest town, rises at the base of a splendid barrier of mountains, intersects a valley covered with gardens and orchards, and is lost in the sea, close to the very gates of Yalta. The other river, which runs into the sea a little more to the south, near Cape Aï-Todor, bears the name of Chrimasto-Nero. In summer, a few thread-like streams of clear water straggle over the pebbles at the bottom of a bed hollowed out by a torrent. Not that the sources of the river are deficient, but as it passes at the bottom of their gardens, the Tatars, skilful in the art of irrigation, exact from the Chrimasto-Nero a tribute of limpid water. This beautiful water is drawn off by canals ingeniously disposed, and supplies moisture to the numerous plantations of tobacco and hemp. We ascended this valley, walking in the bed of the torrent, obstructed at intervals by masses of rock, and at the end of an hour we halted in the midst of a wild and grand scene. The torrent divides here at the base of an imposing heap of rocks, covered with a profusion of pines, larches, and juniper trees, in the midst of which

a number of elegant peaks rise boldly in the air, like the spires of a gothic cathedral. The air was calm, the silence profound, and the solitude unbroken.

On retracing our steps, we visited a large Tatar village, sloping beneath the shade of its walnut trees down to the edge of the torrent. In the geographical nomenclature of the east, which delights to designate places according to the picturesque characteristic of their aspect or position, this place is called Déré-Koui: the first of these words signifies a valley, and Koui is the term applied to a village. The dwellings of the Tatar peasants are erected by preference on a slope, in such a manner that the houses may be built in the form of an amphitheatre, with their backs to the rising ground. Three walls, of no great height, form the sides of these humble dwellings, the fourth being cut into the hill itself; several beams supporting a covering of turf laid upon bundles, are solidly established upon these walls, and a terrace is thus formed, which the Tatars have found the means of rendering quite impervious to the wet. On this terrace, which is kept as clean as the floors in our houses, the Tatar peasant lays out his fruit and his seeds to dry; here he breathes the cool evening air, and chats with his friends and neighbours. From this post of command, the Tatar can see what is going on around, when his faithful dogs rush barking at the stranger.

This terrace constitutes, in fact, the entire house. Among all these platforms, there is one in particular, that of the ombachi, the municipal chief of the locality, which is the public place, the forum, where the news is exchanged, and the affairs of the village are discussed; here, too, the stranger is received during the preparations for that eager hospitality, which is a sort of religion with this people.

Déré-Koui, its lower extremity, is shaded by the thick foliage of a forest of large walnut trees. The public fountain, hidden beneath this gloomy canopy, was surrounded by groups of women, whom our appearance put to flight. Running thus through the shade, enveloped in their white veils, they suggested the notion of blessed spirits in Elysium. Everything helped to carry out the Virgilian comparison; the coolness, the silence, the murmur of the waters, and the light steps of the fugitives. If you meet them in some narrow pathway, they suddenly turn back on their steps rather than meet the gaze of an infidel; or if they are tranquillized by the distance which separates you, they content themselves with obstinately turning their backs towards you; even the children, a curious race, seem to participate in this horror of strangers. We were, however, followed by several pretty little boys, with lively faces, prudently keeping at a distance, and ready to make their escape at

the slightest alarm. They took especial delight in seeing us shoot doves, with which the thickly foliaged trees of Déré-Kouï abound. These Tatar children are pretty, nimble, and well-proportioned; they are clad in a narrow sack; and their heads are covered with a red bonnet, from beneath which falls an abundant crop of hair artistically plaited by the maternal hand; when the child is grown up, the red bonnet is succeeded by the black sheep-skin cap, commonly worn by these people. Unfortunately, when the cap is drawn well over the forehead, the ears are left outside, and this is why they are always seen to stick out so far from the head. The qualities of the full-grown man correspond with the promise of his childhood; he is gracefully made, quick, and courageous; with a brilliant eye, an aquiline nose, and intelligence beaming in every feature. He is naturally idle—idleness is to him an exquisite pleasure; but, nevertheless, when it is required, he can endure the greatest hardship and fatigue.

The language spoken by these men is the Tatar, but they speak it with so hoarse and veiled an accent, that it is with difficulty they can be understood, even by those acquainted with it. This guttural pronunciation arises, no doubt, from their habit of calling out to each other in the open air from the top of their terraces. The tillage in Déré-Koui, as in the rest of

the valley of Yalta, is conducted by the Tatars with great intelligence, and we have already mentioned how the skilful distribution of water contributes to increase the general fertility of the land.

We received at Aloupka, on the 15th, a plan for our expedition, embracing every spot in the Taurida worthy the attention of the inquirer. The first portion of our route formed a circuit on the map of the Crimea, the principal points of which were Baghtcheh-Saraï, the city of the Khans, and Sevastopol, the great naval arsenal, taking in the whole ancient Chersonese, so replete with historical and poetical memorials. We started upon this interesting pilgrimage, provided with all that could make the journey agreeable and instructive, and the letters kindly furnished us by the governor-general, ensured us a favourable reception everywhere. A firman in the Russian and Tatar languages, made us secure as to obtaining means of conveyance and the requisite number of horses. Our guide, sent us by Count Woronzoff, soon became our friend; his name was Michael Barba-Christi, and he was a subaltern-officer, in the company of arnaouts, of Yalta.

The Greek troops, who are called arnaouts, consist of one battalion, whose special duty is to guard the coast of Crimea. The head-quarters are in the little port of Balaklava, and the troops are stationed out at the various points of the coast where their presence is

deemed necessary. The origin of these arnaouts dates from the war between Russia and the Ottoman empire, in 1769. A naval force, composed entirely of Greeks from the Archipelago, powerfully contributed at that time to the success of the Russian arms; at the termination of the campaign, the remnant of this valiant squadron were received on the Russian territory, and formed into a regiment, which subsequently rendered repeated and signal services against the insurrections of the Tatars. At a later period, this military corps received, together with the name of Greek battalion of Balaklava, a grant of land; they thus formed a complete military colony, the members of which, called out at intervals to serve, devote themselves during two-thirds of the year to the peaceful cultivation of their possessions. It is difficult to account for the surname of arnaouts, applied to these Greeks. Perhaps, should we look for the origin of this designation in the Greek words *arnos*, a sheep, or *arnaki*, a ewe, which would lead to the supposition that this small tribe, now settled upon the rocks of Balaklava, is descended from a people of shepherds. But to proceed: our worthy guide, Michael Barba-Christi, was no sooner in possession of the order from Aloupka, than he zealously busied himself concerning the means of conveyance which we should require to reach Baghtcheh-Saraï.

On the 16th, before six in the morning, we were all

on horseback, and our joyous troop was ascending the valley of Yalta, following in single file the pathway along the bank of the little river. Nine mounted men, and five Tatars on foot, composed our tolerably picturesque cavalcade; for our costumes had undergone a considerable change since the day when our uniforms attracted the attention of the passengers on board the Danube steamer. We had already yielded to Tatar influence, and our persons and garments exhibited a decidedly oriental character. We were ourselves struck with the strange appearance presented by our party, as they stood out in relief against the first declivities of the Yaïla. The horses which we rode were of low stature and slight appearance; but we soon learned to esteem their excellent qualities. Indefatigable, and never discouraged, the least repose, and the most meagre pasturage sufficed to restore their strength; they are as sure of foot on the most rugged paths, and on the edge of precipices, as on the broadest and most level road. Slow and cautious in descending a steep, they clamber up hill at a gallop. The saddle used by the Tatars consists of a light but hard wooden frame, covered with a thick leather cushion; the rider, thus raised aloft, and resting on very short stirrups, is so elevated above his steed that he cannot press his flanks. The Tatars, accustomed to this strange mode of riding, have a very firm seat; but a

person unaccustomed to it, requires a certain amount of practice before he feels entirely at his ease. In this fashion we wended our way, each flanked with his baggage; one with his artist's sketch-book and havresack, another with the more formidable hammers of the geologist, and some with herbals, fowling-pieces, and the gauze pockets fatal to the butterfly. On our pack-horses were heaped up provisions, fishing-nets, cloaks, cooking and camp utensils, kegs of spirits of wine, and the light portmanteaus containing our town habiliments. Such was our grotesque procession, as it left the neighbourhood of Yalta.

We were soon slowly ascending large round hills, along the sides of which the path slants at a gentle inclination; for it would be impossible to attempt a direct path over these gigantic cones. It was wonderful to see our little horses clambering over the loose rolling stones, the clatter of which still echoed through the valleys, even after the cavalcade had reached the summit. In a more elevated region, we met with a fine growth of pines, as elegant as those of Italy: they flourish marvellously in the immense ravines of the Yaïla, but on the highest peaks they become stunted and irregular. This fine tree, the *pinus taurica*, is the natural dispenser of shade in these countries; it protects beneath its gloomy foliage the inferior hills of the chain of Crimea. After halting on a plateau carpeted with moss, beneath

the shade of these splendid pines, we began once more to climb the heights.

You first ascend; in a slanting direction, the steep sides of an immense conical mountain, thickly covered with wood, following a path which seems to have been torn open by the lightning; you proceed along the edge of a precipice, which winds now to the right and now to the left, and sometimes you have to cross the ravine on the trunks of trees. As you ascend further, the prospect stretches out in the distance, while the vaulted foliage of the old pines grows thicker. When you have thus climbed the sides of this cone, clothed with such a vigorous vegetation, you find a naked plateau, whence, by an easy slope, you reach the summit of the mountain; and having attained this elevation, which is not less than nine hundred metres, you perceive, to your great delight, the sweetest little stream of murmuring water that ever quenched a traveller's thirst.

At the topmost crown of the Yaïla, at a place called Stille Bogas, we enjoyed the most magnificent panorama in the Crimea. The picture is bounded to the south by the sea, and this blue horizon blends with the transparent tints of the atmosphere. At the furthest extremity of a magnificent sheet of verdure appeared Yalta, with its azure bay, and its ships sparkling in the midst of the waters. To the north and to the west

the scene bears a different aspect, and the eye gazes upon a succession of little mountains, reminding one of the *montes exultaverunt sicut arietes*, until it rests on the Tcha-dir-Dagh, the giant of the Tauric Alps.

Descending the reverse slope of Stille-Bogas, the foliage appears less thick; the trees, less straight in their growth, bend beneath the northern blast; and it is not until we come to the deep ravines, that we find once more the warm tints and rich tones in the landscape, coloured by the light of the setting sun. It was not without extreme fatigue that we reached a large village, situated at the bottom of a valley, accessible by paths which only goats, or the horses of the Tatars can follow. Several times, when we came to frightful declivities, our intrepid steeds allowed themselves to slide down on their four feet. It will be easily imagined, therefore, that the village of Bouyouck Ouzen-Batch was hailed with delight by our weary troop. Hospitality was offered us; and while coffee was being prepared, our attentive guide, the brave Michael, set about procuring us fresh horses, in lieu of the over-weary steeds which had brought us.

To a spring in the neighbourhood, Ouzen-Batch owes its name; Batch signifying head, and Ouzen a rivulet. As two villages in this canton derived their names from the same circumstance, the Tatars have distinguished

them by the terms, little (*Koutchouk*), and great (*Bouyouk*); it was in the latter, Ouzen-Batch, that we changed our horses. The room in which we were received was fitted with remarkable taste; the walls and ceiling were lined with wood, divided into panels skilfully finished. The ground was covered with a carpet of brilliant colours, and along three sides of the wall was a broad and very low couch; a small chimney, in the form of a niche, hollowed out in the wall at about three feet from the ground, contained the remnants of a fire. It must be confessed that this hospitable abode was simply a coffee-house for the reception of the idle; but which, at this hour of the day, usually devoted to sleep, was deserted. The inhabitants of Bouyouk-Ouzen-Batch are active and industrious, above all other Tatars. Their principal occupation is that of wheelwrights, the quantity of wheels made by them being very considerable; long trains of twenty pairs of wheels and more, made fast together by a long pole, are drawn from Ouzen-Batch to Central Crimea, where the continual employment of cars ensures them a ready sale.

On leaving the village, with its gardens and orchards, a long portion of road is traversed, where the vegetation is scanty and the soil stony; the progress along this road is extremely difficult, as it lies in the bed of a dried-up torrent, the breadth of which indicates that at the

periods of its height, it must be extremely impetuous; at last, you reach a vale bristling with little conical elevations of schist and clay, upon which the effects of the rain has left a number of furrows and curious indentations. M. de Nordmann, to whom the country was familiar, had strongly urged us to penetrate into a large valley, which he said would greatly shorten the journey to Baghtcheh-Saraï; but here the memory of our savant failed him; and our guides, with their habits of submission, were not the people to set us right. After passing through a succession of meadows irrigated by the limpid waters of a pretty river, we were obliged at last to turn in the direction of the mountains, plainly visible to us, surrounding the great Tatar city. All these mountains are alike; they are crowned with natural walls, which give them the appearance, from a distance, of so many fortresses.

The sun was already sinking towards the horizon, and the caravan, fatigued by a long day's journey, was becoming more and more dispirited; some of our party wandering in pursuit of curious birds, several of which fell victims to this unexpected invasion of their solitude. Whenever we met with any inhabitant of these regions, our perplexity was rather increased than otherwise. Baghtcheh-Saraï, one would say, is now not more than four versts hence; with the next we had eight versts

to travel. Meanwhile, the moon was rising, and showed her disc above the mountains, reddened by the vapours of the evening. Michael and two of our colleagues, whose horses still exhibited some freshness, galloped a-head, in order to obtain lodgings; the rest of our jaded party following in their track as best they could.

We soon arrived in the midst of the aforesaid rocks, fantastically heaped in the semblance of ramparts, as though by the hand of some Vauban of the supernatural world, hoping shortly to find, under any circumstances, at least shelter and a night's rest: but imagine our cruel disappointment on reaching the plateau, to find a barren solitude; no city, no lights; a vast, echoless plain, on which the hoofs of our horses sounded as on the pavement of those large public squares in Italy. An hour passed away in crossing this deceitful desert, when at last the barking of dogs reached us, and a few lights were seen glimmering in the depths of a sort of gulf which lay at our feet; then only were we enabled to distinguish through the haze the glittering spires of the minarets. A steep slope, turning as it descends, brought us to the edge of a small river, banked up by a stone quay. We alighted at the threshold of a large oriental archway, surmounted by a square pavilion; a sentinel recognised us, and we were admitted into an immense court-yard, surrounded by light and elegant

buildings of unequal sizes, the moon lighting up their brilliant façades. We were in the palace of the Khans of the Crimea, that historical abode—the *Palace of Gardens*—to which Baghtcheh-Saraï owes its significant appellation.

There was no illusion this time—we had now really attained the goal. We were not now in Vienna, the gay capital, nor Pesth, the proud queen of young Hungary; nor on the Danube, with its inundated shores, its foaming eddies bearing down tranquil steam-boats: no, nor Bukharest or Yassy, cities discoloured by the pallid institutions of the east. We were in a perfect eastern Saraï, a palace of the Arabian nights; we were on thoroughly Asiatic ground. What voice is that singing above our heads? It is the Musslim. Close to us, there, in the silent cemetery, sleep sixty khans, who have made this palace their abode; just, or wicked, they have lived and stirred within these walls. To-morrow, we shall look upon their narrow sepulchres; a stream, hidden by the grass, murmurs at their feet a monotonous chaunt dear to the inhabitants of the grave.

The Crimea belongs to Russia, and Russia has faithfully preserved the traditions of this poetical corner of its immense empire. The palace of Baghtcheh-Saraï is open to visitors as before; and a hospitality worthy the past ages is offered to them in the buildings which,

from all time, have been reserved for the reception of the daily guest. A large wing of the palace, that which faces the river, contains the private apartments. Standing at the archway, and looking towards the interior of the enclosed buildings, to the right are seen, besides the dwelling of the khans, the harem, the baths, the private gardens, and a lofty tower, terminated by a terrace enclosed with thick railings. To the left, a large mosque is identified by its slender minarets ; the cemetery surrounds two large funereal pavilions, and the whole is encircled with buildings occupied by servants and officials. The extremity of the court-yard immediately opposite is occupied by a kiosk, forming an entrance to the stables, and by a modern fountain in the oriental style, shaded by willows, and bearing the initials of the Emperor Alexander; an amphitheatre of gardens forms the back-ground of this picture, the furthest plane being the large wall of rocks, so curiously regular, within which the city is enclosed.

We were assigned, for our lodgings, two chambers of clean appearance, furnished with two couches, covered with morocco leather ; an amount of accommodation altogether insufficient for our numerous party. This was, however, of little consequence, for after sixteen hours' riding, the matting on the floor made the softest of beds. At the same time, in order to repair the loss

sustained during a long fast, we sent for provisions—a thing not easily obtained at so late an hour. To our complete surprise, it was not long before two enormous dishes were triumphantly placed on the table by our guides. One of these dishes contained a mountain of sheep's trotters, boiled, and on the other was heaped a hecatomb of heads, corresponding with the aforesaid feet; the latter dish, somewhat too oriental in appearance, was resigned to our Tatars.

We were still asleep when the sun shone upon us, but we lost no time in seeing and judging, by daylight, all that had so charmed us under the soft beams of the moon. The fine palace lost nothing by the change: all those coquettish, unequal, contrasting edifices, overshadowed by large red roofs, and covered with paintings, mingled with mottoes and devices, appeared to us full of charming grace and freshness: the numerous court-yards—the gardens, somewhat too denuded of shade, but refreshed by the ceaseless flow of fountains—the discreet and jealous walls of the harem;—all these scenes, so novel to us, at once rivetted our attention; but we deferred a more detailed survey to another occasion. After being politely received by M. Bobovitch, the steward of the palace, for whom the governor-general had given us a letter of introduction, we dispersed in different directions over the city, each bent on the special

object of his studies: one visited the mountains, whose singular formation, observed on the previous night, presented a fine geological problem; another, little caring for khans, those monarchs of yesterday, proceeded to interrogate the past in its most venerable sanctuary, loading himself with large fossils—gigantic oysters, relics of an age to which the human mind can assign no date; the plants of the desert attracted a third; while the beautiful faces, and the picturesquely dilapidated houses encountered in every direction, furnished a fourth with subjects for his pencil. With these varied motives did we ramble over the city and its environs.

Baghtcheh-Saraï lies in the bosom of a narrow valley, bristling with large cube-shaped rocks, which seem ready to fall down and crush it. A small river, the Djourouk-Sou, flows at the bottom of a ravine: this rivulet, whose name, signifying fetid water, by no means implies a calumny, bears no analogy with the beautiful springs in which the natives delight. For a long space this city was the residence of the khans of Crimea, who took a pride in embellishing its palace, the abode of their power; it was from hence, while lapt in the softest luxury, that they manifested themselves to their subjects. Baghtcheh-Saraï, which has been several times sacked, and eventually fell a conquest to the Empress Catherine, has once more become a purely Tatar city, and the only one

in Crimea which has preserved, without admixture, the characteristics of this interesting nation.

A long street, stretching along the Djourouk-Sou, constitutes in itself almost the entire city. The houses and gardens rise up on either side, on the steep sides of the narrow valley. Several mosques are grouped in the midst of trees, and raise their minarets above the dwellings. As to the general style of architecture, it presents nothing remarkable, unless it be in the construction of the chimnies, which are in the form of little pointed turrets, admitting the light through a number of openings. The principal street is lined throughout with the shops of tradesmen and artificers, in which Tatar industry is exhibited in all its primitive simplicity, producing daily the same articles as it furnished two centuries ago; neither fashion nor caprice have altered these unchangeable productions one tittle. The coarsest kind of pottery, the commonest cutlery, a great variety of articles in morocco leather, babouches, saddles, belts, purses, &c.—such are the wares exhibited in their shops, which are a sort of raised stall, in which the shopkeeper sits tailor-fashion.

In the workshops, cart and wheel-making goes on; the shoeing of oxen, and carding and winding cotton. Then come the pastry-cooks, butchers, and barbers—important personages; poets, censors and politicians, to

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TYP. J. CLAYE.

TATAR BAKER AT BAGHTCHEH SARAÏ.

whom a large pair of spectacles sometimes imparts a peculiar air of gravity; then the turners, patiently boring cherry or jessamine sticks into the long pipes so much in request in the western world. All these people exhibit an air of calmness at their work, and buy and sell with dignity. The Jew karaïms, members of a peculiar sect of the Israelites, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter, reserve to themselves the trade in stuffs, mercery, and colonial produce. From the top of a high rock in the neighbourhood, where they have established their abode, these sectarians come down every morning, and entice the customer into their private warehouses. We cannot omit mentioning the enormous heap of pastecs with which this long street is filled. At this season, the pastec is an article of consumption in momentary request—an ever-recurring necessity—and constitutes almost the sole food of an entire people, notwithstanding those rules of diet which should be observed in warm climates. To conclude on the subject of this street, which is a city in itself, let us add that it is irregularly paved, and that during the day it is continually traversed by a multitude of those cars with creaking axles, already described by us. A few branch streets terminate upon this central and animated trunk of the city; these are like so many suburbs, inhabited by the lower class, and contain only

a number of houses, hermetically closed, without any look out, like so many private prisons on the public way. In the very centre of the long radii formed by the city and its approaches, are spread the buildings and gardens of the palace. It is entered over a stone bridge, and through the elegant archway which was so timely opened the evening before, to our wearied and scattered caravan. Numberless inscriptions adorn the exterior of this royal abode. Scarcely a door but has its sentence or talismanic cypher mingled with the paintings with which every panel in the building is invariably decorated; such as groups of flowers and fruit, rare and fanciful birds, and graceful scrolls, whose crude colouring boldly contrasts with the white ground of the walls. At the time of our visit, however, the palace of the khans was fresh from the restoring hands of the architect.

M. Elson, a skilful artist, had just completed his tasteful labours, and had restored these dilapidated abodes to all their pristine splendour. Rich furniture, and decorations full of the minute detail so characteristic of the ornamental art of the east, had completed this kingly work of restoration. All the apartments are now hung with precious tissues, and furnished with divans, carpets, and matting recently brought from Constantinople. Halls, closets, apartments of all dimensions, scarcely ever

on the same level, succeed each other, and connect themselves with the most curious absence of any regular design. Feebly lighted by painted windows, these elegant retreats are all shining with varnish, sparkling with mother-o'-pearl, crystals, gold and silver brocade, adorned with costly furniture, and perfumed with balmy odours. Such is this palace of wonders, in which all the dreams of the most teeming imagination are found realised. But who could enumerate all the windings of this labyrinth, its numerous and secret passages, its marble baths, the discreet witnesses of those sensual pleasures of the east, which Europe invents, but knows not! We have already mentioned a large tower in the garden, surmounted by a gilt trellice; here, we are told, one of the khans bred his falcons; another converted it to a platform, on which his women came in the cool of the evening to cast a curious and furtive glance at the surrounding country. Within the high walls of the harem, that second palace, which also has its baths of spouting water, and its cool vestibules of marble, we peered inquisitively into the women's apartments, but they are now deserted, and barely such few traces can be seen of their former furniture and appurtenances as a few latticed windows brilliantly stained, and one or two Venetian looking-glasses, which once reflected the rounded features, pencilled eyebrows, and vermillion lips of the listless favourites. Within these

walls languished in captivity the fair Marie Pototska, the gentle christian; Marie, the pure and poetical idol of the most indomitable and the most generous of all the lords of this palace. Pouschkine, the noble and unfortunate poet whose cruel death was wept over by his European brethren, by whom his name, his glory and his verses are venerated, has immortalised the mournful history of their loves in harmonious strains, such as he alone could find.

This palace of gardens, the abode of the sovereigns of the Crimea, might, with equal propriety, have been called the Palace of Fountains: the living stream flows in all directions; it winds beneath the walls, through the gardens, in the vestibules, like the blood in the veins of healthy youth. Among all these pleasant fountains must be mentioned those adorning the grand vestibule, twins of the most beautiful construction. All the delicacy of oriental taste, all the genius and grace of eastern architecture are epitomised in these two fountains, covered with light arabesques sculptured in relief, the gilt portions of which harmonised most felicitously with the bright colours of the rest. It is one of these monuments, that on the left, which inspired the verses of Pouschkine. A crowd of inscriptions are interwoven with the rich ornaments of the fountains, which we found translated in a work as useful as it is creditable, published by

M. Montandon, a foreign savant inhabiting this country, and modestly entitled, "A Guide to the Crimea." On the latter fountain, which goes by the name of the Fountain of Marie, are inscribed the following phrases, so instinct with the peculiar emphasis of the east.

"The face of Baghtcheh-Saraï is made joyful by the beneficent care of Krim-Gheraï, the radiant. His fostering hand hath quenched the thirst of the land.

"If there be another fountain like unto this, let it come forth and show itself.

"Damascus and Bagdad have witnessed many things, but so beautiful a fountain have they not beheld." Then follows the date, 1176.

On the other fountain, Kaplan-Gheraï-Khan, the founder implores the divine mercy in his own behalf, and that of the sinners of his race.

Next to these gems of architecture, these enchanting monuments of Damascene ornament, the most poetical of the fountains of Baghtcheh-Saraï, is decidedly that constructed over the spring which trickles through the plants and shrubs of the narrow cemetery, and runs at the feet of the tombs of the khans. We have already described the situation of the cemetery, and of the two rotundas, each surmounted by a vast cupola. Beneath these large domes, ranged in a line, are the sepulchres of a certain number of sovereigns; and here, too, their wives have found a resting-place. All these tombs

are in the form of a bier, the upper side of which is of an angular shape: at the head is placed a high stone, the top of which is sculptured in the shape of a turban; in some of them, the veritable turban of the khan is deposited, crowning the funeral monument with its tattered folds. The tombs of the women are distinguished by the peculiarly shaped cap sculptured at their head, the form of which bears a great resemblance to the *toque* worn in France by the members of the bar. Behind these sepulchral edifices extends a small enclosure, thickly covered with verdure, growing in irregular tufts; within it are contained a number of monuments in white marble, sculptured with a variety of ornaments in relief. At the time when war desolated the soil of Crimea, Baghtcheh-Saraï was sacked, and a number of these tombs were profanely violated; but these acts of sacrilege were repressed; respect for the dead triumphed over the fury of the conqueror, and this last refuge of the rulers of the Crimea was once more enveloped in silence and peace.

Towards the evening of the 17th of August, a fresh company of visitors came to inhabit the palace; they were four in number, one being a young lady, and they had come at the same time with us from Odessa, to perform a short pilgrimage to these localities, so attractive to travellers. They greeted us with politeness,

and we joined company to visit the grand mosque of the palace. We entered by the side fronting the public road: our attention was first engaged by a fountain placed in the midst of a vaulted apartment; the water falls in clustering jets into a large basin, from which it escapes by a great number of little spouts, thus allowing twenty of the faithful to perform their religious ablutions at the same time. You then pass into a spacious vestibule, and thence into the mosque. This interior is very vast; a few painted windows, of a beautiful blue, admit a dim light. The ground is covered with carpets and matting. Opposite the door, a circular niche filled with pieces of sculpture in stone, sinks into the wall; this is the sanctuary; the holy of holies. In the middle of the nave hangs a large chandelier, the wooden branches of which form a star with twelve points; at each point is suspended a small lamp from which long silken loops descend. There are no seats, few ornaments, a small number of books, and a large quantity of tapers, enormously thick, painted in bright colours. While we were contemplating this simple yet imposing interior (for what religious monument is not imposing?) the shrill voice of the Moslem was heard calling the faithful to prayers. The minarets contain within their narrow compass a dark staircase into which the crier slips, and reappears at an opening upon a raised platform. As soon as the chaunting

had resounded towards the four cardinal points, and called together the faithful, we saw the good Mussulmans appear, headed by the moullah. The thick tapers were lighted, and without noticing our profane presence, the true believers, drawn up in a row, from which the moullah alone stood apart, and, facing the niche, commenced the prayer of the Nhamaz.

The congregation, among whom we observed several hadjis, with their white turbans, the distinctive badge of the pious pilgrims to Mecca, after raising both hands to their ears, began a series of genuflexions and prostrations, executed with the regularity of machinery. The moullah alone muttered a few prayers, interrupted from time to time with the formula—Allah ek bess! Allah kherim! God is great! God is merciful!—which he pronounced in an intelligible voice. We need not observe that the pious assembly had left upon the carpet of the vestibule an imposing row of babouches, among which our European shoes had respectfully taken their places.

The following day, the entire morning was devoted to an interesting excursion. Our horses, which we had ordered at an early hour, did not make their appearance till eight o'clock, according to invariable custom, against which it would be vain to contend. The interval of delay was filled up by another visit to the palace,

when we were introduced into the apartments on the first-floor. The same dazzling luxury, the same sensual refinement in all the minutiæ of life, were exhibited here also. The rooms prepared for the reception of the emperor and empress on their next journey, displayed an especial degree of elegance and costliness. Everywhere the eye dwelt upon precious vases filled with flowers, and crystal bowls containing gold fish. The rich carpets and finely-woven mattings with which the floors are covered have nothing to fear from the contact of leather; for here, as at the mosque, the visitors leave their shoes at the door. We must not forget, ere concluding the description of this elegant palace, to observe that it would be a mistake to imagine that the residences of eastern sovereigns can bear any comparison with the grandeur of our royal palaces in Europe. The apartments in Baghtcheh-Saraï, like those of all the Saraï in the east, are built on the most narrow scale. But what distinguishes this palace above all similar edifices, is the exquisite taste and perfection of the innumerable details with which it is filled, and which would still charm the eye, though seen for the hundredth time.

At last, the Tatar steeds were heard neighing in the court-yard. A pretty horse, elegantly caparisoned, and carrying a red saddle, was provided for the foreign

lady whom we had met on the previous evening. Our cavalcade, thus augmented, took the road towards Tchioufout-Galeh, the Fort of the Jews, as the little town of the karaïms is called, the only city in the world exclusively inhabited by Jews; a meagre parody of Sion, a city banished to the summit of a rock, and appropriate to a people to whom the entire earth is a land of exile.

To emerge from the defile of Baghtcheh-Saraï, you pass through a long street, whose appearance is miserable enough. On reaching the extremity of the city, a new city is entered; but it is one without a name, like the people who dwell in it. Imagine the most extraordinary assembly of half-clad savages, living in caves instead of houses,—filthy dens, hollowed out by the hand of nature, or the grudging labour of sloth, in the sides of the large rocks which surround the valley. A numerous tribe of gipsies found these abodes ready-made, and accommodated themselves, with their natural indolence, to this troglodyte existence. Such is the chosen capital of this miserable race, and here do they delight to spread their squalor beneath the sun. In all directions, filthy rags are seen hanging from the rocks; the blue smoke, curling along the lofty sides of the mountain, and a number of battered utensils scattered out, complete the picture presented by this

wretched community of outcasts. At the sound of our horses' hoofs, it was wonderful to see these swarthy, emaciated children, and scraggy women, spring from their kennels like monkeys, stretching forth their hands with a thousand contortions and inarticulate cries,—a sad spectacle of human degradation; and yet, even here, one is astonished to find occasionally a physiognomy, though certainly in a great minority, presenting the type of Asiatic beauty; fine young women, walking in their scanty rags with the dignity of stage queens; young men, with a bold determined deportment, an eagle's glance, and black glistening hair falling about the graceful and pure outlines of their countenances. But these beautiful remains of a race now degraded are daily vanishing; and the traveller who passes through this valley bears away with him little more than a feeling of disgust at so much degradation.

Further on, the scene changes; the moment you have left behind you the stream of Djourouk-Sou, and you begin to ascend out of the valley of Baghtcheh-Saraï, you observe on your right a mass of rocks symmetrically arranged by the hand of nature, like all those seen in the neighbourhood. At a certain elevation, and in the rock itself, numerous excavations, communicating with each other by light external galleries, extend to a considerable distance along the

perpendicular face of the mountain. This is the Monastery of the Assumption. The approach to it is through a deep ravine, and a number of stone steps cut out of the rock lead to this ærial abode. A little chapel, within which the chisels of the monks have carved out a few rude pillars, forms the most remarkable apartment in the whole suite of caverns. The convent is inhabited by a Greek priest, and every year, on the 15th of August, he is visited by the whole Christian population of the Crimea, who on that day perform a pilgrimage to the holy place. If we are to believe our guides, these grottoes were excavated at a period when the Greek religion was the object of inveterate persecution on the part of the Mussulmans.

We ascended by a narrow path along the bare and slippery rock. Two fountains on the slope of the mountain furnish the necessary supply of water to Tchioufout-Galeh, and accordingly a continual procession of mules and donkeys, laden with long narrow casks, is seen ascending and descending this path during the whole day. Tchioufout-Galeh was several hundred feet perpendicularly above our heads, and its houses, built on the very edge of the rock, overhang the barren precipice in a fearful manner. All around is white, dry and burnt up in this ravine: one last steep, resembling a precipice rather than a path, conducted us at last

to a platform, upon which open the gates of the town.

More than twenty Tsigans, formidably armed with fiddles, awaited here to give us not a very harmonious greeting, a number of tambourines forming the second rank of this discordant troop. Surrounded by this escort, we had to proceed at a walking pace, as though in triumphal procession, through the narrow streets of the town, whose only pavement is the unequal surface of the rock itself. An assemblage of hovels, and a few women's faces peeping furtively at us, constituted all the attractions of this promenade, which terminated on an open space almost entirely isolated by its inaccessible situation, overlooking the valley of the Djourouk-Sou from a vertical height of 500 feet. It was here, we were informed, that the khans were accustomed to keep stags for the chase. Having visited this curiosity, the next sight is the romantic tomb of a daughter of one of the khans, whose life is said to have been a tissue of the most marvellous and intricate adventures, worthy the tales of the Arabian Nights. After exhausting all that was to be seen, we bent our steps towards the house of the rabbi, who performs all the duties of hospitality with uncommon politeness. Meanwhile, the music had never ceased for an instant, each of the performers struggling continually through a labyrinth of harmonies and counter harmonies.

These good people played us a succession of marches, waltzes, and perhaps ballads, all in the same measure. Not but it was possible, amidst this bewildering din, to distinguish certain singular effects of harmony, as well as a few movements of the mazurka and the Viennoise, and even snatches of French airs, a somewhat halting compliment addressed to some of our party. On arriving at the residence of the worthy rabbi, we alighted; he came to the threshold of the door, saluting us graciously after the fashion of the country, placing his right hand on his heart, then to his lips, and slightly bowing the head. In a small and somewhat low room, lined with carpets and cushions, was placed a table about a foot high, covered with a profusion of light viands, cakes, preserves, coffee, and different sorts of wine; nothing was wanting in this courteous entertainment, to which the master of the house invited us with politeness, but without touching anything himself. We seated ourselves accordingly on cushions placed round the tables, complying with customs entirely new to us, but our host took no notice of our blunders, which were numerous, no doubt, and completely shocking. He extended his courtesy so far as to introduce us into the women's apartments, a favour which we owed to the presence of a female among our party. This condescension, however, appeared to cause some confusion in the rabbi's harem, and we were asked to

suspend our curiosity a moment. Who would not guess the motive? Accordingly, when we were admitted, the women were all under arms; one of them, apparently about twenty, whose toilet pointed her out as the favourite, appeared extremely abashed at our visit, and retreated amidst the most charming blushes to the recess of a window, where she appeared to place herself under the protection of two pretty little children. Two other women, crouching in a corner behind some curtains, would not allow themselves to be looked at, except by stealthy glimpses. The costume of the young woman was of an extremely elegant design; a silk gown, with blue and red stripes, displayed a well-proportioned form, which no foreign artifices had disfigured, fitting closely to the back and the loins, of which it betrayed rather than showed the rounded outline. A broad belt, resting on the hips, was fastened in front by a buckle in the form of two large plates of silver, delicately ornamented. A black scarf with a red figure was folded into a turban about her fine black hair, woven into plaits; a necklace of gold-pieces hung about her neck, round which was folded a silk handkerchief, and a light doliman of yellow silk, edged with black, with the addition of the yellow babouches of the country, completed this picturesque costume.

This gentle form, slightly bent forward, from a

modest confusion, and leaning upon her two children, formed a subject for a picture too striking for Raffet to let slip; nor did the courtesy of the rabbi desert him on this occasion, for he supplied our painter with all that was requisite to commence his charming sketch. Meanwhile, we visited two synagogues; they were two simple edifices, offering nothing worthy of remark save two copies of the Old Testament, precious manuscripts on vellum, rolled up in magnificent velvet cases, covered with brilliant ornaments of chased silver. The religious dogmas of the Karaïms are based strictly upon the sacred writings. They repudiate the Talmud, and the rabbinical commentaries; hence their name, derived from the word *kara*, signifying writing. This fundamental principle of their belief is not, however, the only point of difference which separates the Karaïms from the purely rabbinical sect. There are certain variations in the liturgy, in the mode of circumcision, in the rules relative to diet, and lastly, in the degrees of relationship within which marriages are allowed or forbidden, which constitute a broad line of separation between these two adverse sects. To point out another remarkable distinction between these two sections of the Jewish race, let us add that the Karaïms have established in the countries where they are settled, a solid reputation for right dealing, which has been sullied but in few instances. This favourable

character was emphatically confirmed by one of our travelling companions, formerly judge of the Tribunal of Commerce at Odessa, whose long exercise of that office had afforded him opportunities of appreciating the characteristic morality of this people. The expression of countenance in the Karaïms is in general open and prepossessing, and the minute attention with which they perform all acts of external cleanliness distinguish them from their numerous opponents, the rabbinical Jews. Polite and obliging without cringing, but at the same time accomplished men of business, they have preserved under more honourable forms all the commercial genius of their race. The members of this small sect are dispersed at wide distances; they are found in Egypt, in Volhymnia, and in Lithuania. If to the Jews of Tchioufout-Galeh, we add the families established at Odessa, or in the environs of Kherson, and the colonies of Kozloff and Theodosia, it will be found that there are little more than two thousand inhabiting Southern Russia.

Advancing from Tchioufout-Galeh towards the south, we arrive at the commencement of a valley, which gradually sinks lower and lower beneath the level of the plateaux. This valley, distinguished by the imposing name of Jehoshaphat, is the cemetery of the Karaïms, where the closely and irregularly ranged gravestones lie beneath the solemn shade of a forest of large oaks.

The number of these white sepulchres crowded together within this sombre vale, is as many as four thousand. They consist simply of a sarcophagus, with a high stone to indicate the head; and all are covered with inscriptions in Hebrew characters, sculptured in relief, some of them bearing so remote a date as three or four centuries since. We strayed with reverential feelings through this silent forest, filled with the remains of so many generations of Karaïms, singling out the most ancient monuments, which we could distinguish by their deviation from the perpendicular. On inquiring the cause of this irregularity, we were informed that the peaceful shades of Jehoshaphat were occasionally disturbed by earthquakes, as though in accomplishment of the prophecy: *Conquassabit capita in terrâ multorum!* The result has been, an extraordinary mass of confusion amongst these irregular tombs. While treading the tortuous paths through the cemetery, we caught sight of a little old man, hidden among the brushwood, intent upon the task of carving out, on a recent monument, the letters of a Hebrew inscription. The costume of this white-bearded sculptor was of the most grotesque character: on his head was an enormous blue balloon-shaped cap; his eyes were protected from the dust and the glare of the sun by a pair of large round spectacles, fastened behind his head with a piece of string; and a painter's parasol shaded the little shrivelled

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VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT, AT TCHIOUFOUT-GALEH (CRIMEA).

individual, crouched at the foot of the monument upon which he was exercising his art. We interrogated this artist of death, as he sat there, surrounded by his handiwork. "For forty years," he said, "there has not been a gravestone set up here but my chisel has carved the epitaph upon it. All those to whom I have rendered this last honour, have been either friends or relations; so that I do not work only for the glory of my art: there is in the art I have exercised, and lived by for forty years, something more than mechanical labour; there are the pleasures and pains of memory. I knew, and loved, the greater part of those who sleep here, ere I engraved their names in the great stone book of Jehoshaphat, whose characters this hand alone has traced. I, too, am approaching the spot I have reserved myself beneath the trees, yonder; and I know not what unskilful hand may be employed to perform that task for me, which I have performed for so many." During this conversation —or rather, this philosophical monologue—of the old sculptor, interpreted to us by fragments, Raffet was occupied in tracing in his album the features of this venerable character. The old man perceived it, and lent himself with a good grace to the intention of his brother artist, as he was pleased to call our painter; and when the sketch was finished, he added his name and description to it with his own hand.

One more evening was spent in viewing the palace and its humble cemetery, and on the morning of the 19th we bade adieu to the Tatar capital, leaving behind us, however, MM. Huot and Raffet, both of whom were loth to quit the place of their predilection. The remainder of our party disposed themselves in four télègues, and proceeded towards the naval port of the Black Sea, said to be one of the finest in the world.

Thus did we take leave of this singular city, in which three days had so rapidly fled, in the midst of emotions unceasingly excited, and the industrious collection of a store of notes of every description: we bade a last farewell to the elegant Palace of Gardens—to the high street, with all its shops, and started off, at a gallop, across the barren plain which separated us from Balbec, our sole resting-place, till we should reach our final destination.

Baghtcheh-Saraï contains, it is said, a population of 14,000 inhabitants, of whom the Tatars form the majority, the number of Russians and foreigners being only 2,250. It is stated—though we believe the number to be far less—that the city contains 3,000 houses. It possesses a Greek church and a synagogue, and boasts, moreover, of thirty-two mosques. There are, for the reception of travellers, ten khans or caravanseraïs, to which the simplicity of the fare, and the nakedness of

the lodgings, attract scarcely any other class than the traders and carriers of the country. Two fine establishments, in which Turkish baths are administered in the highest perfection, are not the least attraction in this place, so replete with subjects of surprise. We have already enumerated almost all the branches of industry to which the inhabitants devote themselves. They export all their manufactures, while they are themselves deficient in all the necessary commodities of life. With the exception of cultivating orchards, the Tatars of Baghtcheh-Saraï employ themselves but little in the labours of the field. An abundance of fruit, consumed by them in large quantities during the summer, affords almost all the sustenance they require. The grain which is brought into Baghtcheh-Saraï is made into flour by mills, set in motion by the Djourouk-Sou. We have already called attention to the number of public fountains: the good order of the conduits supplying the city with water, and their ingenious disposition, affords a fresh proof of the pious regard professed by Mussulmans for springs of water, with which they delight to surround themselves.

We have only now to speak of the educational establishments. There are several schools for children; and as regards instruction in the sciences, the city numbers three *médressès*. These institutions are open to young Tatars, destined to employment in public offices, or to

the service of the mosques. The dogmas of their religion are taught to the scholars by effendis, joined with instruction in history, arithmetic, and, according to the statement of M. Montandon, astrology. About three hundred students are received in the *médressès*, where they are provided with lodging. These scholastic establishments have been founded at various epochs by the khans; and they appeared to take great glory to themselves for their foundation, two of these sovereigns, Ahmet-Aga and Mengli-Gheraï, founders of the two larger *médressès*, having desired their remains to be deposited within them, in sepulchres constructed by their orders.

We crossed, with all the speed our equipages could command, the white and parched up plain through which lay the road to Balbec, only interrupting our journey to shoot at a pretty species of falcon, as plentiful in this locality as they are rare everywhere else: we were fortunate enough to bring down one or two. After passing through Balbec—a half Russian, half Tatar village—we entered the narrow valley through which flows the river of that name. This pretty valley presents an uninterrupted succession of gardens and orchards, the freshness and fertility of which bring to mind the most favoured cultivation of western countries. This agreeable country was soon left in the rear, and we ascended upon the plateaux of the steppe, whence we could per-

ceive the sea in the distance. We had now reached the western coast of the Crimea. At this point we struck into a road leading down to the harbour of Sevastopol, and we could already distinguish its imposing array of masts. Such was the bewildering speed at which we were travelling, that one of our télègues, having lost a wheel, was carried along with one side ploughing up the dust, to a considerable distance. The driver—whose only distress was at the distance he had to go back to fetch the wheel—repaired the damage without allowing the travellers to leave the little carriage; and having driven in a peg in lieu of the lost linch-pin, started off again at a headlong gallop, to make up the lost time. We arrived, without further delay, at the edge of the bay, from which, while a boat was being prepared to take us over to the city, we gazed with unceasing admiration at ten ships and fifteen other vessels of war, ranged in one noble line, in one of the finest basins that can possibly be seen. Having embarked from a little inlet filled with coasting vessels, we crossed the bay, passing under the stern of the three-decker "The Warsaw," carrying 120 guns; and at the end of a quarter of an hour we arrived at the quay of Sevastopol, where we found a vast crowd in active motion, attracted thither by the recent arrival of a cargo of pastecs, over which the retail sellers were noisily disputing.

The city of Sevastopol covers a height rising between two bays; its broad streets, filled with distressing clouds of dust, present no edifices of any importance; the houses are small and low, and are separated by wide intervals. After the loss of more than an hour in vainly seeking that which did not exist — namely, a hostelry — we were directed to an Italian confectioner, who placed two empty rooms at our disposal, the windows of which had suffered severely from the winds. Having taken possession of the rooms, the next thing was to provide furniture. Our host, honest Çabalzar, undertook to supply us, without delay, at the most reasonable prices, with twenty trusses of hay, which reminded us of the litters on which the students in the middle ages used to sleep. Once more our memories travelled back to the palace of Baghtcheh-Saraï and its clean mattings, inviting one to slumber; and again we prepared ourselves, by the repose we so much required, to visit a fresh succession of sights.

CHAPTER II.

SEVASTOPOL.—ODESSA.—VOSNESSENSK.

The situation of Sevastopol, as a naval port, is justly esteemed, and indeed, Europe presents few harbours so completely suited to the necessities of a large fleet. An arm of the sea, of an imposing breadth, has made itself a deep bed in the western coast of Taurida, and advances inland to a distance of two leagues. Within this magnificent basin are neither rocks nor dangerous reefs; its entrance

is convenient, and is defended by two formidable fortifications, whose powerful batteries could sweep with ease across the broad mouth of the harbour. Having entered within the bay, on looking towards the southern coast, four spacious inlets are observed, offering so safe a shelter and so easy an access, that in one of them, the *bay of ships* (*carabelnaya boukhta*), three-deckers may moor within a few yards of the land. Exactly between two of these inlets stands the city of Sevastopol, whose name in Greek signifies the august city; this name will soon have effaced that of Ak-Tiar, still given to it by the Tatars, in memory of an ancient city, on the north side of the bay, not far from the barren hillock at the entrance of the port.

Sevastopol covers with its houses the ground occupied at a remote period of antiquity by the extreme suburbs of Chersone, the city of the Heracleotes, long since vanished from the soil of Taurida, leaving its ruins to be swept away, as the city was before, by the hand of time.

The lofty hills which protect the roadstead, present, as far as the eye can reach, a prospect of endless desolation; the coast is naked and barren, and well deserves the name of Ak-Tiar (white rock) given to it by the Tatars. The city itself, in the construction of whose streets no attempt has been made to avoid the irregularities of the soil, seems to wind with difficulty over

the jutting and steep rocks of the promontory. When the traveller, on disembarking at the custom-house, first beholds this city perched upon its white and burning rocks, he is tempted to retreat before so many obstacles, and his eye anxiously wanders in search of some more easy and less fiery mode of approach. One street rather more endurable than the rest, stretches at a considerable height, in a parallel direction with the great quay, and on either side of it are assembled whatever remarkable buildings the modern Sevastopol may boast of. Here the cathedral, built in the most elegant style of architecture, concentrates the humble devotion of the population. Further on, rises the tower of the Admiralty, displaying somewhat too ostentatiously a number of pillars out of proportion with the remainder of the building. Several rather handsome hotels, protected from the sun by numerous blinds, and a number of small gardens, in which all attempts at verdure are smothered by the dust, constitute the sum of all that is to be seen in this, the fine quarter of Sevastopol. If you bend your steps towards the summit of the city, you again meet with these gardens, discreetly screening little houses of tolerably clean appearance, but this portion of the city is exposed to violent winds, sweeping periodically over the naked soil, and raising a perfect storm of dust and sand.

When you have reached the summit of the ascent, however, the trouble and fatigue are compensated by the beauty of the prospect. The eye embraces the entire port and its various establishments, forming a magnificent spectacle, especially when the whole of the Black Sea fleet spreads out its imposing array in the basin of the roadstead.

The variety and animation which the movement of the shipping gives to this otherwise severe prospect, may be judged by mentally passing in review the following fleet ploughing the surface of this sea :—

The Warsaw . . .	120 guns.	Machmout	90 guns.
Silistria	90 „	Catherine	90 „
Tchesma	90 „	Andrinople	90 „
Maria	90 „	Staloust	90 „
Anapa	90 „	Pimen	90 „
Pamik Ifstaphi . .	90 „		

Then the frigates :—

Bourgas	60 guns.	Brailoff	40 guns.
Enos	60 „	Agathopol	60 „
Varna	60 „	Tenedos	60 „
Anna	40 „		

The corvettes :—

Sizopoli	14 guns.	Orestes	24 guns.
Iphigenia	24 „		

The brig Mercury		20 guns.
Schooners	Ganetz (the Courier) . . .	14 „
	Vestavoi	14 „
The cutter Spechni (Rapid)		
The tender Struia (Wave).		

Just as we were completing the simple arrangements for establishing our quarters, an unusual stir in the city and in the port attracted our attention. It was caused by the arrival of a government steamer, "The Gromonocets" (Thunder-bearer), with Prince Menzicoff, Minister of the Imperial Marine, on board, who had been expected to review the fleet. The minister remained on board his vessel, and as soon as "The Gromonocets" had cast anchor, received visits from the various official bodies in the public service. Admiral Slavanieff, in command of the port of Sevastopol, was at that time suffering from severe illness, and we were deprived of the honour of being presented to him, contenting ourselves with forwarding our letter of introduction from Count Woronzoff. We were more fortunate in the case of Mr. Hupton, the skilful engineer, who designed and directs the useful and important works of the port. His active and intelligent sons assist their father in conducting the immense undertakings executed with the aid of an army of military labourers. In every direction round Sevastopol, and to whichever shore you turn, long ranges of barracks are

seen for the reception of an important garrison; even this abundance of military quarters, however, was at that time insufficient for the accommodation of the numerous soldiers employed on the costly constructions, and laborious earth-works, which are to change the aspect of this coast. In a short time, vast workshops, spacious esplanades, and deep basins will stand in the place of the chalk hills, which formerly overlooked the bays; and already, by the effects of patient labour, these hills have been brought down to their level.

Thirty thousand men encamped in tents supply the hands by which these gigantic metamorphoses are accomplished, and it is a spectacle full of interest to see this army of labourers, all dressed in white linen, busily passing and repassing, amidst clouds of the dust which they are carrying away by sackfulls, it might almost be said by handfulls, from the former site of the levelled hillocks; a perfect ant-hill, in which the infinite division of labour arrives at length at the same result as the motive power and machinery. Unfortunately, a fearful visitation had manifested itself amidst this active and persevering body; intense ophthalmia, the ophthalmia of Egypt, contagious according to some, epidemic, as others believe, was committing ravages, evidences of which were but too painfully manifest. It was commonly attributed to the prodigious quantity of dust whirled about by the

winds along these hill sides, entirely bare since the commencement of the works. But whatever the cause, the evil is indeed a terrible one. Twenty-four hours are sufficient for the eye to become so entirely corrupt as to leave its socket.

We had already admired the bay of ships, and the unusual spectacle of large three-decked vessels communicating with the shore by a plank laid across from the rock; but we were far more astonished, on visiting the careening bay. The importance of Sevastopol, and the happy peculiarities of its position, having been once recognised, the next step was to form basins and docks for refitting; these objects have been admirably accomplished by Mr. Hupton. A spacious basin has been sunk at some distance from the sea, and on a higher level. On the sides of this basin are five dry docks; three of these are for first class-vessels, the remaining two for frigates. With a sea almost without tides, the draining of these docks was a difficult problem to solve; it was accomplished in the following manner:—At a distance of about eighteen versts, at the bottom of the great valley forming the roadstead, flowed, on a level of suitable height, a small river abundantly supplied with water. This river was taken possession of by the engineers, turned into another bed excavated in the rock, and passing at one time through a tunnel, at another over an

aqueduct, the Tchornaïa-Retchha (black rivulet) was made to furnish the necessary supply of water to the docks. As all this water came from a considerable height, it was easy, by means of an ingenious combination of locks, to bring into the large basin, three hundred feet by four hundred, then being lined with splendid masonry, one vessel of 120 guns, two of eighty, and two frigates of sixty, to be placed into the five dry docks, which could be drained or sluiced at pleasure. Undoubtedly these are vast and noble works, and those which render a reign illustrious, and hand down to posterity the fame of an engineer. What struck us more particularly was, to see these same soldiers employed by turns in earth work, carpentering, forging and masons' work, and acquitting themselves in all these various departments to admiration. Mr. Hupton, an Englishman by birth, accustomed as he had been in his own country to these industrial wonders, was in continual admiration at the facility with which these Russian people became successively, and in so short a time, skilled workmen in any craft to which they applied themselves. Let us add, that the Russian soldier is not only a skilful artisan, but naturally a docile workman, respectful without meanness, expert and active without boastfulness. The building docks of the Imperial navy are established at Nikolaïeff, a favourable situation, not only on account

of the nature of the position itself, but its convenience as regards the supply of timber floating down from central Russia. All that was required at Sevastopol, therefore, was a fitting dock, which purpose will be admirably answered by the recent constructions. Who could believe that the great enemy, the great destroyer of the ships in the beautiful waters of Sevastopol, is an imperceptible worm called the *teredo navalis*. The ravages of this little animal reduce the time which a Russian ship of war may be reckoned to last, to a period of eight years, an unfavourable condition for the Russian navy to labour under, as the ships of the English and French navy are reckoned to last an average period of fifteen years. Whatever experiments have been tried to preserve the ships from this cause of premature decay, have not apparently been followed by the success anticipated. It is truly afflicting to think that so contemptible an enemy should thus attack with impunity these large and stately structures, so nobly resting on the waters of one of the finest ports in the universe.

When we had visited all these interesting works, we set out on a sea trip to Inkermann. On leaving the docks, we remarked a beautiful fountain in course of construction, and destined to furnish an abundant supply of water to the fleet. A filtering apparatus constantly at work will supply this water for the demands of the

shipping in a perfectly pure state. When we had made our way through the midst of this busy and intelligent assemblage, we steered peacefully between the barren rocks and the last range of frigates extending to the farthest extremity of the port. Passing before a narrow valley, we observed, through the elegant arches of an aqueduct, an isolated house, somewhat in the form of a mosque, rising from the midst of a clump of small oaks. This was the public garden, the rendezvous of the holiday makers from the city, which day by day is building itself, and while raising its ramparts, has already taken care to provide itself with this place of relaxation and repose. The first of May is the day when this remote spot chiefly resounds with noisy rejoicings. While we were examining the rather elegant pavilion forming the centre of these festive scenes, a number of workmen were finishing the ornaments and decorations of the interior, in anticipation of an event when they would be needed more than ever. It was not expected, but it was hoped, that the imperial family, after throwing a glance of encouragement at all these new creations, might perhaps deign to visit this spot devoted to amusement.

In the very extremity of the bay, the predominance of the soft over the sea-water is shown by an abundance of tall reeds, through which we easily made our way, urged by a pleasant breeze; we then found ourselves in

the narrow but deep bed of the Tchornaïa-Retchka. Here the rocks grow wider apart, and the valley becomes broader; little meadows intersected by the windings of the stream, shaded by a few clumps of fine ash trees and lentisks (pistachia lentiscus), with their elegant foliage, afford a relief to the eye, wearied by the uniform grey tint of the coast. We disembarked on the right, beneath the trees, and commenced climbing up the adjoining rock, in which the new bed of the river has been excavated, and through which it will have to flow down to the docks. A flight of steps conveniently cut out, rendered our ascent easy; this useful work had been inaugurated on the same day that an illustrious foreigner, Marshal Marmont, had visited the valley. On reaching the banks of the canal, it was not long ere we came to the tunnel, which pierces through a formidable mass of rocks. This aperture, which is entirely the work of the chisel, and required not less than fifteen months for its completion, is one hundred and thirty-three metres in length; the height of the vault is ten feet, French measure; on the left side, a footway has been left of sufficient breadth to allow free passage. The excavation was commenced at the same time at both extremities, the workmen meeting in the middle without any sensible deviation. To conclude our observations on this beautiful canal, destined to so useful an end, let us add that eleven

guard-houses, in the shape of elegant octagonal pavilions, have been erected on its banks. Not far from thence, we entered a number of spacious grottoes, the work of a religious sect seeking a shelter from persecution. A narrow door and a tortuous staircase, with a number of cells opening upon it, lead to a chapel, which still presents traces of ogives. From this chapel, through a large opening, may be seen throughout its entire length the pretty valley of Inkerman, and at the extreme end the immense stone block on which the ancient city stood. This pious abode, widowed of its austere denizens, now gives shelter to the soldiers employed on the canal works, who there enjoy a well-earned repose, upon couches not a whit softer than those of the departed monks.

The history of the Crimea furnishes but very uncertain information on the subject of Inkerman. According to some learned chroniclers, it was known in the ancient days of Greece as a flourishing town, called Theodosia; others claim it as the Stenos of the Greek geographers. Pallas, on the contrary, is disposed to believe that the Genoese were the first who established themselves on these precipitous rocks. A number of ruined walls, the remains of a few towers, and a great quantity of small grottoes, grouped in rows along the steep sides of the mountain, are all that can now be seen on a hasty visit. The inhabitants of Sevastopol, when they accompany you

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RUINS OF INKERMAN (CRIMEA).

on this excursion, generally advise as short a stay as possible, so evil is the renown of the surrounding marshes.

Accordingly, we returned towards Sevastopol, and on our way were allowed to go on board a fine frigate, called the "Bourgas." The perfect order of this vessel, and its beautiful lines, were worthy the remainder of the fleet; but our admiration was entirely absorbed by the fine proportions and magnificent appearance of the "Warsaw," a three-decked vessel. It stood like a rock, overlooking the imposing array of naval force, embracing not less than twelve thousand men, and fifteen hundred guns.

The life of the inhabitants of Sevastopol is entirely domestic: so many obstacles, as we have pointed out, opposing themselves to out-door relaxation and parties of pleasure which elsewhere so agreeably charm away the evening. At the close of day scarcely did we see more than one or two boat parties at the same time with us enjoying the last rays of the setting sun. But though the inhabitants abstain from out-door life, they are, on the other hand, fond of society and the tranquil pleasures of home life. Those of my companions who were strangers to the citizen life of Russia, had an opportunity of observing it at Sevastopol in all its most amiable peculiarities. The polite, welcome, and obsequious attention to their guests is practised here to quite as high a degree as in the centre of the empire, and in no particular

is the proverbial hospitality of the Russians belied. A few customs are still preserved in certain families altogether patriarchal in their simplicity. Thus, in more than one house, your host will taste the wine which is in your glass; and the custom of kissing ladies' hands still exists, for which kiss on the hand you receive one on the cheek. Every evening the family and the friends of the family assemble round a tea-table, where the conversation is far from languishing, but before ten o'clock every one has retired. At ten o'clock, Sevastopol enjoys the most complete calm, and the silence is unbroken, save by the distant tinkling of the bells in the vessels, striking the watches, and the challenges of the sentinels in the harbour, answered by the mournful baying of the dogs.

In ordinary times, Sevastopol reckons a population of thirty thousand souls—civilians, soldiers, or sailors serving in the port. Our arrival was at a fortunate moment, for the presence of the fleet, and the active army of workmen, more than doubled the number of inhabitants. It was principally in the approaches to the well-stocked market that an adequate idea of the population was obtained. The consumption of pastecs here was prodigious; whole mountains of this refreshing fruit, heaped up in the eve, disappeared every morning. An immense variety of fish was also sold at daybreak,

greatly to the satisfaction of our naturalists, who, by gaining the advance of the ordinary consumers, were enabled to make a selection for scientific purposes, out of the abundant take of the night.

All the necessaries of life are cheap enough here: wood and provender only sustain high prices, on account of the barren condition of all this part of the Crimea. Situated on a calcareous hill, Sevastopol is in no want of materials for building, of a sufficiently good quality; but on account of the porous nature of the stone, it requires to be covered with a coating of composition, in order that the exterior of the buildings may have a neat and cleanly appearance. The splendid blocks of stone used in the construction of the docks are brought from a distant spot, which contributes not a little to increase the expense of these imperishable works. The cost already incurred amounted to five millions of roubles, and to all appearance it was likely to amount, eventually, to double that sum.

Not a single Tatar dwelling is to be found in the city; nor is any to be seen at Severnaïa, a harbour for coasting vessels, facing Sevastopol, on the northern coast of the bay, as is indicated by its name, signifying northern village. Here may be seen a large number of government store-houses, built in a row, and protected by batteries. It should be noted, that few individuals of the Mussulman

order pass beyond the harbour; they generally content themselves with taking up their stations, with their laden waggons; on the shore of Severnaïa. Here, from morning till night, a noisy crowd of petty traders is busily assembled, purchasing provisions, fire-wood, and other wares, brought by Tatar caravans to this little port.

In the meantime, our two companions, whom we had left at Baghtcheh-Saraï, had joined the body of the expedition, though not without encountering some adventures. Arriving in the midst of a dark night on the quay of Sevastopol, without a guide to direct them through this city of precipitous streets, and possessing no other clue than the name of our host Cabalzar, a name of a somewhat cabalistic sound, our friends made their début by stumbling among the piles of pastecs, and causing a general downfall of the fruit, which began rolling towards the sea. Hence an alarm was given, and the merchants, awakened at the noise, ran off in a panic, some after the fugitive pastecs, others in search of the authors of this disastrous rout, amidst a chorus of abusive epithets, which may be left to the imagination.

Fortunately, a custom-house officer interposed his authority for the protection of the strangers, who were sadly bewildered at their position; peace was restored, and

after an hour's weary search and anxiety, our colleagues reached our door. Their disappointment may well be imagined, at the sight of the furniture in our gipsy lodging: on the faith of the great renown in which Sevastopol is held, they had cherished expectations of a very different character, and experienced a deception not uncommon in a traveller's life. Matters were shortly made up, and our cohort, now once more complete, serried its ranks to do the honours of our rough bivouac to the new comers.

Not far from Sevastopol, in a south-easterly direction, stands a lighthouse, at the extremity of a long tongue of land, scarcely raised above the level of the waves; this point is what the ancients called the Chersonese: it was the site of a powerful Greek colony, the last traces of which had disappeared long before the commencement of our era, leaving only a doubtful tradition as the sole relic of all its splendour. Mythology has, in this instance, associated itself to history, in order to mislead the records of man amidst the fabulous paths of the imagination. On a portion of this territory, and as far as the gates of Sevastopol, ruins of ancient walls are scattered over the soil, at equal intervals, forming lines, the regularity of which fail not to strike the attentive observer. Some persons have conjectured these parallelograms to be the ruins of the ancient Chersone—

that city which, it is said, was founded on the coast of Taurida by the Greek emigrants from Heraclea.

Some antiquaries, however, more scrupulous in their conclusions, would infer these symmetrical compartments to be nothing more than the traces of a division of lands, at an exceedingly remote period. The small depth of the foundations of these walls, now almost entirely swept away from the soil, will not allow of the supposition that any constructions of importance were ever based upon them. These ruins are to be found almost throughout the extent of the peninsula, which was once the Heracleotic Chersonese. At various intervals, the remains of monumental towers may also be seen, remarkable from the enormous size of the blocks of stone placed one upon the other, without cement. If from the extremity of the peninsula, on which stands the light-house, we follow the shore of the Black Sea towards the east, we shall be brought, along a sensible inclination, to the first plateaux of the chain of mountains of the Crimea, and hence, from the height of a majestic promontory — the Cape Parthenion of the Greeks — the glance dives down in astonishment upon the Chersonese, so small for its immortal renown; and one is tempted to ask how this poor little nook of land could have given birth to such a treasure of traditions, fables, and poetry, which have acquired greater force than history.

How shall we judge of antiquity by this imperceptible fragment of the ancient world? Inquire for the site of the great ancient city—inquire for its laws, its institutions, its greatness, its duration: a few scattered stones will be your only answer; and science will wander, groping with uncertain step, amidst these devastated fields. On this spot reigns poesy: history remains below, in the plain yonder. Would you witness the immortal scene of the drama of the Atrides, and of the Trojan war, which the world learned as it learned to read? Advance a few steps upon this sacred promontory, and behold the scene—the imperishable scene! Far superior to that of the classical writers, it has not changed these three thousand years; since old Homer first took possession of his poetical universe.

On this very spot is the Temple of Diana Tauropolitana, with its blood-stained altars: you are now upon its formidable pavement. Behold the altar of the goddess: it is that square stone—a rude and primitive altar, like those of the Druids. Why those garlands and wreaths, upon a stone ever red with blood? To this spot moved the priestess; and here the knife fell from the fraternal hand. Further on you will be shown the rock where, during many a long night, Orestes came from afar to appease the Emmenides. Æschylus and Sophocles have transmitted these illustrious names

in their tragedies. But whither is all this poetry leading us? We are travellers, and not poets: let us return to reality.

It was on the 24th of August, in the freshest hour of morning, that we touched at the beautiful Cape Parthenion of mythology, by the geographers of Genoa called Cape Fiorente. We had hired several travelling cars at Sevastopol, which were to take us the same day to Balaklava: the direct road we took, from north to south, formed a prolongation of the line assigned by the geographers and historians of antiquity, Strabo and Herodotus, as that followed by the ditch which anciently separated the Chersonese from the Crimea. This road, which lies across a barren steppe, suddenly comes upon a semicircle of rocks, apparently tumbling into the sea between two peaks, rising perpendicularly above the waves. This vast amphitheatre presents a most grandiose appearance, from the beautiful form of the rocks, and the stern character of the situation. On a shelf of rock, in the upper part of this natural circus, stands the monastery of St. George. Around the monastery are grouped, in the most picturesque fashion, a few smiling-looking houses, in the midst of which rises a church of considerable beauty, whose red metal roof and gilt cross glitter in the midst of the sombre landscape. Ten monks, under the orders of a

venerable archbishop, whom we had met at Sevastopol, are the ordinary inhabitants of this majestic solitude: from this stock are supplied almost all the chaplains of the fleet. It was for this reason that only four were then occupying the monastery. Five of those absent were engaged on board the vessels, and the tenth brother was a prisoner among the Circassians, for whose ransom the convent was collecting, little by little, and with great difficulty, eight thousand roubles. Beside the simple abode of the monks, there are two houses of more spacious dimensions, in which families at certain periods seek among these rocks a retreat from the world. Any person is allowed to stroll at liberty upon the plateau which overhangs the convent, and which is reached by a vaulted staircase. With respect to the gardens of these good monks, they are rendered fertile and musical at once, by a beautifully clear and murmuring spring; they stretch down towards a level beach, to which we were attracted by the irresistible seductions of a bath, sheltered both from the winds and the waves: we do not think that any one would a second time encounter the toils of the ascent to return.

Meanwhile, the promontory of Parthenion awaited us, and each of us turned his steps, as the bent of his studies led him, towards these picturesque heights. When we

had reached the extreme point, and were grouped upon a rock jutting out in the shape of an eagle's beak over the precipice below, the scene from this formidable height was full of majesty.

Imagine, on all sides, scattered afar, the most gigantic assemblage of rocky masses overturned, sharp pointed peaks, and tracts of sombre verdure, in the midst of which shone the little monkish settlement of St. George. From this height the depths of the sea were unrolled before us through the blueish tint on the surface of its waves; immediately at our feet a gigantic shark was winding round the headland with all the skill of an experienced boatman, and gliding cautiously through the waters towards a flight of young gulls, that had settled down within a short distance. It was a scene worthy of admiration, resplendent with light and heat, and overarched by a bright blue sky, upon which the outlines of the vast landscape were sharply marked. At this spot, our two adventurous companions, MM. Huot and Raffet, left us to descend, a feat of no little difficulty, to the beach, lying at a depth of five hundred feet beneath us. Mr. Huot had espied there a few veins of lava, and M. Raffet wished to examine more closely two rocky peaks, which might have been called Orestes and Pylades. These two brother rocks, emerging from the depths of the sea, are accessible only to the vulture, and as there must

inevitably be some fable connected with such phenomena, the imagination of the inhabitants of these regions have not failed to place upon these barren heights, on the summit of these needles, as slender as the spires on the cathedral of Strasbourg, immense masses of gold dust. Gold dust is the universal dream of people who have ceased to believe in fairies or miracles. In their ignorance, they know not that gold hides itself within the bowels of the earth,—that it does not grow like lichen, on the surface of barren rocks,—and that to obtain it requires more labour than it is worth.

While our two companions were pursuing their hazardous journey, we continued our antiquarian researches; but the first glow of our imaginations having cooled, we found ourselves face to face with reality, still beautiful, it is true, and yet only as prose may be beautiful. Many hours had now glided by, our baggage waggons, under the charge of Michael, had long since taken the road towards Balaklava, the appointed time of rendezvous was passed, and yet our companions appeared not. Our cries, our signals, the repeated discharge of fire-arms, remained unheeded, when at length a distant murmur, floating upwards from the sea-shore, suggested the idea of a case of distress. Rousseau, who had advanced to the extreme point of the cape, hastened in the direction indicated. In the meantime, plunged in the deepest

anxiety, we bethought ourselves by what means, if any serious accident had befallen one of our friends, he could be hoisted to the summit of this immense wall, or how the necessary assistance could be afforded, now that we had parted with our baggage, containing the instruments of Dr. Léveillé. Great was our distress, therefore, when, at length, Rousseau appeared on the crest of the promontory; the report of a gun, immediately followed by another, gave the preconcerted signal; it informed us that a misfortune had happened; but of what nature? A few minutes afterwards, two télègues started off at a gallop, with the doctor and some other individuals, towards the fatal spot.

The event proved, Heaven be thanked, less serious than we had feared. Mr. Huot, worn out with fatigue from his daily and intrepid exertions, had been unable to reascend the precipitous sides of the promontory, and twice his strength had so far failed him that he was deprived of consciousness; fortunately, M. Raffet, an energetic character, had come up with his comrade in time to assist him. The sufferer recovered his vigour in some degree by the effects of a sea-bath, while the shouts of the artist vainly re-echoed against the rocks without reaching us, so great was the space by which we were divided. Fresh exertions were then made by the sufferer, but they were followed by renewed fainting fits, and his pockets had

to be emptied of their contents, consisting of stones amounting to no less than a hundred pounds in weight, which he had hitherto carried with indomitable energy. Freed from this burthensome incumbrance, which, though he was sinking under it, he would not have sacrificed at any cost, our geologist at last reached a shelf of rocks where he could obtain assistance, and, on a bed of grass, prepared in one of the télègues, he was carried at a gentle pace to Balaklava.

Between St. Georges and Balaklava, the road follows the sinuosities of the plateaux as far as the pretty village of Kadikouï, the population of which is Greek. From this point, the valley of Balaklava commences, amidst verdant gardens and smiling orchards; the valley slopes towards the south, and the traveller descends along it to the edge of a natural basin, surrounded by stately hills, into which the sea rushes through a narrow opening. Here stands the port of Balaklava, capable of being used as a safe anchorage for a great number of vessels, to which it would afford an admirable shelter. Seen from the middle, this basin might be taken for a lake, so completely is the entrance masked by the position of the mountains. The first glance at this strange and wild spot, suggests that it is the resort of smugglers, a veritable nest of pirates, as favourable for watching the expected prey, as for dividing the booty. Fortunately, however, an active

and severe guard is kept over this spot, so replete with temptations to the hardy adventurers of the sea. No vessel is allowed to enter the waters of Balaklava, destined henceforth to remain deserted; only one exception is made to this prohibition, which, previous to a modification introduced by Count Woronzoff, was general, and that is in favour of ships in distress. And, indeed, it would have been too inhuman to doom unfortunate sailors to destruction on the iron-bound coast of the outer bay, when so near and safe a shelter could save their lives. Balaklava, therefore, now receives only a few fishing vessels, which return laden with their abundant takings, to seek a shelter amidst its lofty mountains.

Doomed thus to idleness, this little town on the eastern coast of the basin is without any trade; its population, who are Greeks by origin, devote themselves to tillage, carried to an extent just sufficient for their own necessities; and but for the title of chief town of the arnaouts, Balaklava, in spite of its fine maritime situation, would scarcely deserve to find a place in the map. This, again, is an instance of fallen greatness. In ancient times, Balaklava was known by the name of Simbolon, or Cimbalo. Strabo mentions it as a dependency of the Chersonese, and, without allowing himself to be troubled by the difficulty of the achievement, the illustrious geographer maintains that a wall once joined

the port of Simbolon with that of the great Chersonese. This wall must certainly have been a prodigious work, whether the author supposes it built upon land, or at the bottom of the water. What is perfectly certain, however, is, that this natural harbour was first discovered and used by the Greeks. At a later period, the Genoese, who left but few places unoccupied, took possession of this inlet, and erected a fortress on the heights overlooking the entrance from the east, the ruins of which are still in existence. It was probably at this epoch that it received its present name, said to be derived from *bella chiave*. Several etymologists, it is true, refer the name to a Tatar origin, deriving it from the word *Balouch*, signifying fish; but it is useless to dispute about the name of a mere ruin, long likely to remain so. Balaklava consists of an assemblage of dilapidated houses and enclosures, the walls of which are half broken down; there is a principal street in it lined with deserted shops, a church, and the residence of the chief of the Greek battalion, and this sums up all that is worthy of notice in this little colony of arnaouts.

Our faithful Michael was waiting our arrival near one of the entrances to the town, and not a little anxious at our delay. The honest subaltern had already donned his full dress uniform, which was well brushed, and in as perfect trim as that of an officer in the guards. The

state of his uniform, indeed, was his first care whenever we made a short stay anywhere. He had obtained from Major Katschoni, chief of the arnaout corps, on the strength of our letters of recommendation, a billet on a poor old woman, a widow, who had given us up her own room, the only available one she possessed, and a kitchen, the hearth of which had long been cold. No sooner were we installed, than we were visited by the officers on duty at this station, who in the most cordial manner offered us their services. After a little rest, Mr. Huot's indisposition ceased to cause us any anxiety; but, at the same moment, one of the servants accompanying us, who was extremely useful to us as an interpreter, was attacked with a violent fever; he, too, poor fellow, felt the effects of our wandering life. Our stay at Balaklava did not, however, extend beyond the time required by our naturalists for their excursions, and a visit we paid to the ruins of the Genoese fortifications.

The mountain on which these still very imposing walls and towers stand is so steep, that it is not easy to discover what advantage could be gained by the defence of a line of ramparts which do not cover the place itself. Situated on the highest summit, the principal buildings appeared sufficiently protected by the nature of the escarpment itself; the side of the mountain towards the sea

dives perpendicularly down, and towards the interior of the harbour its access, by a narrow path, is still extremely difficult. We examined several of these towers, the tallest of which, commanding the rest of the ruins, contains a vast cistern, near which are still to be seen the remains of conduits of baked clay. It requires no little resolution to reach this formidable plateau, but once there, a vast and magnificent prospect lies before you, on one side of which is the sea, the brown rocks surrounding the bay, and the winding channel leading to the harbour. To the north are the cultivated lands of the Greeks, and a series of rounded hillocks stretching out to a distant horizon. Half way up the steep stands a tower, on the exterior of which, at a considerable height, is a somewhat rudely sculptured bas-relief. In one of its divisions is the figure of a fish, seeming to favour the Tatar etymology of the name of this place; two angels' faces, a cross, and an obliterated inscription complete the remainder of this piece of sculpture. The whole ground on which the fortress stands is strewn with masses of rock irregularly disposed. The frequent storms which burst over these heights have probably laid them bare within the last century or so, as it cannot be supposed that such a stronghold did not contain a clear space of some extent, upon which the troops of the garrison might be drawn up. This early monument, due to the Genoese, although of a singular

design, nevertheless impressed us with an elevated idea of the works undertaken by this powerful people for the security of a settlement which has left so many, and such grand traces on the soil of the Crimea.

The night we spent in Balaklava was so overpoweringly hot, that the greater number of us slept in the open air, in a little court-yard, the broken down walls of which allowed free entrance to a number of vagrant dogs.

On the evening of the 25th we had obtained a supply of Tatar horses, brought from a great distance, together with a small covered car, upon which our invalid was stretched, in the most convenient manner that could be devised. We proceeded thus towards the north, to seek a lodging in the middle of the woods, at the village of Varnoutka.

But our caravan, whose progress was delayed by the slow pace of the car, was soon dispersed in every direction. As night advanced, it began to rain; and we had no other sign to guide us towards each other than the sound of the horses' feet upon the stony path. Meanwhile we had entered an extensive wood, intersected with deep ravines: the darkness became more and more impenetrable; and when, at ten o'clock, we alighted in the court-yard of a Tatar habitation, in the village of Koutchouk-Mouscomia, we discovered that three of our companions were missing. Several Tatars

were sent out to explore the wood, and wandered a long time ere they came upon our lost comrades, whom they found in the midst of a coppice, from which there was no issue, just as they had made up their minds to signal their whereabouts by firing off a few shots. The good Tatars hesitated at first to approach people who intimated their distress in so noisy a manner; but at last made up their minds, and brought them back to our common quarters. Once more collected together, we slept all that night on the clay floor of a little room, in which our poor hosts had heaped the fruits of an abundant harvest.

The ceiling of the apartment in which we were thus huddled together was low, and the supply of air was through two narrow windows, without panes, and closed with bars. Such is the custom among the Tatars in the summer; when the winter is severe, paper is used as a substitute for the absent glass. Our hosts lit up in our honour a few dried branches, in a little chimney-place, and squatting round this fire, continued smoking their pipes, and resumed the conversation which we had interrupted. The low divan extending round this room was covered with carpeting, made of cow's hair. A few books were lying on a beam, among which was a printed koran, and one in manuscript, which our Tatar friends refused to part with at any price. The

next day, at dawn, we found our docile steeds ready for us: we had, according to the custom of the country, allowed them to wander, still laden, and even with their saddles and bridles on, to seek their pasture. These patient animals had not abused their liberty, for we soon found them again, tolerably wet, having feasted on a few blades of grass, and in as fresh a condition as could be desired. We traversed a country well laid out, interspersed with slopes and woodland, covered with the signs of good tillage, and reminding one of the peaceful and fertile scenes presented in some parts of England: in a short time, however, we reached Varnoutka. Along the whole road the labours of the harvest were going on; and on every side horses were seen treading out the corn, while a number of men were winnowing it with shovels. In the forest near Varnoutka, in a shady spot, and on an expanse of fresh green turf, a wooden hospital had just been constructed, for the reception of the unfortunate soldiers attacked with ophthalmia, a disease so frequent in Sevastopol. A great number of these had already arrived at this salubrious spot, where the purity of the air, the absence of all dust, and the spectacle of so vast an expanse of beautiful verdure, must powerfully contribute towards their cure.

Passing through magnificent paths, shrouded beneath the shadow of ancient trees, we reached Baïdar. This

village is inhabited by Tatars, and gives its name to an extensive valley, running at right angles with the great mountain range on the coast. The valley of Baïdar is celebrated in Crimea for the character of stern beauty, which it owes to the lofty and majestic mountains which surround it.

We had now to have recourse to the means we possessed for insuring the hospitality of the Tatars. Our guide having sent for the ombachi, the municipal chief of the village, the latter quickly presented himself, and directed us to a house, of which we immediately took possession. Our first care was to prepare the repast, of which we all felt the want. A store of rice, with which we were provided, and some excellent milk, supplied our entire fare; and our hosts, gathering round us, very willingly furnished the room, the fire, and the utensils. We did not perceive one woman; the arrival of strangers being a signal for the retreat of these timid Mussulmans, who do not consider even the thick veil with which they envelope themselves a sufficient protection against the gaze of the profane.

There are eleven villages in the valley of Baïdar: and when we commenced our ascent of the mountains, to make for the coast, we could see them grouped in the midst of their orchards, overtopped by enormous round-headed walnut trees, and the finest oaks in all

Crimea. From this valley springs the little river for the reception of whose waters the docks of Sevastopol are preparing—the Tachornaïa-Retchka, called by the Tatars Kaseli-Ouzen. Contrary to Mussulman usage, the cemeteries of the Tatars of the Crimea are left here without shade, upon a barren and stony slope, on which neither grass nor shrub is to be seen. A flat stone, of a schistous nature, standing at the head of the grave, is the only indication marking the unhonoured sepulchre.

While pursuing a number of birds, in great plenty, but extremely wild, we had ascended the easy slopes of the Yaïla range, crossed that imposing barrier, and were descending once more towards the coast. On the northern acclivity, which we climbed with great difficulty, the landscape is wild and stern, and the vegetation, hardy but stunted, bears witness to long sustained struggles against the destructive power of the winds. At the summit of the mountain, we stood transfixed in admiration of the splendid picture before us: we beheld the amphitheatre of Laspi glowing in the slant rays of the setting sun; masses of rock, grouped with marvellous effect, glittering with light, and bathed in warm vapours, raised their crests above a vast crescent of verdure; and this circle of tufted foliage, stretched out to a distance of two or three miles beyond, till it sank

down on the white sand of the sea-shore. Beyond the beach, on which the beauties of the scene were mirrored as in a glass, rose the sea, refulgent with the flaming tints of sunset.

On the slope of this beautiful valley of Laspi, into which we descended by a convenient path, overshadowed with foliage, we met with two little white houses, the sloping lands around which were carefully tilled. Two Frenchmen, brothers, inhabit this retreat, and direct the farming operations on an estate, or *economia*, as it is called in the language of the country, of which another Frenchman, General Potier, is the owner. The elder of these two brothers is the head of a numerous family. Educated in that brilliant establishment the Polytechnic School of France, which Napoleon called his hen with the golden eggs, and which has furnished so many worthy interpreters of the truths of science, M. Compère devotes the long days which he spends in this solitude to the cultivation of his cherished studies, and the education of a family of eight children, whom no outward influences can wean away from his wise instruction. To M. Compère the younger chiefly fall the agricultural labours of this austere community. In this simple abode, unknown as we were, and arriving at nightfall, with the clatter of horses, baggage-waggons, and a numerous escort, we were received like old friends;

and the unalloyed and beaming joy which in a few minutes lit up the features of the host, was worth witnessing. He unfolded for our behoof all the treasures of his patient research, all the fruits of his stern solitude; his rich herbals, his minerals, his fossils—all were at our disposal, had we been minded to abuse the generous emotions kindled in him by the sight of a number of his fellow-countrymen, who could understand his way of life, his studies, and the consolations afforded by science. These few hours of rest were beneficial to us all. At the expiration of twenty-four hours we took leave of our hosts of a day, with all the regret one feels at a separation of which we cannot calculate the term.

The road we had followed as far as Laspi still retains traces of the passage of the Empress Catherine, that woman, the track of whose giant step is everywhere deeply marked upon the soil of Russia. When she came to visit her newly conquered provinces, she halted, as we had done, on the summit of the mountain, and as her glance surveyed the richness and fertility with which nature had endowed the land, and the grandeur and majesty of the prospect not unworthy so noble a sovereign, the great Empress must have felt herself moved and transported with admiration. On leaving Laspi, and following the line of coast towards the east, you discover,

though not without much difficulty, a path winding its way above the precipices. Yielding to the pressing invitations of M. Compère, we had left with him our invalid and our excellent colleague, Dr. Léveillé, who were to join us on the morrow; on the 27th, therefore, the remainder of the caravan set out towards Castropoulo, where the most complete hospitality awaited us, the estate bearing that name having been established on the coast by M. Nicolas de Demidoff, the father of our worthy leader.

In the first place, we returned to the beautiful path in the forest which had so charmed us on the previous evening; but soon after, we had to dismount, and lead our unhappy horses by the bridle through the most extraordinary chaos of rocks imaginable. The sea was below us at a depth of five or six hundred feet, and we advanced in the midst of crumbling masses, with no path to guide us, and every now and then obliged to clamber over enormous stones, our wretched steeds falling several times, and occasionally receiving severe injuries. Our Tatar guides looked with the most imperturbable coolness at our efforts amidst all these difficulties, which did not terminate till we had reached the environs of Phoros, a Tatar village, whose name is a sufficient indication of its Greek origin. From this spot, the mountain chain assumes

a character which it preserves, as far as Yalta, a distance of fifteen leagues. The topmost crest of the Yaïla rises perpendicularly above the village, while the more gentle slope beneath allows of the cultivation of the soil, yielding abundant results down to the edge of the sea. Vines, mulberries and gigantic walnut trees, clothe these beautiful slopes with admirable verdure, occasionally interrupted by barren ravines, in which immense avalanches have torn up the soil, and opened broad clefts, through which, at every storm, torrents rush down into the gulf beneath. These passes are not without danger to the traveller crossing them. The path is not more than a few inches wide, and while one foot is dug into the mountain-side, the other is suspended over a bottomless abyss; on these occasions it is that all the dexterity and instinct of the horses of the country are shown. They advance along these perilous ways with extraordinary caution, carefully sounding the nature of the ground before them ere they venture upon it, and as soon as they are assured that it is not likely to give way, they start off at a gallop, as though in mockery of the avoided danger.

Mitschatska and Moukhalatka, two other Tatar villages, were soon left behind by our caravan, who, conscious of the approach of night, stimulated the ardour of their steeds. We were unable to stop at one of

the most picturesque curiosities of the Crimea, along this path, lying to our left, viz., the passage of the ladders, called in the Tatar language Merdven. If the traveller desires to reach the coast from Baïdar without passing through the valley of Laspi, he has to ascend directly the northern declivity of the mountain, and in order to descend the vertical wall at the summit of the chain he must enter the pass of the ladders. Steps cut out in the rock, or made of trunks of trees ranged together in a zigzag direction, reach to an enormous height, and yet such is the security of this piece of rustic engineering, that these dizzy steps may be ascended on horseback, nor is there any record of an accident extant to chill the courage of the traveller, or shake his confidence in the rare qualities of his horse.

We were ourselves full of this pleasing sense of security, for though it was quite dark, we still galloped our horses along these dangerous paths, and we scarcely knew where we were, when a number of lights and voices welcoming us in the Russian language, spoken in the pure provençal accent, informed us that we had reached Castropoulo.

The steward of this property, assisted by a French vine-grower employed in the vineyards of Castropoulo, had prepared us a reception well calculated to make us forget the fatigues of our fortnight's journeyings, and

we spent the whole of the 28th of August on the estate, where we were joined by those of our companions who had remained behind. The name of Castropoulo, with its diminutive termination, was likely to have been applied to some small entrenchment, such, at least, is its signification in the Greek language. A block of stone more than a hundred feet high, overlooking the sea, still bears some vestiges of defensive works, which may have led to the warlike designation given to this spot. In the present day, the purposes to which Castropoulo are appropriated are those of peace, and the most cherished of its fruits. An extensive vineyard, planted in 1829, and stocked with the choicest species of vine, selected with care, receives the ardent rays of a sun worthy of tinting the mellow grape of Spain. To say the truth, the wine does not yet correspond with the quality of the vine and the beauty of the grape; but it is to be hoped that such fine vintages will not be lost for the want of good wine-makers, to take advantage of them. There is nothing remarkable in the dwelling-houses, except the good order in which they are kept; all the magnificence has been reserved for the cellar and the coopery: nothing can be handsomer, more complete, or better calculated for its purposes than this temple, erected to the wine-makers' industry. The construction of the building does honour to the architect, as the perfect

specimens of cooperage testify to the rare aptitude of the Russian and Siberian peasant for every species of handicraft. Brought hither from their distant homes, they were told, "You shall become coopers;" and coopers they became. Castropoulo is situated in the most picturesque position. Above its rounded slopes the rich barrier of the Yaïla range still pursues its course, with its crests describing quaint and curious outlines, and its base buried in thick forests. When you have proceeded along a path winding through the vineyard to a conservatory, filled with rare and precious plants, you again descend towards the sea, where a bath awaits you in the most limpid of waters, washing over a ground of fine sand, mixed with coloured pebbles. Unfortunately, upon this open shore there is neither creek or inlet for the reception of any craft; and they would have to remain exposed to all the fury of the sea. This is the greater disadvantage, as up to the present day no road practicable by carts connects this residence with other parts of the shore. Soon, it is true, the fine road which we admired between Yalta and Aloupka will extend to this distance, and will bring life and activity into this western country, so well adapted for production.

On the 29th every one merrily mounted on horseback, and the steward accompanied us to the limits of the

estate confided to his care. We took the paths leading towards Aloupka; and such, notwithstanding the difficulties of the route, was the ardour of our excellent steeds, that we hardly ceased galloping the whole way. To get the most out of the Tatar horses the rider must not seek to urge them with the knout, or excite them with the voice; he would thus soon lose all credit with these sagacious and nimble animals. The true art is to bend the body forward, stretch one arm over the head of the animal, at the same time uttering a few hoarse and inarticulate cries, and you are carried away with the rapidity of lightning. Notwithstanding the speed at which we travelled, nothing escaped us in the rich landscapes with which we found ourselves from time to time surrounded. Koutchouk-Kouï, a small village as its name denotes, situated on an elevated spot, and inhabited by a few Tatars, can only be reached by paths of the most frightful ruggedness. Everywhere in this locality traces are visible of a fearful landslip, which occurred about fifty years back, crushing beneath its rolling and tumbling masses a great number of inhabitants. The next place was Kikineïs, a rich and flourishing village, abounding in clear and rapid streams irrigating fields of a calmer aspect and a less irregular soil than we had hitherto met with. A little beyond this the road descends to the sea, and

follows a broad and level beach, which it leaves to ascend by a narrow pass among the rocks, flanking the gaping sides of the Limaine—a threatening headland which rises up abruptly in the shape of a boar's tusk. Then succeed the high road and smiling fields of Simeïs, crowded with blossoming trees: here you again behold, through the hedges of pomegranate trees, the pretty villas which so fascinated you when traversing the beautiful garden stretching from Aloupka to Yalta; and finally you arrive at the residence of Count Woronzoff.

The governor-general had left his estate for Odessa, where every preparation was being made for the reception of the most illustrious of visitors. The grand military fêtes, long since announced, were now about to commence on the banks of the Boug; and several of us had been summoned to be present at the magnificent spectacle. Returning to Yalta on the 29th, after a fortnight's absence well employed, we re-entered, as in another home, beneath the roof of the Hotel Bartolucci, now richly laden with collections of every species of object, which had gradually waxed and increased during our expedition. Here we made a halt, profitably employing our time in classifying our cherished scientific acquisitions, and in laying out the plan of a fresh excursion, to be performed by those of us remaining in the Crimea. Meanwhile the "Peter the Great" made its appearance in the Bay of Yalta; and

on the 1st of September it received on board that section of our caravan who were returning to Odessa, bound for Kosloff, on the western coast of the Crimea, to join, within the shortest possible interval, the nucleus of the expedition, which we shall dismiss for a moment, in order to say a few words on the warlike solemnities at that time being celebrated on the plains of the province of Odessa.

A rapid and successful passage had united us in that capital with the active chief of our expedition, himself just returned from the Don, and who will now resume the narrative of our joint proceedings.

Being thus assembled together, and just as I was preparing to start without delay for Vosnessensk, we were unexpectedly detained by the sudden illness of M. Raffet, who, after a long and manly resistance, was now forced to pay his penalty to the fatigues of the voyage. But when he was reminded how fine an army he was about to have before his eyes, he made haste to cure; and, indeed, he must have been dead had he not been present in time at the Camp of Vosnessensk.

I have already spoken of the appearance presented by the steppe in the environs of Odessa. The road leading to Vosnessensk, one hundred and thirty-five versts in length, differs in no point from those through Bessarabia, selected at hazard over a plain without visible bounds. A few Russian villages and German colonies are scattered

at intervals over this wide space, where the extent of ground under tillage denotes the richness of the soil. Not a tree, however, is there to be seen: here and there a pond lies at the bottom of some depression in the level of the ground. At about five o'clock we reached the borders of the Boug, whose course is commanded by a large village called Cantacuzovska, situated on a steep hillock, whence we could discover to our astonishment the camp of Vosnessensk, that illustrious camp of which all Europe was to be the judge, and of which it already repeated marvellous accounts, though without believing them. Dazzling, indeed, was the appearance of this city, which yesterday was not, and which has sprung up under the hoofs of those formidable troops of cavalry. Imagine on the site of a wretched village, the sudden appearance of a flourishing city, full of noise, activity and power; a number of gardens, a parade ground, long streets containing more than three hundred houses, built on the same plan, and separated by equal intervals. All this had been planned and executed as by enchantment; and at the time we arrived the space was scarcely wide enough for the moving crowd, the lodgings scarcely numerous enough for their occupiers.

The cavalry, for whose display this fête on so imposing a scale was being prepared, were encamped along the course of the stream; their lines extended to a distance

of fifteen versts, and were lost amidst the clumps of trees along the winding course of the Boug. The eye, from the spot where we stood, could only trace them by the light columns of smoke rising in the still evening air. The camp of infantry occupied an airy post above the city: it appeared like a long strip of brilliant white, upon the somewhat curved summit of the plateau. We crossed the Boug on a bridge of boats; and after crossing the meadow, entered the city, echoing with the most bewildering din of carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians, to such a degree that we were ready to ask ourselves whether this was not a dream. We were directed to a house similar in form and position to all the rest, and distinguished by the number 359. Together with a house, the preparers of this grand hospitality placed at the disposal of each guest a servant, a droschki always ready to start at a moment's notice, a few simple articles of furniture, and the most necessary utensils: complete, admirable, royal and warlike hospitality.

Vosnessensk is the capital of a military colony; and the mere aspect of the fields which surround it, already convey an idea of the benefits resulting from these useful institutions. The situation of the town is favourable; and the vast meadows stretching out between it and the Boug, render it admirably adapted to form the central station of a large mass of cavalry. Never,

perhaps, was there so incredible an assemblage of horses on one point; and it was this which constituted the singularly beautiful effect of these daily reviews, of these warlike evolutions—the resounding signals, the simulated combats—when the armed masses marched, halted, manœuvred, and fought as one man—but as one long trained in the noble profession of arms. The whole morning was usually devoted to exercises and manœuvring; the evening was spent in festivities; and the ball, the theatre, the drawing-rooms of Count de Witt, commander-general of the camp, or the imposing concert of military music commencing on the parade-ground at the hour of sounding the retreat, lay open to the choice of the visitor. The last attraction consisted of an admirable orchestra, such as long formed the dream of Mozart and Beethoven, in which fifteen hundred instruments, and the pure and thrilling voices of one thousand of the children of the colonists, executed by turns the most majestic compositions of the musical art. Sometimes an august invitation summoned to the palace those persons who had been admitted to the camp by H. M. the Emperor. All the military talent of Europe was worthily represented at the camp. Veteran soldiers, the noble survivors of every field of battle, and the princes of foreign states, were present at this grand field of study for the military art, and were treated with distinguished attention.

The Emperor arrived at the camp on the 29th of August; Her Majesty the Empress made her entry on the 5th of September, on a mild and beautiful evening, and the next minute a splendid illumination burst forth in every direction, the ball-room sparkled with lights of all colours, and the theatre, in which French plays were performed, was invaded by a brilliant crowd, the pit presenting one mass of colonels and generals. During this time the parade resounded with the voices of the juvenile troop, hailing with the strains of the beautiful national melody the presence of the happy and triumphant Empress of all the Russias.

Before we enter into a detailed account of our wonder-teeming stay at Vosnessensk, and of the imposing spectacles we witnessed there, we will here give the official list of the different corps which took part in these manœuvres, the memory of which will be long preserved in Southern Russia. In passing in review, so to speak, this magnificent array of men and horses,—squadrons and regiments far surpassing the enumeration of warriors in the Iliad,—it will be easily perceived the stage on which such vast spectacles were enacted must have been immense; nothing but a perfect town, and a large one, could have sufficed to hold the spectators.

LIST OF TROOPS

Assembled near Vosnessensk for the Imperial Review, in 1837.

COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE TROOPS.

Inspector of Colonised Cavalry, Cavalry General, Count de Witt.

STAFF OF THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

Chief of the Staff: Lieutenant-General Zadonsky (pro tem.)

Quarter-Master General: Colonel Ladigensky (pro tem.)

Service Colonel (Subordinate Chief of the Staff): Colonel Martos.

FIRST CORPS OF RESERVED CAVALRY.

Commander of the Corps: Cavalry General Nikitine.

STAFF OF THE CORPS.

Chief of the Staff: Lieutenant-General Zadonsky.

Quarter-Master General: Colonel Roselion Sochalsky.

Service Colonel (Subordinate Chief of the Staff): Lieutenant-Colonel Sinelnikoff.

FIRST DIVISION OF CUIRASSIERS.

Commander of the Division: Lieutenant-General Koskul.

Denomination of Troops.	Commanders.	Squadrons.
FIRST BRIGADE.	Major-General Miien.	
Regiments:		
Ekaterinoslav	Colonel Toumansky	8
H.I.H. Grand Duke Michael's	Colonel Dénissoff	8
SECOND BRIGADE.		
Regiments:		
Astrakan	Lieutenant-Colonel Milevsky	8
Pskoff	Colonel Tchérémissinoff	8

FIRST DIVISION OF LANCERS.

Commander of the Division: Lieutenant-General Palitzine.

FIRST BRIGADE.	Major-General Lisogoub.	
Regiments:		
Belgorod	Colonel Bobileff	8
Tchougooueff	Colonel Masurkevitz	8
SECOND BRIGADE.	Major-General Arsénieff.	
Regiments:		
Borisogoleb	Lieutenant-Colonel Kolokoltzoff . . .	8
Serpouchow	Colonel Vijitsky	8

ARTILLERY

Of the First Corps of Reserved Cavalry.

		Pieces.
FIRST DIVISION OF HORSE ARTILLERY.	Colonel Tchadine.	
Field Batteries, No. 15 . . .	Lieutenant-Colonel Skatchkoff . . .	8
Flying „ „ 16 . . .	Captain Kassovsky	8
„ „ „ 17 . . .	Lieutenant-Colonel Schmidt	8
„ „ „ 18 . . .	Lieutenant Colonel Kiriloff	8

SECOND CORPS OF RESERVED CAVALRY.

Commander of the Corps: Lieutenant-General Baron Osten-Sacken.

STAFF.

Chief of the Staff: Major-General Bradke.

Quarter-Master General; Colonel Balakireff.

Staff-Colonel: Lieutenant Colonel Schevitch.

SECOND DIVISION OF CUIRASSIERS.

Commander of the Division: Lieutenant-Colonel Jachontoff.

FIRST BRIGADE.	Major-General Piller.	
Regiments:		Squadrons
Order of St. George	Colonel Engelhardt	8
Starodoub	Colonel Reussner	8
SECOND BRIGADE.	Major-General Somoff (pro tem.)	8
Regiments:		
Prince Albert's, of Prussia	Colonel Count Rjevousky, Aide-de-camp of H.M. the Emperor	8
H.I.H. Grand Duchess Helena's	Colonel Fitinghoff	8

SECOND DIVISION OF LANCERS.

Commander of Division: Lieutenant-General Baron Korf.

FIRST BRIGADE.	Major-General Prince Bagration.	
Regiments:		
Ucraine	Colonel Lanskoy	8
Novoarchangelsk	Colonel Masloff	8
SECOND BRIGADE.		
Regiments:		
Novomirgorod	Lieutenant-Colonel Velitchko	8
Elisabetgrad	Colonel Kalagcorguy (pro tem.)	8

ARTILLERY.

Of the Second Corps of Reserved Cavalry.

SECOND DIVISION OF HORSE ARTILLERY.		Colonel Gitoff.	
			Pieces.
Field Battery, No. 19	. . .	Colonel Pitchouguine	8
Flying „ „ 20	. . .	Lieutenant-Colonel Schatilovitch . . .	8
„ „ „ 21	. . .	„ „ Volf	8
„ „ „ 22	. . .	Colonel Vrubel	8

THIRD CORPS OF RESERVED CAVALRY.

Commander of the Corps: Aide-de-camp General, Cavalry General Potapoff.

STAFF.

Quarter-Master General, Colonel Zanden.

Staff Colonel: Colonel Vintouloff.

FIRST DIVISION OF DRAGOONS.

Commander of the Division: Lieutenant-General Gerbel.

FIRST BRIGADE.		Major-General Montresor.	
Regiments:			Squadrons.
Moscow		Colonel Levenetz	12
Kargopol		„ Pavlischef	12
SECOND BRIGADE.			
Regiments:			
Kinbourn		Colonel Engelhardt	12
New Russia		„ Boulanine	12

SECOND DIVISION OF DRAGOONS.

Commander of the Division: Lieutenant-General Grabbe.

FIRST BRIGADE.	Major-General Schilling.	
Regiments:		Squadrons.
Kasan	Colonel Kroutoff, Aide-de-camp to H.M. the Emperor	12
Riga	Colonel Lebed	12
SECOND BRIGADE.	Major-General Bartholomey.	
Regiments:		
Finland	Colonel Zelensky	12
Tver	„ Bronevsky	12

ARTILLERY

Of the Third Corps of Reserved Cavalry.

THIRD DIVISION OF HORSE ARTILLERY.	Colonel Kouprianoff.	Pieces.
Field Battery No. 23 . . .	Colonel Vulfert	8
Flying „ „ 24	„ Sokoloff	8
„ „ „ 25	Captain Kitch	8
„ „ „ 26	„ Abramovitch	8

CORPS OF COMBINED CAVALRY.

Commander of the Corps: Lieutenant-General Gerstenzveig.

STAFF.

Quarter-Master General: Colonel Ladigensky.

Staff Colonel: „ Schtcherbinsky.

THIRD DIVISION OF LIGHT CAVALRY.

Commander of the Division: Lieutenant-General Offenberg.

FIRST BRIGADE.	Major-General Parodovsky.	
Regiments of Lancers:		Squadrons.
H. H. the Prince of Nassau's	Colonel Pencherjevsky	10
Volhynia	„ Leschern	10
SECOND BRIGADE.	Major-General Plaoutine	10
Regiments of Hussars.		
Prince Vitgenstein's	Colonel Bogouchevsky	10
Prince of Orange's	„ Count Orurk	10

FIFTH DIVISION OF LIGHT CAVALRY.

Commander of the Division: Lieutenant-General Glasenap.

FIRST BRIGADE.	Major-General Borschoff.	
Regiments of Lancers:		
The Boug	Lieutenant-Colonel Glotoff	10
Odessa	Colonel Launitz	10
SECOND BRIGADE.	Major-General Grotenhelm.	
Regiments of Hussars:		
Achtirka	Colonel Vrangel	10
Alexandria	„ Norvert	10

ARTILLERY

Of the Combined Cavalry.

COMBINED DIVISION OF HORSE ARTILLERY.	Colonel Strik.	
Batteries of the Third Brigade of Horse Artillery:		Pieces.
Flying, No. 5	Lieutenant-Colonel Matveeff	8
„ No. 6	Captain Hahn	8
Batteries of the Fifth Division of Horse Artillery:		
Flying, No. 9	Colonel Bruggen	8
„ No. 10	Captain Vrjossek	8

TOTAL OF THE FOUR CORPS.

Squadrons	304
Pieces	128

TROOPS NOT INCLUDED IN THE COMPOSITION OF THE FOUR CAVALRY CORPS.

CAVALRY.

		Squadrons.
1st. The Combined Squadron of Horse Guards is composed of two platoons of H. H. the Grand Duke Michael's Regiments of Lancers, and of two platoons of the Grodno Regiment of Hussars.	Second Captain of the Grodno Regiment of Hussars, Journga	
2nd. The First and Second Reserved Squadrons of Lancers and Hussars of the First, Second, Fourth, Sixth, and Seventh Divisions of Light Cavalry		40
3rd. The Regiment of Gendarmes		3
4th. The Division of Horse Pioneers	Colonel Kaulbars	2
	Total of Squadrons	46

INFANTRY.

		Battalions.
1st. The Combined Battalion of Guards and Grenadiers is composed of Two Companies of Guards, one of the Lithuanian Regiment of Volhynia, and Two Companies of Grenadier Corps, called Companies of the Grenadier Regiments of H. M. the Emperor Francis I. and of H. M. the King of Prussia.	Major-General Stépanoff	1
2nd. Reserved Battalions of Grenadier Regiments:		
Count Roumiantzoff's		1
Prince Souvoroff's		1
Carbineers of Astrakan		1

RESERVED DIVISION OF THIRD CORPS.		Battalions.
The Fifth Battalions . . .	Lieutenant-General Hartung . . .	12
The Sixth Battalions . . .		12
Total of Battalions		28

ARTILLERY.

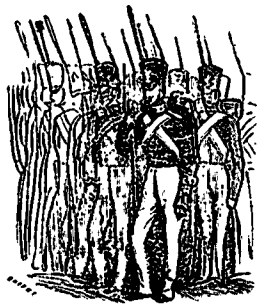
		Pieces.
Combined Battery of the Artillery of the Guards and of the Grenadiers	Colonel Drake	8

OF THE LINE.

Two Reserved Batteries, Foot		16
Two Batteries, Mounted		16
Total of Pieces		40
Escort Companies annexed to the First, Second, and Third Cavalry Corps		32
Cantonists of the Second Corps of Combined Cavalry, forming	Squadrons	24
	Batteries	3

GRAND TOTAL.

350	Squadrons.	
28	Battalions.	
168	Pieces.	
32	Escort Companies.	
24	Squadrons	Cantonists.
3	Batteries.	



CHAPTER III.

VOSNESSENSK.—CRIMEA.—EUPATORIA.

This grand military spectacle at Vosnessensk, which I was fortunate enough to witness in all its details, naturally commanded my attention, and inspired me with respect. It was certainly no vulgar curiosity which had led me into this city of soldiers; and after recovering from my first astonishment, I immediately began to represent to myself the extent of these terrible forces, and especially of those formidable bodies of cavalry, without their equal

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in the world. To the establishment of the military colonies must be attributed these admirable results: hence has arisen this imposing army. The number, discipline and well-being of the men, the rare beauty of the horses, and even the martial appearance of the squadrons, all proclaim the happy effects of this system, and its incontestible superiority.

This is not the place for explaining at length the organisation of the colonies of cavalry. Professional men, moreover, know where they may obtain technical information upon this system, which has commanded the admiration of the highest military authorities and the most skilful soldiers. We have ourselves seen it described with great lucidity in a recent work by a French marshal, the Duke of Ragusa, an excellent judge in these matters. Under these circumstances, therefore, we shall merely state, in a few words, the principles upon which the institution of military colonies is based.

The military colonies of cavalry are established in certain tracts of country, watered by the Boug, the Dnieper, and the Siguiska—fertile regions, if ever there were such; but which, remaining waste from want of hands, were thirty years ago in the possession of the crown. Families from Central Russia, Bulgarians, Moldavians, and the scattered remnants of the Zaporogue Cossacks—a tribe once so formidable in these steppes—

flocked hither, forming a somewhat numerous population, encouraged by concessions and immunities of considerable magnitude. These vast tracts were in the first instance divided into arrondissements, then into villages, and the territory of each commune was divided into two parts: one part belonged to the inhabitants. Every family possessing a plough and cattle received a grant of land amounting to ninety deciatines*, and a house. The remaining part was reserved to the crown, and cultivated by these same peasants, on whom a tax was levied of forty-five days' labour per year. Each village, built upon an uniform plan, was constituted on the basis of one hundred and eighty ploughs. Each possessor of a plough had to furnish board and lodging for one horseman, so that each village quartered one hundred and eighty men, or a squadron; and as a regiment of colonial cavalry consists of eight active squadrons and one reserved squadron, nine villages formed a regiment. In each village, houses were built for the reception of the staff, stables, stores, a hospital, a school and a church. Thus placed beyond the reach of all material cares, the trooper has no thought but of his duties. At the same time, and this is the strong point of the colonial system, the soldier always remains under the empire of social ties, and the influences of civil life, with which he continues mixed up while still remaining under arms: hence arises

* This area is equivalent to 98 hectares, 39 ares, French.

an *esprit de corps*, followed by the happiest results, and constituting the immense moral power of these squadrons, or rather families of soldiers, like those cohorts of antiquity, wandering and armed families, of which history has transmitted the names.

But this handsome trooper must have his sweetheart—he must have his mate, and the colonies are not wanting in young and pretty girls, not to be scared away by a uniform. The military authorities are inclined to favour these matches, so that nearly a third of these men are fathers of a family. The male children of the community are carefully educated in the school of the colony, trained from an early age to the management of a horse, and moulded to habits of discipline; at twenty they become soldiers, and form a valuable stock of non-commissioned officers and accomplished horsemen. This institution in itself would suffice to declare the excellence of the colonial system. By means of these sons of the troopers, and the young men who are recruited in equal numbers from the inhabitants of the villages, the contingent of the colonial regiments is kept up; and if it should happen that the soldiers' children are not sufficiently numerous, the government makes up the deficiency by sending young men, educated at its cost in establishments of a similar character. Each province of the empire possesses a special school for the education of the sons of soldiers. In this school the children are received,

taught and kept with paternal solicitude. In addition to elementary instruction, they are taught the principles of those arts which may become advantageous to the service. All the musicians, veterinary surgeons, official writers, geometricians, and draftsmen in our army, are recruited among the *military cantonists*, as these young men are called, the number of whom in Russia is one hundred and fifty thousand. These same young men supply the ranks of the children of the cavalry colonies, whenever it happens that the regimental school is unable to furnish the annual contingent of from fifty to sixty youths of twenty demanded of it. It may be easily conceived, therefore, how much the regiment benefits from the good order, aptitude and discipline of these young men, educated in such admirable schools.

Such is the condition of the soldier in the military colonies. It remains now to say a word on the state of the inhabitants who receive the numerous squadrons quartered upon the territory. Nothing can be better calculated to exhibit, to their full extent, the benefits of the plan upon which these colonies have been designed, than the well-being of these industrious families of emigrants now settled upon the soil. The happy possessors of more lands than are necessary for their maintenance and that of the soldiers whom they support, the peasantry have witnessed every year an incredible

increase in the extent of the lands under cultivation, and the number of their live stock. At the same time, the productiveness of the crown lands, to which they devote one day's labour in nine, has increased in proportion. The granaries of the colonies accordingly are overflowing with agricultural produce, and more than once have come to the assistance of neighbouring countries in times of scarcity. Under an administration entirely distinct from the discipline regulating the military corps, the villages are governed by a staff independent of that of the squadron. A captain administers the affairs of each village, directs the school, regulates the labour exacted by the state, superintends the stores, the cattle and implements of the crown. At the same time, he maintains order, and establishes police regulations; two lieutenants are attached to him, and afford him their assistance in the discharge of his municipal functions.

Civil justice is administered on the most paternal system. The chief of the squadron presides over the tribunal, which is called a committee, and is composed of a serjeant-major, the priest of the village, and three colonists, elected by their peers. Previous to entertaining the question under litigation, the reporter explains the case of the respective litigants. When this is done, forty-eight hours are allowed the parties to come to an amicable settlement, at the end of which the case

proceeds. There is an appeal to the committee of the regiment, in which the same guarantees are afforded by the presence of delegates, elected as a jury from the same class as that of the adverse parties. The decision of this committee is recorded and made public throughout the territory of the regiment. Lastly, there is a final appeal to the major-general (brigadier-general), who visits the cantonments every month. He presides, in his turn, over an inquiry into the case, the results of which are submitted to the lieutenant-general in command of the *corps d'armée*, who, with the assistance of a council, pronounces supreme judgment, which is inserted in the orderly book.

Criminal cases are in the jurisdiction of the local council of war, whether the culprit be a trooper, or belong to the class of villagers. The inspector-general of the colonised cavalry is invested with the immense privilege of sanctioning the execution of the sentences, or mitigating their severity, according to his pleasure. This high functionary may, in the discharge of his office, go so far as to suspend an officer, and bring him to judgment; and it is also at his sole suggestion that the emperor grants the promotion which may have been deserved among the colonists. An idea may thence be formed, of the almost despotic powers exercised by the inspector-general.

But this immense amount of power, these high and noble functions, could not have been placed in worthier hands than those of the general-in-chief, Count de Witt. It was he indeed who, if not the first inventor of the system of cavalry colonies, at least rendered its execution practicable. To him is due the wise combination of elements upon which this great institution is based. Accordingly, in Russia, to allude to the military colonies is at once to bring to mind the great share of credit due to Count de Witt, in the creation of this happily constituted establishment; it is to recall all the zeal, energy, and experience, and all the high capacity in the discharge of his important functions, exhibited by this general during the last twenty years.

A great triumph for Count de Witt, and a worthy recompense for all his exertions, was that which awaited him at Vosnessensk. How glorious a moment to marshal forth, in proud array, upon the vast meadows, those splendid squadrons, sprung up fully equipped from that soil which, within this very century, had been a barren desert; to find himself summoned to the honour of presiding over all these pomps, with the renown of which Europe resounded; to receive, amidst the din and stir of war, in that camp, which was then equivalent to the most brilliant of cities, the visits and congratulations of the most enlightened, no less than the most

ASIATIC

TYP. J. SLAVÍK.

RUSSIAN ARTILLERY IN ACTION (VOSNESSENSK).

exalted judge—was this not a recompense, so splendid, that it lies not in the power of sovereigns to award a greater? But let us return to the narrative of our stay at Vosnessensk.

A truly royal hospitality had welcomed us in our character of adopted children of Russia. We were participators in the fête, on an equal footing with the highest dignitaries of the army. We were admitted everywhere, and our eagerness to see and admire everything was abundantly satisfied. One day was devoted to visiting the cavalry encampment, and our long and interesting inspection extended for a space of fifteen versts beneath the clumps of trees along the banks of the Boug. At another time, we turned our delighted attention to the tents of the infantry. Twenty-eight battalions, stationed in symmetrical order, occupied an immense plateau near the gates of Vosnessensk in an airy position, and well protected from the moisture left in the meadows by the nightly storms of rain. We regarded with especial interest the veteran soldiers, composing reserve battalions, and on whose masculine faces was marked the entire history of a period when war was rough and murderous. Entering beneath one of the tents, we remarked an old warrior carefully cleaning several decorations, fixed, according to the custom of our troops, upon a little strip of card board, which is

made to fit into the uniform, without any other fastening. "Where could this old fellow have won all these?" asked one of the persons accompanying me. The soldier, without uttering a syllable, bared his breast and arms, which were seamed in all directions with scars. It was a simple and touching answer, and required no commentary. How many episodes could we relate exhibiting the natural spirit of these excellent troops, so admirably disciplined, and consequently so intrepid; to what excellent results could we point, had we leisure to enter into a consideration of those points which make the Russian army so rich in the elements of order and courage! But, in the midst of this resounding din, and of these grand sights, our existence was so filled up, that one new impression succeeded another in rapid succession. However, among those reminiscences which never can, and never ought to fade, there is one of which M. Raffet was almost the hero. All who have seen the works of this young artist—horses galloping obedient to his word, battles lost and won upon paper—can well imagine his love for everything in the shape of a soldier. At the camp of Vosnessensk, Raffet's enthusiasm was at the highest, and his whole mind bent on sketching the brilliant squadrons passing and re-passing before him. One day, when he was busy sketching some of the most effective uniforms, he heard himself called by

name. The voice was undoubtedly that of one accustomed to command both men and things—fine, clear, and sonorous. At the sound of this voice the artist turned suddenly round, and beheld no less a personage than the Emperor! The Emperor, who had already learned his name, now spoke to him of the art he professed, and made himself, as it were, his introducer to the scene before him. The astonishment and confusion of the modest Raffet may be easily imagined. He strove to the utmost to withdraw himself from the glorious distinction thus conferred upon him, but from that moment he was treated by the entire army as a protégée of the Emperor.

This interview obtained our painter the honour of being invited to present himself to their Majesties; and immediately after leaving the presence of the Emperor, he was accompanied by a distinguished officer of the Staff, Baron Hahn. This officer was instructed to provide him facilities for seeing everything, and exercising his talents upon all that should seem to him worthy of interest.

Did I not fear incurring the reproach so frequently urged against the classical epic for its minuteness in enumerating battalions, naming every chieftain, and accurately describing their arms and accoutrements, I should, perhaps, attempt, in this simple and truthful narrative to depict the grandest of the ceremonials

during this grand fête, which lasted thirteen days. I prefer confining myself to saying, that the general review of the cavalry took place on the 26th of August (7th September). The Emperor arrived in a simple droschski (H. H. the Grand Duke Michael was seated by the side of his august brother), vaulted in the twinkling of an eye on a fine black horse, and galloped towards the troops, standing silent and motionless, drawn out in immense lines. But these grand sights, which the eye beholds with delight, are not such as are capable of description. They lose all their majesty in the dry enumeration of a bulletin, or in the frigid lines of the most accurate delineation. It was on the plain of Vosnessensk that these thirty-six regiments should have been seen, formed into four solid groups, with their artillery standing apart. It was there those thousand trumpets should have been heard, bursting out in the distance into pompous flourishes, as the Emperor passed in the midst of a crowd of generals, and penetrated to the centre of the compact masses, along the ranks of all those regiments greeting his appearance with loud shouts. It is not uninteresting, as a point of national manners, to note what passes on these occasions between the sovereign and his soldiers. On arriving in front of a squadron, the Emperor, in a loud voice, pronounces these words, "Good-day, lads!" and the

soldiers reply in two words, "*Radi Staratza*," which is about equivalent to, "we will try to do well." The same words, or expressions of similar import, are exchanged between the Emperor and his troops during the march past. Some time after the arrival of the Emperor, a light carriage quietly made its appearance on the plain, escorted by a number of officers in foreign uniforms. In this carriage was the Empress and the Grand Duchess Maria—and their escort consisted of all the princes, generals and officers whom invitations from the Emperor, dispatched to every part of Europe, had summoned to be present at this military fête.

When, at the close of this immense review, the Emperor on horseback, with the point of his sword lowered, had taken up his place next to H. M. the Empress, we beheld the marching past of three hundred and fifty squadrons of the finest men, in the best possible order, in uniforms of dazzling richness and variety, and mounted on carefully selected horses. These horses, of so superior a character, that the horse of a private might be mounted by a general officer, come of stallions of English breed, which they surpass in size, and are bred in the stables of the regiment. It may be asserted that all the horses of this body of cavalry are irreproachable; and the attention devoted to them has gone so far, as that the horses of each regiment should be carefully assorted according to colour.

The juvenile *Cantonists*, of whom we have spoken, were planted over the entire field, in order to direct the march of the squadrons, and to mark out the limits to which the crowd might advance. All the carriages which we had seen filling the streets of Vosnessensk, were drawn up on the skirts of the meadow, and a picturesque assemblage of spectators were grouped upon them. The whole scene formed an animated picture, such as the sun of these regions had never before brightened; nor had ever such sounds of mirth and festivity resounded over these steppes, for less than half a century since, the winds sweeping through the tall grass, and the clatter and rumbling of the thunder, were the only movement, the only sound to disturb the deep tranquillity of these unprofitable wastes.

A few days after, we quitted with regret this scene of marvels; but we left Raffet behind us at Vosnessensk, for he found two many subjects of study amidst the motley tumult, to leave before these grand evolutions were concluded. The presence of the Emperor, the Imperial Family, the court, and all the various staffs, would shortly transfer the scene of pomps and festivities to Odessa; but here they would be of a civil character. A young and great city, no older than the colonies themselves, was preparing to receive its sovereign.

And in truth, Odessa had made herself beautiful to

receive her illustrious guests, and her large houses shone with a bran new aspect. The palace of the governor, the public buildings, the theatre, the exchange, an elegant structure looking on the sea, the quays, the store-houses, the whole city in short, was under arms. The exchange was charged with the honour of welcoming the visitors in the name of the city, and most assuredly in a great commercial seaport, the exchange might be considered the common mansion. This beautiful palace, in the Greek style, had been converted into a series of magnificent saloons, in which preparations were being made for the banquet and ball, to which the presence of their Majesties was to be solicited. In every part of this fortune-favoured city, the inhabitants seemed inspired with the noblest zeal in preparing for the approaching festival. The few wooden huts, vestiges of the early settlement, which had yet remained erect in Odessa, on the day of the Emperor's visit—a day of entire regeneration—completely vanished. In a few hours forty of these shells had been broken up and replaced, if not by complete houses (the time was insufficient), by elegant façades, which had sprung from out of the ground, and filled up the row like the scenes at a theatre. In a word, the emulation was general, and when we entered on the evening of the 8th of September, the whole town was in the heat of preparation. After too brief

a stay in this capital of the southern provinces, our expedition, already divided into several sections, experienced a further modification: some were called back to the Crimea to resume that wandering life which they had quitted with regret; others, on the contrary, were induced to devote a certain time to local studies, which the industrial condition of Odessa rendered especially interesting. Our several places of rendezvous and dates of meeting having been duly agreed upon, I dispatched, by the land route to Simpheropol, two of my companions the most eager to proceed. The observations collected during this rapid excursion are here inserted, and I give them in the form in which I was enabled to note them down at a subsequent meeting.

We left Odessa on Tuesday morning, the 12th of September, the heat being already excessive, although it was not seven o'clock. Our equipage consisted of one of those capital but very rough Wallachian carriages purchased at Bukharest, which had already done such good service. We proceeded in this fashion somewhat at random, our three horses, harnessed abreast, galloping all the way. We knew nothing about the country, nor a word of the language. We had adopted the land route from necessity, and not from choice. The steamers, in which a great portion of the Imperial Court were conveyed to the Court of the Crimea, had already ceased

running from the port of Odessa, and we were obliged to renounce all thoughts of journeying by this easy mode of conveyance. Russia, however, is a marvellous country for safety, even on such a journey as would be hazardous everywhere else. With a padorojnaia in good order, and those two words in the language signifying, "horses directly," a foreigner may traverse the whole extent of the empire with no other risk than that of a long halt at the end of each stage.

Our outset deserves some notice, on account of the extreme severity of the search to be undergone from the Custom House officials on reaching the boundaries of the free port. In order to be allowed to pass from the favoured territory to that under taxation, it is necessary to prove that you have not about you one particle of that "franchise" which has raised Odessa to a rich and powerful city. Accordingly, all that lies beyond the wall is the steppe, with its atmosphere of dust, stifling the growth of a few young plantations of acacia trees.

The heat was becoming intense: our bearded coachman brought us by an abrupt circuit, during which we were not free from anxiety, right into the sea, in which he allowed the carriage to soak for a few minutes. This immersion was expected to have a favourable effect on the vehicle, if we may judge from the satisfied appearance of the man, as he alternately pointed to the sea

and to the sun. At the conclusion of this bath we galloped off again along the burning shore.

Our road, marked out by a beaten path through a cultivated plain, followed, for some time, the direction of the sea shore, and to our left lay a number of large lakes, which we rapidly passed. These lakes communicate with the sea by a number of narrow openings through the downs. These large collections of salt water, the first two of which seemed of very considerable extent, are said to be a great advantage to Odessa, owing to the quantity of fish taken in them. All these lakes are called limans, a word borrowed from the Turkish language, and signifying a sea-port. The same appellation is also given to the mouths of large rivers, navigable by ships. These limans, swollen by the accumulation of waters in certain rivers running down from the north, frequently overflow the natural barrier of the downs, and unite with the sea at the slightest overflow.

Odessa was soon out of sight, and we began to enter upon the steppes in real earnest. We do not find here, as in Bessarabia, those valleys, looking like long waves of land: the steppe of Southern Russia is level, smooth, free from irregularities, stretching out, without any visible variation, till its horizon is blended with that of the sea. A few long lines of khourgans, those conical

elevations of which we have already spoken, communicate with each other across this dull and dreary waste. In vain do you hope that, travelling so rapidly, you will soon see the end of the great disc which surrounds you: the prospect is ever the same—bare, parched and desolate: the flowers, which in the spring bloom over these uncultivated tracts, had long since disappeared beneath the withering breath of a burning summer; and we might have said with Rubruquis, the traveller, who crossed these plains in the 15th century—*nulla est sylva, nullus mons, nullus lapis*—not a tree, not a hill, not even a stone! Even these deserts, however, had experienced the effects of the Emperor's arrival: the sands awaited his presence no less than the cities; in some parts the road had been levelled, and the ruts and hollows filled up. The post houses were resplendent with a fresh coat of whitewash, and in the absence of turf, the newly-raked ground in front of the doors completed the holiday appearance. Add to this an immense number of horses dispersed over the plain in the neighbourhood of each station, and you will have an idea of the extraordinary animation pervading the steppes. Between the stages posts are seen carefully erected at the end of every verst. These posts are painted with the colours of the empire. On one side is inscribed the number of versts from the last station; on

the other, the number to the next. Nothing can give a better idea of the strange and monotonous level of the steppe than the fact that almost always, from our low carriage, we could see two of these posts in front of us and two behind, making a league (or four versts) as the diameter of the circle described around us by this unchanging horizon. The slight car, which we had found tolerably easy over the moist turf lands of Wallachia, had become perfectly insupportable on this hard and parched ground. Nor was this the only infliction under which we suffered. If you should happen to be tormented with thirst (and how avoid it, with at least 28 degrees of heat and clouds of dust?) the people in the villages have nothing to offer you but stinking water, grown putrid in the very barrel in which it is brought, Heaven knows from what distance! Nothing can be duller or more mournful in appearance than the few villages to be met with along these roads. But of what advantage is it to these inhabitants to live in the midst of fertile lands, when they are deprived of every necessary of life? Without shelter against the sun, with no other comfort than a tolerably solid house, though lost in the midst of this immense space, at the cost of how much toil and suffering must they procure the bread which they eat, the putrid water they drink, and the scanty fragments of stubble and mud which

warm them in the winter? Alas! to such as these, life is indeed hard! But heaven, which has refused them so many benefits, has given them the courage to endure every evil.

About mid-day our route began to incline away from the sea, and we struck across the plain in a north-easterly direction, towards the great city of Nikolaïeff, which is at the same time a port, and a justly renowned military arsenal. Towards five o'clock we came upon the bank of a large canal, supplied by the united waters of the Boug and the Ingoul—these rivers joining on the opposite bank, a little above the spot where we stood. Exactly at the confluence of the two streams, of very unequal breadth, stands Nikolaïeff, which was still two versts from the place where we intended to disembark.

A number of carts drawn by oxen were waiting their turn to be carried over; and we were three quarters of an hour crossing the liman of the Boug, by means of a very primitive contrivance. A rope made fast to the bank, on either side, continually dips in the water; the men weigh upon the rope, and thus the slow machine advances. The bank on which Nikolaïeff stands is on a higher level, and presented the prospect of a number of beautiful gardens, the property of the crown, filled with tall poplars. These trees were planted for the Empress Catherine, by Prince Potemkin, at the time she resolved to visit her new provinces. The landing

place is protected by a war schooner in perfect order. On reaching the shore, we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of soldiers, women, and German colonists, recognisable at once by their good-natured tranquil faces. The cause of this assemblage was no less a circumstance than the landing of a cargo of pastecs, the favourite refreshment of the people of this country. The Germans had just brought several cart loads of them. We halted, at last, in the yard of an inn of respectable appearance, situated in one of the principal streets of Nikolaïeff.

Its appearance was the only thing we could approve of in this inn. While awaiting our supper, which did not appear likely to make its appearance very rapidly, we strolled through the handsome and spacious town we had just entered. At the first glance, everything has an imposing and grand appearance. The streets, planned upon a gigantic scale, as in all Russian towns, are suitably furnished with houses, but the grandeur of their architecture promises more than it performs; palaces without, they are hovels within. The immense width of the streets (a silent stricture, though exaggerated, on the cities of the West) leaves the inhabitant too much exposed to the sun, the wind, the dust, and the mud. As for the public squares, on which a battle might be fought, no one would think of crossing them, except during the fine season. Not-

withstanding this pardonable exaggeration in the size of its streets, Nikolaïeff, we repeat, presents a very majestic appearance, and is well worthy of its position as a naval arsenal. The town is not yet completely finished; in more than one quarter, a few scattered houses rather indicate than carry out the plan of the streets. The population of this port amounts to about five thousand inhabitants, and consists, as may be supposed, chiefly of individuals connected with the naval service. The naval establishment, of which we were only enabled to judge from a very pretty promenade, on a height overlooking the mouth of the Ingoul, appears very advantageously situated for its purposes. With the necessary outlay, several large ships might be built at the same time in its docks, which, when launched, could now easily float out of this natural harbour, the entrance to which, formerly too shallow, has of late years been made deeper. Before this important improvement, vessels were brought into the liman of the Boug by means of those cumbrous machines called *camels*, first introduced, we believe, by the Venetians. In the present day, ships of one hundred guns even are launched from the dock-yard at Nikolaïeff, whence they proceed to Sevastopol to be fitted, without any extraneous assistance whatever.

It is impossible to conceive a building yard better

adapted for its purposes than this is. Nikolaïeff is sufficiently protected against any attack by its situation, so far inland, and at the extremity of a tortuous liman. Nor is it less favoured, as regards the supply of materials. Although the Boug, whose course is obstructed by cataracts, is not suited to the floating of timber, Nikolaïeff receives timber, hemp and tar by the Dnieper, which flows, together with the Boug, into the deep bay called the liman of the Dnieper. This bay, sheltered from the waves of the open sea, if not from the winds, is navigable by the large rafts which peacefully descend the course of the Dnieper.

In a word, the position of Nikolaïeff does honour to the keen glance of Potemkin, the institutor of so many great things in this empire, of which he understood all the capabilities. It was impossible, in truth, to find a more suitable spot for the establishment of a building yard, or one so favourably situated in connection with the docks of Sevastopol. These two ports, formed by the hand of nature, perfected by human skill, and bound together by community of interests, must have been embraced in the plans of the great Empress, who felt the importance of a powerful navy upon the Black Sea. We were informed that the hidden enemy of the shipping in the bay of Sevastopol, the devouring worm which eats into all timber beneath

the surface of the waves, was not less destructive to vessels built and launched at Nikolaïeff. We do not assert this, however, as a fact, our informant not being a professional man; but it is right to observe that this unfavourable character given to the port of Nikolaïeff would seem to be borne out by certain observations formerly published relative to this interesting locality.

Meanwhile we were well pleased to eke out the evening beneath the trees of the long walk to which chance had led our steps; the moon had risen calm and brilliant, and her magic light was spread over the great harbour, and illuminated several fine ships of war, anchored close in shore, and almost at our very feet. Summoned back to our hostelry by the lateness of the hour, and more especially by a most energetic appetite, we found the expected meal awaiting us, consisting of one dish, which we shall describe, because, notwithstanding its German origin, it appeared to us to have became completely naturalised in Russia, where it is met with somewhat too frequently. This culinary production, which takes a longer time to prepare than our most complicated dishes, consists, under the wrongfully usurped title of *beefsteaks*, or the German name of *carbonades*, of a compound of various fresh meats chopped up together, and made into little flat cakes, cut out into

suitable shapes. This preparation is cooked in an oven, and forms the sole substantial basis of all dinners served up to the traveller, supposing his lucky star to have led him into a town possessing an inn, which is an extremely rare occurrence. That which he will invariably meet with on the other hand, every where, and at all times, is a cup, or rather a glass of excellent tea. In every Russian house, even the poorest, there is an article of furniture in frequent use, which, by an easy process, produces in a few minutes the fragrant infusion of the Chinese shrub. The *samowar* is, without gainsay, the most characteristic utensil to be found in the country. The species of kettle which bears this name, consists of a shining copper vase, a foot and-a-half high, resembling in form the ancient Greek vase. At its lower part it is furnished with a cock; through the inside a vertical iron tube passes, filled with lighted charcoal, kept burning by a draft of air through an opening at the foot of the vase. The *samowar* is the emblem of Russian hospitality: it greets you as you cross the threshold, and seems to kindle of its own accord at your arrival. No sooner have you entered the house, than it pours forth the boiling stream, whose aroma cheers and soothes the jaded limbs. If some settlement of German farmers be at hand, you may make sure of a few slices of the purest white bread,

and a fragment or so of excellent butter: rejoice, look upon it as a supper, and make the best of the chance; for twenty-four hours may pass, and seventy-five leagues of steppe slip away beneath your rapid wheels, ere a similar piece of good fortune befal you.

The reader will forgive these brief digressions, and accompany us once more across the barren steppe towards Kherson. The road to this city descends in a south-easterly direction. Although we had ordered our horses at Nikolaïeff for four o'clock in the morning, we were unable to obtain them till an hour and-a-half after that time; the day was already half spent when we approached Kherson, amidst clouds of dust so thick and stifling, that it was difficult to draw one's breath, to say nothing of the smarting pain caused in the eyes. This disagreeable character of the atmosphere prevents one from embracing at a glance the prospect presented by the city, which is very extensive, and filled with edifices of considerable magnitude. What struck us most, next to the fine outlines of the fortress, rising triumphantly through a haze of dust, was an innumerable quantity of windmills, with six sails, all turning together on the top of a small height, and producing a most extraordinary and confused picture. We entered at length the broad streets of Kherson. Being provided with a letter of introduction for a French gentleman,

long established in the country, where he has set up works for wool cleansing, we were already looking forward to the pleasures of a halt, of which we were greatly in want; but alas, it was a difficult matter, in our complete ignorance of the simplest Russian words, to discover the residence of our fellow countryman. It is true that certain Jews, whom we interrogated in German, replied without hesitation; for what Jew, in whatever quarter of the globe he be, does not understand German? But their imperfect directions only served to lead us further astray in this large town; and we continued to wander from door to door, under a raging sun, followed by our mournful equipage. Entering, at last, a court-yard of a satisfactory appearance, we were received at the house door by a young lady, of whom we endeavoured, in every language in the world, to ask for the required residence. German, English, Italian had been repelled by the hopeless, *ne ponimaiou* (I don't understand). One last desperate venture in the modern Greek had left us entirely discouraged, when the lady said, in what was undoubtedly an agreeable voice, but which to us appeared a strain of celestial melody: "Par hazard, Messieurs, parleriez-vous Français?" O fortunate chance! we had lighted upon a country-woman! and when we had thanked her for her information, which turned out correct, we could not help recalling the

chapter in Rabelais, where his fantastic hero, after having spoken several different languages, receives precisely the same answer as we lost travellers, amidst the plains watered by the Dnieper.

Our French host received us with cordiality; we found in his house a young chamberlain of the Emperor, with whom we had become acquainted at Yalta, and M. Vassal, an owner of lands in the neighbourhood of Perecop, who, by his speculations in the improvement of the breed of sheep, has rendered immense services to this part of the country, at the same time that he has increased his private fortune. The sheep farms of M. Vassal, the wool from which is chiefly disposed of at Kherson, have brought about a remarkable improvement in this class of produce, for which the countries adjacent to the Crimea have, from a remote period, always been famed; above all, they have given a remarkable development to the export trade of the port of Kherson, so long crushed by the privileges of Odessa. After the departure of these two travellers, we resigned ourselves, not without considerable comfort to the outward man, to the hospitable care of our fellow countryman, M. Moulins. When our repast was over, we accompanied the host, who had given us so hearty a welcome, to his washing establishment, which is situated on a large island in the Dnieper, and is composed of a number of

wooden buildings, covering a large extent of ground. The first story is divided into large workshops, in which women are employed shredding the wool, after it has been cleansed, and sorting it according to its different qualities. On the ground floor are a number of compartments for the reception of the various classes of wool; and here, too, is the press for packing the bales. It consists simply of a screw worked by horizontal levers, and is, of course, far from effecting the marvellous results of the hydraulic press. Our visit to the cleansing works made us witnesses of a scene no less singular than it was picturesque, and so characteristic of the habits of the country, that we cannot omit mentioning it. The vats in which the wool is cleansed are placed in a row upon large rafts. Two hundred young women, of from eighteen to twenty years of age, are employed for this purpose, under the superintendence of several women of a maturer age. The hour of our visit coincided with the leisure time immediately following the dinner; at this season the young work-women, according to the universal custom of the country, devote this period of recreation to bathing. Accordingly the raft was almost entirely deserted, while the waters in the vicinity were peopled with troops of swarthy bathers, who had studiously left on the shore all that could impede their joyous evolutions in the water. The picture,

however, was by no means new or strange to us. In these countries, the custom of bathing together in numbers has nothing in it startling to the sense of propriety of either sex; and we had already seen at Sevastopol the narrowest spaces shared by men and women enjoying this salutary diversion. When we returned to Kherson, two of the young bathers donned a portion of their garments to conduct us to the bank in which the town is situated: trade was busy in all its streets, and on all sides arose the din of workmen, porters, and busy folk of every description. Here, as in every other part of the country, the extraordinary demand for water melons occasioned the collection of eager and often quarrelsome crowds. A little above this spot the stream is covered with large coasting vessels; these had come to take in cargoes of the agricultural produce brought down in great abundance to Kherson by the Dnieper, not to mention the salt which is brought by caravans from the eastern coast of Taurida.

The existence of the port of Kherson does not date farther back than half a century; it was Potemkin, whose name is associated with every great establishment in these regions, who laid its foundations. According to the views of its founder, Kherson was called to the fulfilment of a high destiny; and, indeed at the first glance, its position seems exactly suited for an entrepôt

of all the merchandise floated down by the Dnieper, from the very centre of the empire to its extremities. Accordingly, from its origin, it became a vast and wealthy city. It was called by a Greek name, Kherson, recalling the ancient and flourishing colony of the Heracleotic peninsula, and the etymology of which is the adjective *Khersos*, signifying deserted, barren, waste.

All went on well till the establishment of Odessa: the rapid growth and the immunities which favoured this new port, checked the rising prosperity with which Kherson had seen itself crowned from its origin. The ships from the Mediterranean found it more advantageous to anchor in the roads of Odessa, as by resorting to this open roadstead, they frequently avoided a lengthened struggle against the rapid currents and the shifting sand banks in the liman of the Dnieper. From the commencement of this century, the decline of Kherson became visible; and in 1802 several travellers testified to the decay of this great city, which had looked forward, on just grounds, to a rapid aggrandisement.

The freedom granted to the port of Odessa, struck the last blow at the fortunes of the great entrepôt of the Dnieper. From that time Kherson almost ceased to receive in its waters any but those vessels which, after unloading their cargoes of western merchandise at Odessa, proceed thither to take in, from a point

nearer their source, the wool and grain which the vast estuary of the Dnieper is enabled, in all respects, to supply on easier conditions. The streets of Kherson, now too spacious for their traffic, are filled with clouds of devouring dust; those quarters which at one time were filled with well-stored shops, present now only a row of fronts closed to all trade; a few rusty black gowns, the Jewish garment, are seen here and there at the doors of these deserted bazaars, and suggest the image of greedy crows scenting out destruction. And yet, for what great and noble results had the founder of this city, the object of his affections, paved the way.

A glance at the imposing ramparts of the fortress, and the still existing though neglected establishment of the admiralty of Kherson, will give an idea of the intentions of Potemkin, who had fixed upon this spot as the key of the great southern stream. It is at Kherson that the remains of this prince are buried. Snatched away by an unexpected death, on the spot to which we have referred, while crossing the steppe of Bessarabia, Potemkin, the most powerful of European ministers, was laid in the modest church of Kherson.

In the present day, Kherson is the capital of one of the governments forming part of the general government of New Russia, and bearing the same name. A recent census allows us to rate the amount of its

population at twenty thousand; it is asserted that the city, the extent of which is enormous, contains, in the four quarters of which it is composed, no less than three thousand six hundred houses.

We had intended to proceed from Kherson to Alechki by water, along the scattered branches of the Dnieper; the length of the journey is reckoned at 17 versts, and it is stated to be remarkably picturesque in some parts, where the traveller makes his way through tall reeds, surrounding him like a wall. At Alechki we expected to find a road that would lead us to Perecop. The timely counsel of M. Vassal diverted us from attempting this route, now no longer practicable. The post-houses throughout the extent of the journey had been pulled down, and the horses taken to swell the supply for the government relays at Kherson, in anticipation of the numerous travellers daily expected. We were accordingly compelled to take the route, ascending the stream as far as Berislaff, one that was certainly far longer, and would cause us a delay of several hours.

Before sunset we had reached the banks of the Ingouletz. This river, a tributary of the Dnieper, runs between banks of considerable height, not far from which are found several deposits of kaolin. We arrived at the ferry by which the river is crossed, through a long avenue of thickly-leaved willow trees

arching over our heads. The place was a complete forest, in comparison with the ever-dismal steppe which we had just crossed, and which we again encountered, and found more gloomy than ever; for night was slowly advancing. At this hour of the day, in these solitary plains, it is impossible to guard against an involuntary feeling of melancholy: the darkness, which grows on the traveller, and will soon envelop him, renders the sense of isolation more complete; it deprives him of the only spectacle which can cheer him on such a road, that of the light.

Towards eight o'clock we reached a station; here we obtained, at the hands of a landlady who spoke German, the daily cup of tea and its slender accessaries. From this point we travelled in company with a general officer; he was returning from Vosnessensk, and, like ourselves, proceeding to the Crimea; our two equipages travelled at an equal pace. At midnight we traversed the streets of Berislaff, beneath the veiled beams of the moon; on reaching the post-house, kept by a Jew, we found the whole Israelite family sleeping in the open air, in a little court-yard. With a degree of luxurious refinement worthy the days of Sybaris, each had adopted for his couch one of those post télègues, whose joltings on the rough road are so unendurable. Ere we could awaken this

assembly of sleepers, one old woman especially, whose commands were supreme, a considerable time elapsed; and before we could resume our journey, we were fairly done to death by a long rigmarole, in the most horrible Jew German with which Christian ears can be scarified.

We are unable to speak as to the importance of Berislaff, which we thus passed through at night, or rather only in part traversed, returning afterwards on our steps. It is situated on a fine plateau, commanding the northern bank of the Dnieper. The streets are straight and regularly planned, as is the case in all the best cities of modern Russia. Berislaff dates its foundation in the glorious days of the Empress Catherine, at the time when that great sovereign was desirous of fortifying her command over the newly conquered territory, by a line of garrisons, which should secure her in its tranquil possession. Kisilkerman, or the Red Fort, was the Tatar name of the little military post commanding the passage of the stream, ere the new town was built. Five important roads meet in Berislaff, and render its existence precisely on that spot a matter of necessity. By the road from the south, or from Perecop, large quantities of salt are brought within its walls. Two roads, in the direction of the north-eastern provinces,

lead to the government of Ekaterinoslaff and towards the Cossacks of the Don; another, running due north, cuts through the immense desert stretching towards Poltawa and the Slobodians of the Ukraine. Lastly, the fifth road by which we had been journeying, is the same which opens a communication with the western countries of Europe, by Kherson, Nikolaïeff, and Odessa.

From the plateau on which the town stands, the road descends by a steep declivity to the river bank, where a floating bridge is found, forming a slight curve across the rapid current of the stream. While our horses were advancing with cautious steps along the yielding floor, we began to contemplate the vast expanse of grey waters before us, reflecting the clouds drifting before the wind. Once more we were gazing on the Borysthenes of the ancient geographers, whose graphic name denoted the prevalence of tempestuous winds. This splendid stream, so often the subject of history in the time of the Scythians, has lost its noble appellation, to the great injury of the language of poetry: in the same way has the Tyras of the Greeks given place to the Dniester; the Hypanis yielded to the Boug, and the harmonious Tanaïs become lessened to the Don. The Greeks, beautiful in speech, poets even in the slightest words of that language which Homer discovered, little dreamed

that that refined harmony of syllables, of which they were so proud, would thus be swallowed up by the rugged idiom of the north.

We, however, return to our bridge, and to the inundated approaches of the Dnieper. Ascending the left bank of the river, we proceeded for a considerable space upon a yielding soil covered with water; after another change of horses at a station within a short distance of Berislaff, we turned suddenly off to the south, proceeding in a direct line to Perecop and the narrow isthmus of Taurida.

At the end of this monotonous route, of which, for lack of sleep, we had to endure all the tedium, we arrived on the 14th of September in the town, or rather large village, which is the portal of the Crimea, and is called Perecop. Before Taurida became a Russian province, this village bore a name replete with Eastern grandiloquence, *Or-Gapy*, the Royal Gate. It was thus that the Tatars designated the sufficiently insignificant entrance to an entrenchment dividing the isthmus, and uniting the two seas. After crossing a bridge over the deep but much dilapidated ditch, which is still in existence, the traveller is in Perecop. It consists of one single street, which, from its breadth, might be called a square. To the right and to the left may be seen a tolerable number

of houses, standing at wide distances from each other, the most salient of which consists of no more than a ground floor, covered with a roofing of planks or reeds; yet, notwithstanding its wretched appearance, the advantages of its position give to this village a special degree of importance. Perecop is the entrance gate to the government of Taurida, and the entrenchment by which the peninsula is closed and isolated. Its present name, derived from a Russian word, signifying a trench between two seas, exactly describes its position in the geography of Taurida. Perecop is also a central customs station, where an active regulative influence is exerted on the immense exportation of salt from the neighbouring seas and the lakes of the peninsula. All these administrative functions, however, tend in no way to relieve the melancholy of the surrounding salt-impregnated steppe, which still retains the evidences of its submersion at some remote period. Herodotus, Strabo, and Pliny have expressed the opinion, that in former ages Taurida was separated from the continent: and the character of the soil of the isthmus is not repugnant to this hypothesis. Its level is so low, that from the centre of the passage across it, which is as much as seven versts in length, one might fancy one's-self below the level of the two seas. The Sivache threatens

you on the east, and the Black Sea on the west. A glance at the position of the peninsula on a map will suffice to perceive the striking difference between the outlines of the sea and of the lake. The putrid lake, whose waves sink powerless upon a low beach, exhibits, in the outline of its shores, a thousand fantastic and varying contortions. The Black Sea, on the contrary, lying in a deep bed, presents a steady and more even line of coast.

Perecop is inhabited chiefly by the servants of the government and by a great number of Jews, who abandon themselves with delight to all their native uncleanliness. We should be much astonished to be told that this was one of the most commendable situations in a sanitary point of view. The viscous sea lying so close to the village, constantly heated to the very bottom of its slimy bed, gives forth, according to certain travellers, a miasma, injurious to the quality of the surrounding atmosphere. In the inestimable work of M. Montandon, already quoted by us, we find, however, a contrary opinion expressed. This writer points out Perecop as a particularly healthy spot, in the teeth of all contrary prejudice. That which is certainly true, without entering into a discussion as to its deleterious effects, is, that this putrid sea is, for the whole of this country, a great source of trade and movement. On its shores, and on those of the neigh-

bouring lakes, a considerable quantity of salt is gathered, constituting an important item of revenue to the government. This produce, which is collected during the summer, is conveyed in every direction, even to the centre of the Empire, by long caravans, of which we never saw a greater number, or any more plentifully laden and picturesque in appearance, than in the narrow isthmus of Perecop: they are the four-wheeled fleets of the steppe. There is a custom peculiar to the Tatars, which consists in harnessing their dromedaries to their waggons. These animals are of an admirable breed, and grow to a very large size; they appear, for the most part, obedient to the voice of their masters. Some cases, however, are related, in which dromedaries have become infuriated with rage, and have almost devoured their drivers. This species of team has an imposing appearance: the two powerful animals advance at a slow and measured pace, drawing, without apparent effort, the heavily laden madgiars of the Tatars. The vehicle so called, is on four wheels; its sides are of solidly constructed hurdles, and the whole is covered with a kind of thick felt, made of camels' hair. The austere and primitive forms of this simple car would lead one to conjecture that its antiquity is remote, and that it may have been handed down from the nomadic Scythians, who lived in such vehicles—itinerant

dwellings—*quorum plaustra vugas ritè trahunt domes*, says Horace. In the present day this is practised by the Nogais, who prefer, in their vagrant mode of life, the covering of the madgiar to the permanent shelter of a house.

From Perecop, the route advances rapidly towards the south, and almost on starting a considerable town is met with. Armianskoï-Bazar, as its name denotes, is a market held by Armenians. Every article of utility to the carriers, who come to obtain salt, all appurtenances and necessaries of the wheelwright and harness maker, are found collected together in this entrepôt of industry, and the inevitable demand for them must render them a certain source of profit. Passing this spot, the road continues over the steppe, and the traveller begins to inquire where in the world can be that Taurida, whose picturesque beauties it is impossible to speak of, but an allusion to rustic Helvetia, and to fair Italy, will perforce creep into the laudatory phrase. The fact is, that the portion of the peninsula, renowned for its beautiful scenery, lies quite in a remote region, on either slope of its rich and picturesque border of mountains. The northern slope, rising more gently than the other, is replete with beautiful spots; but the southern declivity, of a more abrupt character, presents within a space narrowly confined by the sea, all the beauties of

the finest and most graceful scenery. Without adopting the somewhat satirical view of the English traveller, who compares the Crimea to a cloak spread out, and its beautiful gardens in the south to a narrow border of lace, we will say, that though the portion of her splendours which nature has allotted to it be scanty, it is nevertheless complete. It is as though she had placed at the extremity of these interminable plains this enchanting chain of rocks and verdure, in order to show to those who flock hither from afar, for once in their lives, forests, sparkling springs, and all the romantic beauty of mountain scenery.

Thus, then, as far as the environs of Sympheropol, or for nearly two-thirds of the breadth of the Crimea, from north to south, we have the same extent of plain as before, only if possible, more level still, traversed by endless caravans, dotted with a few villages, and lined over to a greater extent than in any previous instance, by numerous khourgans, arranged in an order evidently denoting some system of correspondence. For instance, some rows may be observed, comprising from four to seven of these tumuli forming lines, each taking a peculiar direction. We are not aware whether the skilful engineers who constructed the recent map of Russia, called the ordnance map—an excellent work, and worthy in all particulars the distinguished merits

of that corps of officers—have taken notice of all these khourgans which must frequently have come into use in the course of their surveying operations. A special map, showing the situation and capricious arrangement of these innumerable elevations, which are found so closely ranged together, from the plateaux of the Don to the regions in the neighbourhood of Taurida, and which branch off thence like distant sentinels, as far as the banks of the Danube, the confines of Poland, and the north of Russia, would undoubtedly present an ample field for study and speculation. Whether these tumuli are simple tombs, or whether, in the remote times from which they are handed down, they served some now unknown purpose, it is nevertheless a fact, that on the steppe of the Crimea, their utility is still recognised. The herds, when they have to call together the horses and dromedaries under their charge, station themselves upon their summits to command a view of the surrounding plain, and within a recent period, a line of telegraphic communication has been established across the peninsular, taking advantage of these ancient observatories.

We were approaching the end of our solitary journey, the southern range of mountains were marked in outline in the distance, and we could already recognize features previously observed by us. In our interrupted course

we had greatly distanced all the travellers we met with on the road, and though we had sometimes to put up with considerable delay in changing horses—a grievance of which, it is true, we never heard any one complain, and which seemed to be a custom generally adopted and patiently endured—it must be confessed that the postillions, stimulated by an encouragement expressed in an universal language, whirled us over the ground with a speed which sometimes grew alarming. We expected every moment, in spite of precautions renewed at the end of each stage, to see the wheels of our light carriage burst out into a flame. Towards five o'clock, the first tufts of foliage greeted us from the little valley of the Salghir; in a few minutes after, we crossed the almost dried up bed of the diminutive river, and entered the streets of the new town of Sympheropol by a road formed at the expense of the surrounding meadows. The streets of this town seem as though they had been built for giants: they all lead up to a church of an ambitious style of architecture, though the materials of which it is built seem any thing but solid. The same sort of trouble we had experienced at Kherson was repeated here; it was with the greatest difficulty that we at last found a miserable inn, kept by a German. We had the same supper as at Nikolaïeff, except that this time we had longer to wait for the

scanty repast, and when our appetites were satisfied, we sought repose on a narrow wooden sofa, which had originally been stuffed with hay. Let it be understood, once for all, that this is the invariable treatment at inns bearing the perfidious sign designated *tractir* throughout the Crimea.

Friday, September 3–15, was the day fixed for the general gathering of our wandering party. This rendezvous had been agreed upon at Yalta, at the time when we broke up into separate sections, and the place appointed was the port of Eupatoria or Kosloff, on the western coast. This spot appeared a favourable one for sending off our collections by sea, and our naturalists had already been there some days. Accordingly we took the road towards that port without delay, and leaving our equipage in the capital of Taurida, in an entirely disabled condition, we adopted the still rougher mode of conveyance by a télègue. From Sympheropol to the town to which we were proceeding, the distance is reckoned to be sixty-two versts, the road lying across a barren plateau, rising gently at about two-thirds of the way. For a space of eight versts, or two leagues, the road to Perecop is followed; you then turn in a westerly direction, at a branch road marked by a tall pillar, erected when Catherine II. visited these countries. In the same manner that the distances are marked

upon posts throughout the empire, these mile stones are erected at the end of every ten versts, throughout the entire road over which the Empress travelled on her journey to the coast of the Crimea.

' We had started with impetuous velocity, and experienced a renewal of the accident mentioned by us in a previous page. A wheel having come off, we were carried along some distance before the postillion, entirely absorbed in his shouts of excitement, could be made to understand that every thing was not exactly as it should be behind; in fact, that his vehicle was travelling along upon its side. At the summit of the plateau, we found the most wretched of hamlets, composed of clay huts; these ill-constructed hovels are erected over holes in the ground. We proceeded hence, down to the salt lakes of Sak, between which the road runs. These lakes bear a high reputation in a sanatory point of view. The most salutary agency is attributed to the greasy, loamy mud at the bottom and sides of them. During the period between the 15th of July and the 15th of August, a number of invalids, suffering under rheumatic and paralytic affections, repair to the borders of these lakes, and daily subject themselves to a foretaste of the grave, by lying in ditches, the sides of which are plastered over with this black mud, heated by the sun's rays. The head alone is exempt from this inhumation, said to be

of marvellous efficacy. As the miserable life led by the invalids in the neighbouring village of Sak, a wretched Tatar hamlet, would be likely to counteract the effects of the mud-bath, a house has been built for the reception of those bathers, who, from the state of their health, could not be easily moved. At the time of our visit, the fine days were beginning to become scarce, and all we saw round the lakes of Sak were heaps of salt, collected during the past season. Beyond the lakes, the road turns to the North, keeping throughout along the sea-shore. The suburbs of Kosloff, which is now close at hand, consist of a multitude of mills, with eight sails. Among these mills we remarked a great number constructed on a horizontal system, and moved by sixteen vertical sails, which receive the wind, and act upon a central shaft. A large and handsome mosque arrested our attention, but all it has retained of its past magnificence is a dome, still majestic, in spite of its dilapidated condition, its beautiful minarets having been demolished. Continuing our way along a quay, which the action of the waves is daily reducing in width, we halted before a house, the sign-board of which, bearing the inscription "Auberge d'Eupatorie," sufficiently denoted the absence of all competition. Those whom we sought were assembled in the spacious apartments of this building. A billiard table was the common resting place, and all the

members of the expedition shared alike this humble couch, which conjured up comfortless reminiscences of Wallachia. We found our companions in the midst of the labours their daily acquisitions had prepared for them. The inn was converted into a perfect laboratory, in which fishes, birds, plants and minerals were undergoing all sorts of operations necessary to preserve them for the benefit of science. These proceedings somewhat astonished our host, a Greek, with a wily countenance, who pretended to be quite up to what was going on; but our Tatar visitors were positively thunder-struck; and, notwithstanding their natural impassibility, could not refrain, at the sight of this chaos of created things, from gravely uttering a little clucking sound with their tongues, as much as to say, "Allah is great, but these are strange folk."

Thus, then, we were once more united, and our first care was to discuss the plan of our future journey.

CHAPTER IV.

KOSLOF.—SYMPHEROPOL.—KARA-SOU-BAZAR.—THEODOSIA.

The town of Koslof, like several other towns in the Tauric peninsula, is known in the Crimea by three different names, all of which have been conferred upon it in accordance with the mutations in the history of the country. The Tatars, to all appearance the founders, and for a long period the sole possessors of this maritime settlement, give it the name of Gouzlov or Gheuslev: as to the true

etymology of this word, find it who can. Eastern geography, so fertile in images, is here deficient in its accustomed clearness. After the conquest by the Empress Catherine, the names of ancient history were, as far as possible, restored to those cities which had continued in existence down to the present time; as to those which had disappeared from the surface of the soil, it was desirous that their names should be rescued from oblivion, by bestowing them on some modern locality. For this reason, Gouzlov, of which there is no mention in the works of ancient geographers, received, at that period, the name of Eupatoria, in memory of a city so called, which in the time of Mithridates Eupator stood on the verge of the Heracleotic peninsula, on the same spot on which the village of Inkermann now stands. This beautiful Greek name, however, has not prevented the Tatar city from retaining, among that people, its ancient appellation of Gheuslev or Gouzlov, which the Russians have converted into Koslof. This latter name is that now most commonly applied to it in ordinary language, although in all public documents its new denomination is the only one officially recognised.

Koslof was formerly a powerful Tatar city: its beautiful mosques, from their twenty lofty minarets, commanded the surrounding country; its baths, its bazaars, and its workshops, made it the fortunate rival of Baghtcheh-

Saraï and of Kara-Sou-Bazar, the productive cities of the Empire of the Khans : its port was capable of receiving a considerable number of vessels entering with cargoes from Constantinople. It is true that the port is ill protected from the weather, and sometimes dangerous; but these unfavourable circumstances were not of a kind likely to deter the sailors of the East, who console themselves under all afflictions, by exclaiming, " It was written."

Flourishing though this great Tatar city may once have been, it must be confessed that in the present day there is nothing left but ruins, to bear witness to its former prosperity. Koslof is still a city of vast extent, but in its narrow and irregular streets little else is to be found than crumbling walls, waste enclosures, and low-built and dilapidated houses. One quarter alone still contains a few bazaars, peopled with drowsy merchants, and a few workshops, in which a branch of industry is carried on, which brings some profit to this fallen city. Koslof supplies the market with felted goods, and articles in morocco leather. The karaïm Jews established here are skilful jewellers, and excel in the manufacture of a kind of ornament in great request among the Jewish and Tatar women. Living here is cheap; and if the city is deserted, it is not for want of provisions. The true causes of the neglect into which Koslof has fallen

are, the engrossing prosperity of Odessa, and the increase of the coasting trade in that part of the port of Sevastopol appropriated to commerce. We must add, at the risk of meeting with opponents, that the climate of this part of the coast, and the proximity of the salt lakes of Sak, must prove injurious to the inhabitants of Koslof: for, even admitting, as we do, the curative qualities ascribed to the mud of the lakes, we cannot conclude, thence, that their exhalations are equally beneficial to the public health. During our stay at Koslof we had opportunities of observing among the inhabitants numerous symptoms of endemic fevers. The approach of the equinox, however, and the instability of the temperature, produce in many other localities the same results.

The 16th of September was spent by us in a state of almost complete incarceration. A furious tempest raged over the country: the gusts of wind were so violent, the pouring clouds so thick and close, that we were scarcely able to obtain a glimpse of the vicinity of our abode. At a few paces from us the waves dashed against the shore, carrying away, by the violence of the shock, a portion of the already reduced strand, on which the finest houses in Koslof are built. On this ill-protected shore a large and convenient jetty has recently been erected, a handsome structure of timber, from which the largest boats can be laden with ease; but vessels

are under the necessity of anchoring at a great distance from the shore. The position of the port during the prevalence of north-westerly wind is little better than inconvenient; but when the wind blows with any violence from the south, or south-west, it is positively dangerous. On the day we speak of, ten brigs of considerable tonnage were anchoring before Koslof; they appeared very ill at ease in the midst of even this sea, which might have been much rougher.

The next morning we visited the greater part of the city. Its principal monument is its large and superb mosque, called *Djouma-Djamaï*. A bold cupola, surrounded by sixteen domes of smaller dimensions, surmounts this imposing edifice, whose strong walls are pierced with narrow apertures, in the shape of bysantine ogives. Two minarets completed this rich design, but the wind has levelled them, and their fragments strew the ground beneath. This mosque, the most beautiful and most spacious in the Crimea, was founded in 1552 by the khan Devlet-Gheraï, as is attested by a deed deposited in the sanctuary. The eighteen sovereigns who, until the annexation of Taurida, sat in succession on the throne of Baghtcheh-Saraï, have all appended their signatures to this authentic document, and this scrap of parchment has outlasted both the dynasty of the Gheraï and the Mussulman monarchy.

A number of Karaïms, with their ample garments, and several Tatars of the upper class, who spend the whole day smoking at the doors of the coffee shops, form the élite of the population of Koslof. The women live secluded from the gaze of the profane. The courtesy of our host, however—one of those Greeks of whom Juvenal speaks, who are ready to turn their hands to any thing, a man of resources, if ever there were one — afforded us an opportunity of catching a glimpse of one of these Tatar women of Koslof, so closely guarded. This personage was no other than the wife of a certain merchant, a friend of our Greek, whose commercial habits had no doubt softened his conjugal severity, for he required but little entreaty to be persuaded to present his wife to us. If we may judge by the favourable specimen brought before us, all honour and praise are due to the women of Koslof. The lady in question was indeed of remarkable beauty: long hair, barely imprisoned in a silk kerchief, the folds of which hung negligently down, moist and clear eyes, a soft and tranquil gaze, a pretty little head, slightly drooping from a neck of unspeakable whiteness, such was this lovely daughter of Mahomet, a fit heroine for a tale of the Arabian nights. A sort of dressing gown closely fitting her shape, with a neck scarf embroidered with gold and silver, trowsers of light texture, and babouches lined with

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TATAR POSTILLIONS (CRIMEA)

morocco, completed her attractive negligé. Thus taken by surprise in her every day charms, the lady nevertheless betrayed but little embarrassment: she soon retired, however, to our great sorrow.

On Sunday, September 5–17, we prepared for departure. Being less encumbered with baggage, owing to our having left our heavy cases, containing our collections, with a merchant of Koslof, we procured a covered carriage for our sick companion, while the convalescent travellers bestowed themselves two by two in their télègues. Ere taking leave of the town, we were anxious to see the works in progress for forming an artesian well, in which the boring process had been arrested by meeting an intermediate body of water; the workmen were only awaiting the arrival of earthenware tubes from Odessa, to continue their operations.

For a distance of thirty-five versts, our progress was unimpeded; our télègues, under the safe-guard of Michael, galloped all the way, leaving M. Huot behind, advancing at a cautious pace beneath the felt covering of his madgiar. But at Toulat, a wretched hamlet where we had to change horses, none were to be had, and we were forced to have recourse to the Tatars for the means of reaching Sympheropol: four hours were lost in the necessary conferences to effect this negotiation. At last we succeeded in obtaining two

long vehicles of wicker work; narrow baskets perched upon immense wheels. We ranged ourselves in them in a row, with no other accommodation than a scanty litter of straw, and no shelter but a sky overcast with clouds, anticipating the darkness of night. In this fashion our mournful train advanced, drawn by lean horses, too feeble for their task. The clouds soon converted themselves into rain, which became a torrent: a violent storm, mingled with hail and snow, burst upon us, and drenched us with its icy streams; our carriages became so many overflowing tanks, and the plain was converted into a large pond, in which our grotesque vehicles were plunged, and thus did we wade on in the midst of water until midnight. At last we entered Sympheropol, which we had a dozen times, in our despair, fancied we discovered through the horrible darkness around us. An excellent floor, bare and cold, awaited us to restore our wearied limbs.

The next day we were delighted to find ourselves under the roof of a clean new house, agreeably situated in a part of Sympheropol bearing most resemblance to a European town. We presented ourselves to the civil governor of Taurida, M. Mourounzoff, who for the third time received a section of our expedition, and notwithstanding that he was busily pre-occupied with the expected arrival of the Imperial Court, he gave us a most

kind welcome. Let us add, that a learned professor, M. de Steven, who here leads a life of pleasant retirement, as did, for a long time, the illustrious Pallas, received us with that fraternal cordiality which the study of science inspires. A complete herbarium of the plants of Taurida, and an etymological collection, containing specimens of every known species in the country, constitute the scientific treasures which M. de Steven has assembled with persevering labour. We should mention, also, the museum of M. Kaznatchéeff, illustrating the conchology of the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azoff, and containing specimens of the most remarkable fossils in the Crimea.

An excursion to Sabli will afford a morning's employment to the student who wishes to investigate the natural productions of this canton, which is situated on the northern slope of the mountains to the south of Sympheropol. A large landed estate, comprising all that is usually thought requisite to compose what the French call *une terre ;* namely, woodland, fields, villages, &c. is to be found at Sabli. Even to the mansion, and the avenue of chesnut trees, surrounded by well stocked kitchen gardens, nothing is wanting to complete the comparison. On this domain, and in the villages depending from it, the peasants not employed in the labours of the field devote their attention to the manufacture

of a coarse kind of cloth, and to the fabrication of pottery. Not far from Sabli are several pits, affording a supply of that greasy earth called fuller's earth, and which the Tatars call *kil.* The frequent use made of this earth in the domestic economy of these people, opens a ready market for it throughout the Crimea.

Meanwhile, the days were growing shorter, and the approach of winter was beginning to be felt; at night, and in the morning, the cold and almost continual rain marked the period of the autumnal equinox. In spite of these sad prognostics, a visit to Tchadir-Dagh offered too many objects of useful study for us to forego so interesting an excursion.

Accordingly we set out forthwith, but too delighted at once more finding our Tatar steeds to carry us over the mountains. Riding these horses is decidedly the best mode of performing the journey; they are supple, active, obedient, cautious when going over bad ground, and swift when the road is level. The first place we reached was Kilbouroun, a name compounded of the term already mentioned, as that applied to all lofty promontories, and the word *kil*, the meaning of which we have given a few lines higher. Kilbouroun is truly a height of almost majestic dimensions. Some distance further, we crossed the Salghir by the bridge of Djolma, and perceived not far from us the ruins

known by the name of Eski Saraï, or the old palace. According to a tradition among the people of the country, these fragments are the deserted remains of a palace commenced by the khans but never completed; while if we are to trust the learned Pallas, the geographer, historian and naturalist of Taurida, whom she has adopted as her well-beloved son, the dilapidated walls of Eski Saraï are nothing more than the ruins of a little Genoese fort. We had neither time, nor indeed the requisite data, to decide between the Mussulman tradition and the ingenious hypothesis of the savant.

We next beheld *Soultan-Mahmoud*, with its minarets overlooking the surrounding orchards, and lastly *Tchafki*, a village situated at a considerable elevation on the steep declivity of the large system of mountains, above which Tchadir-Dagh raises its straight and clearly-defined outline.

After winding round the base of the height which we wished to ascend on its southern side, we halted for the night at Korbek, a Tatar village, in a grand and picturesque situation. From Korbek there is a view of the sea and of the valley of Alouchta, trenching down, like an immense ditch, to the sea-shore; and lastly, of Alouchta itself, a large Tatar village, keeping watch, like an advanced sentinel, over the approaches to the gigantic ravine.

Day had not yet dawned when we had already commenced ascending Tchadir-Dagh. Its sides are sufficiently practicable on this side to allow of horses being used up to a considerable height, the rider being in perfect safety during the ascent. After passing through fertile orchards, plateaux clothed with abundant pasturage, and finally, a few straggling strips of a vast forest, we reached the spot where the last subordinate peaks of the mountain are clothed with clumps of trees, now becoming few and scattered. Our station for the night was established by our guides, in a place where a kind of shelter was afforded against the cold winds of the sea. The labour of the Tatars, skilfully directed by Michael, soon completed a roof of woven branches, a useful defence against the vapours which began towards sun-set to envelop the summit of Tchadir-Dagh. We had still an hour's daylight before us, which we employed in pursuing vultures on their way back to their nests in the hollows of the adjoining rocks. The pursuit was wearying, and unfortunately unsuccessful: these birds, which can only be brought down by a bullet, soar at such a height in the air that an ordinary fowling-piece cannot reach them. The best marksman among the Tatars, stimulated by the promise of a handsome reward, proved neither more skilful nor more fortunate than ourselves, and the marauders of the air escaped with a

succession of explosions, which scarcely disturbed their inaccessible haunts.

Meanwhile, our indefatigable and adventurous geologist had been anxious to take advantage of the short glimpse of daylight left us, to examine more closely a ridge of rocks at some considerable distance; and we beheld him once more descending into the depths of a ravine, where he was soon lost to sight. Night advanced, and the darkness grew deeper and deeper, till at last it was complete, and our companion could no longer return to us. At dawn our anxiety increased, not hearing any answer to our signals; we imagined, however, that finding himself unable to achieve the task he had undertaken, M. Huot had taken refuge in some shepherd's hut, such as we had seen on the sides of the mountain on the previous day. We achieved our ascent without further cause of anxiety. Early in the morning we reached the plateau of Tchadir-Dagh, by a number of narrow paths, which we succeeded in climbing, though not without difficulty. The almost perpendicular sides of the mountain are composed of a friable grey limestone rock, with veins of a darker colour, and emitting a slightly fetid odour in the heat of the sun. The summit consists of a sort of platform, utterly devoid of vegetation. It stretches from south-west to north-east, presenting a considerable depression towards the latter side. The

height of Tchadir-Dagh, taken at various periods, and by persons whose names offer every guarantee of exactitude, may be estimated at 1,580 metres for the western peak, while the eastern edge of the plateau rises no higher than 1,510 metres, making a difference of 70 metres between the two extremities. But the higher of the two summits rises like a culminating point on the plateau itself, which, on account of its extent and the imposing dimensions of the mountains, appears almost horizontal from a distance. Like all mountains of a similar form, Tchadir-Dagh, in breaking through the vapours condensed round it in clouds, gathers them sometimes along its flattened summit, on which they form a large white mass. The Tatars, who have learned from experience the usual consequences of this phenomenon, look out for rain the next day; for Tchadir-Dagh, they say, *has put on his cap.*

The atmosphere was not yet sufficiently free from the vapours of the morning for us to obtain a distinct view of the beautiful panorama which stretches from the base of this elevated centre to the last limits of the horizon. At one time we caught a glimpse of the steppe, with its parched tint, a blank monotonous prospect; at another the sea, looking in the distance like a tranquil lake; or an endless series of heights, gradually dwindling down to the level of the plains around us. This

alternation of clouds and sunshine produced the most charming and unexpected effects.

The ancients called this mountain Berosus, and it appears evident to us that it must almost have borne the name of Trapezos, given by the Greeks to a remarkable mountain in Taurida. To no other mountain could this designation be more fitly applied than Tchadir-Dagh, the form of which bears so much resemblance to the trapezium of geometricians. The Tatar name itself, Tchadir-Dagh, the component words of which signify a tent and a mountain, comes too near the Greek notion, not to lead to the conclusion that the tent and the trapezium form one and the same figure of comparison. It should be kept in mind, also, that writers of authority have disagreed as to the true site of Mount Trapezos. Some conjecture it to be a mountain in the neighbourhood of Balaklava. In the same manner the exact position of the Kriou-Metopon, or Ram's Head, a celebrated promontory among the Greeks, has now become a point of such difficulty, that maps and geographical works present a lamentable degree of indecision respecting this cape.

The descent on the side which we adopted is dangerous, so steep is the surface of the rock. We looked out, however, along the precipitous sides of the mountain, for a narrow terrace, which we soon discovered, and which

leads into a vast grotto. In these caverns, reaching through a succession of passages down to some unexplored depth, are found lumps of ice, which are preserved from winter to winter. We contented ourselves, however, with exploring the first chamber, a magnificent vault, the roof of which is about fifty feet high, and without seeking to verify, by our researches, the somewhat fabulous extent of these icy labyrinths, we quickly emerged to the light.

The approach of night found us all assembled at Korbek: our lost companion had arrived there before us, worn out with fatigue. In estimating the distance between him and the rocks he wished to examine, M. Huot had not taken into account the depth of an intervening ravine, covered with large trees. Scarcely had he reached its edge, and plunged beneath its vaulted branches, than night overtook him. It was impossible to proceed, and in the attempt to retrace his steps he entirely lost his way. Without provisions, and with no other weapon than his heavy hammers, he was at first somewhat alarmed at his lonely position; fortunately, however, he contrived to light up a good fire. It was in a spot of a singularly wild and beautiful character, surrounded by trees crumbling and hollow with decay, and which seemed ready to drop with age. The trunk of an immense oak, which had fallen of itself,

perhaps, many years back, was lying on the ground. At the expense of this venerable wreck our hermit kindled a gigantic bonfire, by the side of which he spent the night, but sleeping with one eye open for fear of the wolves. And, indeed, the shepherds in these parts so dread these voracious animals, that they never go out except escorted by a number of dogs well accustomed to encounter such enemies. Our imprudent comrade was well aware of this, and took care to keep a vigilant watch. Heaven be thanked, however, he had no serious cause to repent his rash enterprise, having received no other visits than those of large birds of prey, who wheeled and flittered about round the fire, as if threw an unaccustomed glare over the forest. The approach of day restored hope, if not strength, to M. Huot, by that time fairly fatigued, and when he arrived before us at Korbek, he esteemed himself fortunate in obtaining from the good Tatars of the place that hospitable treatment of which he stood in need.

The same road led us back to Sympheropol, where we commenced, without delay, our preparations for an excursion to the eastern part of the peninsula.

We have already stated all that is worthy of remark in this youthful capital of modern Taurida. Taken altogether, it forms a double town; or rather, two towns closely connected together. The buildings in

new Sympheropol have been no expense to the ancient *Ak-Mekhet*, the white mosque, as the Tatars still call it. The two cities accordingly live on friendly terms; they have, like affectionate sisters, made an equal division of advantages. One has its beautiful barracks, its large severe looking hospital, its pretty churches in brick, ambitious copies of the monuments of Rome; the other has its dirty rugged streets, its bazaars, and its Tatar artisans. One entire street is monopolised by the Jews: it is of considerable extent, and filled throughout with shops closely packed together. Here are found every species of utensil, metals, and stuffs required by the European consumer. Here, too, the brokers and money-changers — that immortal race of Pharisees—spread out their greedy treasures of roubles, paper money, and apocryphal medals.

The residence of the governor, the handsomest building in the city, stands in the most agreeable quarter, opposite a recently planted avenue, extending as far as the Salghir. This little river flows beneath the shade of large masses of trees, irrigating meadows, vineyards, and beautiful orchards. It is spanned by a stone bridge, forming the eastern extremity of Sympheropol. Towards the middle of the avenue are a few houses of tolerably handsome appearance; one of them was then occupied by an exhibition of the pro-

ductions of the soil and manufactures of Taurida, collected in view of the expected visit of the Emperor. This was a fortunate circumstance for us, and having obtained an authorisation from the governor, we proceeded, with all eagerness, to inspect this curious exhibition.

A number of fine woollen carpets, of native manufacture, occupied the first room; then came the wines and provisions furnished by the soil of the Crimea. Here might be observed, under their respective and somewhat pompous labels, all the select growths, the introduction of which into this country has been attended with satisfactory results. Here, too, were samples of fish out of the Black Sea, preserved in a variety of methods, and caviare enveloped in a coating of wax, an infallible recipe, it is asserted, for its thorough preservation.

The industry of the population of the Crimea was represented in this exhibition by a collection of belts in the Circassian fashion, manufactured at Koslof. They are made of morocco, ornamented with little plates in niello, or chased with remarkable skill. There were also a great variety of the silver trinkets, which are manufactured by the Karaïms. Then came saddlery, babouches, and a thousand varieties of those articles which the Tatars are so skilful in producing with their

supple and brightly dyed leathers. Fine lambs' fleeces, commonly used as a head dress by the natives, occupied also a compartment in this museum of industry. These beautiful specimens are derived from a peculiar breed of sheep, fed on the steppe to the north of Koslof, and on the plains in the vicinity of Kertch, at the other extremity of the peninsula. The black fleeces can only be procured by the sacrifice of the mother: the ewe is killed before the time of yearning, which accounts for the high price of these skins.

The mineral department of Taurida had sent a number of productions worthy of attention. Two large and handsome cups of porphyry, represented at the same time the produce of the Yaïla range and the talent of a sculptor of the Crimea.

What shall we say of the felts, the stuffs, the cloths, and the cloaks of camels' hair, which filled an entire apartment? These productions undoubtedly exhibit a remarkable degree of progress, which only requires to be guided at its commencement by the introduction of good models of manufacture. The most significant ornament in these exhibition-rooms were a profusion of wreaths of vine branches laden with grapes, and numbered and ticketed according to their origin. The elegant arrangement and well-ordered classification of this interesting exhibition, were due to the taste of

M. Schenschine, with whose kindness we had become acquainted at Odessa.

Ere long, Sympheropol will also have its artesian well. The boring operations have already commenced in the most populous part of the new city, not far from the Salghir. By a singular chance, the boring tube had not reached a depth of twenty-five feet, when it came in contact with a fossil substance, which was soon recognised as being the tooth of a mammoth. Every endeavour was being made to pierce through this piece of hard ivory, which would have delighted a geologist, but only disheartened the workmen, and blunted all their instruments.

We were interested by a visit from M. Montandon, the author of the "Guide to the traveller in the Crimea," a useful work, and the utility of which will be greatly increased when it is put in proper order. M. Montandon, a native of Switzerland, has settled in the peninsula, with which he appears to have become thoroughly acquainted by a conscientious course of study. In the course of a long and interesting conversation, we were enabled to obtain satisfaction as to several doubtful points in our observations, and to correct several notions current among the public which M. Montandon had inserted in his work. For instance, the existence of coal deposits at Miskhor and Phoros, in the southern

coast, is a fact which should not, it appeared to us, be admitted in the mineralogical statistics of the Crimea. The same may be observed relative to the coal, said to have been procured from Terenair, on an estate situated ten versts from Sympheropol. A special visit to all these places, and an attentive examination of the specimens collected, convinced us that this coal, so anxiously and justly desired, to the eye of the cool observer, dwindles into lignite, and that frequently of an inferior quality.

We had now seen everything in Sympheropol, of which we could not but bear away a favourable impression, so eager had all been to show us every attention; and yet, on our arrival, how many more important subjects of pre-occupation absorbed the entire population of the city. We took our departure on the 21st of September. The Wallachian carriage, which had recently been repaired, was entrusted with the conveyance of our persons, Michael having proceeded in advance with our baggage, in a Tatar waggon. It was only after infinite trouble, that we were enabled to hire three horses from a private inhabitant, there being no post-horses whatever. Our horse lender, who, nevertheless, was not a Jew, and whose rank was far from being a low one, did not disdain to take advantage of a circumstance through which the conveyance of the public was left open to competition.

After demanding the price of our horses in advance, at three times the ordinary charge, our friend only sent three horses, and that five hours after the appointed time. At last, however, we found ourselves on the road to Kara-sou-Bazar: some seated in our modest vehicle, others trudging over the plain, and amusing themselves shooting at the birds of prey and hares, with which these regions abound. Thus we went onwards, collecting all the while our scattered reminiscences into a succinct form, as a sort of adieu to Sympheropol, the capital of Taurida, which we were never again to see. While on this subject, let us confess our inability to discover, in the local antiquities of Ak-Metchet, any motive for the adoption of its modern name. No research of ours amongst written authorities has furnished a clue to any connected circumstance or distant source of allusion which may have given occasion for the Greek appellation. We contented ourselves accordingly with the conclusion, that the name of Sympheropol, *double city*, was of modern date, and had been expressly composed for this city.

If we have failed in etymology, we shall make it up in a more important department; that of statistics. Sympheropol contains about eight thousand inhabitants, although in the best works on geography, not more

than half that number is assigned to it. Among this number there are three thousand Tatars, seventeen hundred Germans, four hundred foreigners, and nine hundred Tsigans, the vagrant scourge of the country, attracted thither by the number of markets offering a favourable field for their thieving propensities. The rest of the population is composed of Jews ready to profess any calling; Armenians trading in woollen fabrics, and Greeks chiefly engaged in a kind of speculation on which it is the duty of the police to keep an eye. The public baths, and some other establishments of an equivocal character, are in the province of these last-named individuals. The city contains upwards of nine thousand houses; it possesses a civil and a military hospital, the latter of considerable magnitude, and consisting of long buildings with only a ground floor. Three Greek churches, a Catholic chapel, an Armenian church, and five mosques, are contained within its walls, in testimony of that wise toleration, which, after the example of ancient Rome, admits within the territory of the empire every creed, as well as every nation. The Protestant religion, which numbers but few followers, has obtained a temporary asylum in one of the apartments of the hospital. As a Tatar town, Ak-Metchet could not be without fountains, but the greater number are in ruins, and their conduits broken, or choked up,

demand the attention of the government, which, in its turn, is not inclined to refuse it. A basin affording four separate streams of water suffices to supply the wants of the higher portion of the town. In the vicinity of the Salghir the supply of water is effected by hand, and by means of water carts. We have before referred to an artesian well, which will supersede the necessity of repairing the aqueducts in the new town.

A considerable number of droschkies traverse the town at all hours. These vehicles are extremely fast, and may be hired at a moderate price. In the summer you ride in a droschki wrapped up in a cloak, which preserves you from the dust. In the winter, the mud holes occurring throughout the surface of the city, render the droschki indispensable.

Public instruction is represented in this capital by a gymnasium, connected with the university of Odessa. In 1828, a Tatar normal school was established: it is intended to form teachers for the primary schools, and professors for the university colleges. The pupils in these schools are all sons of moullahs or effendis, the priests and literati of the Mussulman sect. The Turkish and Arabic languages, together with the Koran, are taught to these youths, and on leaving school they are required to devote six years to the service of the State.

Let us add, that the couriers of the post-office arrive at Sympheropol twice a week. A communication is established by diligences with the two extreme points of the peninsula—Koslof to the west, and Kertch to the east. There is an annual ceremony also, which takes place on the 15th of October, and at which we were unable to be present, viz., the horse races—a useful institution in a country where the breed of horses, so remarkable for their peculiar qualities, should command the attention of the administration. A principal prize of 1,500 roubles, and a second prize of 500, are awarded to the winners. The entire élite of the Tatar population, all intrepid horsemen, assemble in crowds to these fêtes, which are peculiarly congenial to the spirit of the nation.

We have already said a few words relative to the situation of Sympheropol. The city is built on an unsheltered and barren tract; but standing as it does, on the banks of the Salghir, which flows through a valley filled with beautiful trees, to artists it is worthy a visit. Standing on the stone bridge, the eye ranges over a landscape bounded by lofty mountains; from this point the rectangular form of Tchadir-Dagh is seen to the best advantage, distinguishing it no less than its relative height from the rest of the Tauric chain. The situation of this capital is, on the whole, therefore, the best that

could have been selected. It stands there as in a centre, accessible from all sides, whether we approach from the steppe, or descend from the mountains, and its directing influence is rapidly communicated by all the roads which start from it, and, with the exception of that to Perecop, extend to every point of the coast, the entire line of which exceeds a hundred and sixty leagues.

We are now once more on the road to Kara-sou-Bazar, a level road, across a succession of plateaux burned up by the sun, with no other specimens of vegetation than tall, yellow, dried-up grass, looking like corn in the month of August—barren plains, deceptive crops, swayed by the winds far around us.

On this road, the pyramidical posts which mark out, over the whole of this country, the passage of the Empress Catherine, are in a better state of preservation and repair than in any other parts: many of them are even protected by a wooden railing. The road is broad, and bordered on either side by a ditch, the state of which gave evidence of some attention being paid to its maintenance in good repair. We were not the only travellers across these plains, and frequently our modest equipage was crossed on the road, or caught up and passed, for the distance was short, and we travelled like true naturalists, examining every place through which we journeyed, and fearlessly indulging in lateral excursions whenever

a curious bird, a breach in the earth, or a strange plant should happen to lead them aside from the beaten path.

The only village met with on the course of this journey is a Russian one, called Zouiskaïa, from the name of a rivulet, the Zouïa, running in the midst of willows. This water-course is one of the four tributaries flowing into the Salghir from the southern mountains. As soon as the Zouïa has been crossed, the traveller has to skirt round the northern declivities of the mountains until he reaches the borders of a semicircular valley, overlooked by a number of calcareous plateaux of considerable height. At the bottom of this narrow basin the various branches of the Kara-sou, whose Tatar name signifies black water, are scattered, working their way down to the Salghir. The town of Kara-sou-Bazar lies in the centre of this wild and chalky valley: its numerous minarets, vieing in height with the cypresses and poplars in the gardens, and its irregular houses, interspersed among thick clumps of walnut and fruit trees, invest it with the same thoroughly eastern character which we had remarked about Baghtcheh-Saraï, although there is here a certain tincture of Christian colouring.

Meanwhile, our good Michael had had some trouble in providing lodgings for us. Two very small rooms in a Russian house, for the accommodation of carriers, formed our head-quarters. One of these rooms was at

once converted into a common sitting room, the other was supplied with the layers of hay necessary to transform it into a bivouac. Having completed these arrangements, we set out to inspect the town.

Next to Sevastopol, Kara-sou-Bazar presents the greatest population of any town in the Crimea. This large commercial town numbers no less than 15,000 inhabitants. The streets, which are muddy and ill-paved, are filled with an immense number of shops, protected from the sun and rain by sheds, supported on rickety pillars. The prospect thus presented is more picturesque than elegant. According to the oriental custom already referred to, the traders in each description of article are gathered together in the same quarter of the town. In one part provisions, in another, foreign produce; then woollen goods, woven fabrics, and the inevitable babouches, dazzling the customer with their bright colours. Numerous coffee-shops are collected together in the same street, the largest and least rugged in the town; and within these abodes of rest, may be studied the characteristics of the entire population. Each coffee-shop is divided into square compartments, bounded round by a wooden balustrade: a passage in the middle serves as the common gangway; you may enter at pleasure any one of these open pens in which the idlers are folded. Squatted upon the divan

which surrounds the narrow enclosure, with a chafing dish in the centre, and an assembly of babouches left upon the floor, the Tatars, Armenians and Karaïms spend entire hours smoking in silence through their long pipes of cherry stick. Scarcely is a word uttered amongst these groups of majestic statues, except here and there, when some expression passes from one to the other in a low tone. What docile and excellent models did Raffet find in these silent taverns, that seemed dedicated to slumber! How many fine grave faces sat there for his pencil, beneath their fantastically twisted turbans, or the characteristic lamb's-wool cap of the Tatar! It was especially easy, amidst this eastern imperturbability, to seize the delicate shades of expression impressed on the physiognomy of these various races, so easily distinguishable. The Armenians, for the most part, unite with their calm expression of countenance a smoother skin than the Tatars. A more silky beard, a softer glance, and a certain degree of obesity, the mark of indolent habits, distinguish them from the race of Mussulmans, whose bold and independent deportment and expressive countenances, lined with premature wrinkles, we have already described. The most striking point about the Karaïms is their scrupulous attention to their attire. They wear large robes of a dark colour, falling about them in simple folds, which impart a

solemn and grave character to their appearance. Their profile has something dignified in it, notwithstanding its resemblance to the Jewish type: a well-shaven chin, and delicate hands, which they are fond of adorning with rings, are the remaining characteristics of these Jewish sectarians in the more elevated class. All these people, differing so completely in manners, genius and habits, nevertheless associate peaceably amidst the fragrant clouds of the coffee-shops, and frequently amuse themselves together at a game of backgammon, conversing without noise or emotion, and sipping, at long intervals, a few drops of the excellent coffee, which is prepared in these modest establishments.

The lower class of people, also, are not without their sensual gratification. What fine studies for the painter! Varied attitudes, brilliant colours, expressive faces, youth and age, refinement and coarseness, fun and gravity, are mingled together in the groups seated together in the evening beneath the sheds in front of the Tatar cook-shops. These active cooks were scarcely able to keep up a sufficient supply of a species of viand to which all seemed particularly devoted. Mutton roasted upon skewers, and thin cakes, appeared to form the basis of all these al-fresco repasts: next to mutton, the cheapest thing in this country is tobacco; and these two commodities suffice to complete the happiness of this easily contented people.

Quitting the central quarter, and exploring the remote streets branching out in the direction of the Kara-sou and the Tunas, the two streams which enclose the town, you will meet, amidst a profusion of tufted and luxuriant trees, a number of huts, whose disorderly arrangement and dilapidated condition are wonderfully assorted with the rustic and picturesque scene before you. In these suburbs the inhabitants are not so much upon their guard, and it is not at all rare to surprise, through a door treacherously ajar, a group of women, seated on the floor of their enclosures. These surprises are usually followed by a sudden disorderly flight, and the old women closing the rear are the only individuals seen by the indiscreet intruder. A number of pretty children, with their smart dresses and determined air, generally, on these occasions, remain in possession of the field, and gaze with eager curiosity at the stranger from behind corners, ready to scamper off at the first alarm.

Kara-sou-Bazar, lying between its two rivers, which sometimes overflow their banks, is nightly enveloped in white mists, said to be pernicious to the health, and to engender epidemic fevers. Another evil of which the inhabitants complain, is the reflection from the enormous mass of white rocks, called by the Tatars Ak-Kaïa, stretching like a wall along the north side of the valley. In summer, when the rays of the sun strike upon this ridge, they are reflected with such

intensity that the temperature is considerably increased, not to mention the injury done to the sight from the excessive light.

Though the rocks of Ak-Kaïa are unpleasant neighbours for Kara-sou-Bazar, it must be confessed that a more favourable vantage ground for obtaining a view of the town, and every house in it, could not be conceived. From the summit of this lofty terrace, the plan of the great city lies before the spectator in all its details, and he may at the same time indulge in guessing at the mysteries of these enclosed dwellings,—at the internal life of the Mussulman, who raises a barrier between the domestic sanctuary and the public way, which the most obstinate curiosity cannot penetrate. From this elevation we beheld a labyrinth of streets intersecting each other without order, winding and crossing in the midst of upwards of seven hundred houses. Twenty-four minarets raise their spires from the various quarters of the city. Not far from the principal mosque may be seen the elegant green dome of the orthodox Greek church. A little further on, the eye discovers two Catholic churches; one Roman, the other Armenian, while the evening breeze wafts upwards to your ears the strange harmony of the Israelite hymns from a neighbouring synagogue. The remarkable edifice, of quadrangular form, in the centre of the city, is a

large khan, a kind of fortified bazaar, stretching out its rows of shops with slender galleries, rickety balconies, and worm-eaten roofs, round a court-yard. Here, again, amidst the busy turmoil of trade, you meet with Mussulman indolence squatting, and bent round upon itself. This khan is an ancient and powerful structure; the name of the minister of one of the Tatar sovereigns, by whom it was founded in 1656, has been handed down. Defended externally by its four formidable walls, presenting no other aperture than a row of narrow loop-holes, this khan has but one entrance, which is strongly guarded by a gate studded with iron. Such a fortress could not but have proved impregnable to the Tatars, who, taking advantage of public dissensions, threatened to seize the town and its treasures. Between these walls the rich traders found a safe shelter for their wealth, while the assailants, exposed to a murderous fire from the besieged, were compelled to retreat no richer than they had come.

Our good fortune, together with the assistance of a few roubles, procured us admission one evening to witness a religious ceremony of the Tatars; a strange and fantastic rite, of which it would be vain to seek a rational explanation: we mean the dance of the Dervishes; an exhibition rather grotesque than impressive in character, and of which we obtained a sight, to the

satisfaction of our curiosity, and the benefit of the good moullahs. The performance is after this fashion:—

At about nine in the evening, twenty bearded Dervishes, all old men, came and placed themselves in the middle of the mosque, standing upright, and forming a circle, in the midst of which stood a venerable moullah. Each old man thereupon commenced singing, and turning round on his own axis with moderate rapidity, while the moullah in the centre turned more rapidly in an opposite direction, and raising his voice above the others. By degrees, all these human spindles twirled faster and faster, and their nasal chaunt grew louder and more strongly accentuated. At certain intervals, the whole circle of Dervishes bowed down with mechanical precision before the moullah. This first proceeding being concluded, one of the Dervishes placed himself in the middle of this mysterious corps de ballet, and stretching out his arms, began to turn and turn incessantly, with the rapidity of a peg-top. It was no longer a man you were looking at, but a whirlwind. Imagine this martyrdom continuing for twenty minutes, while the troop of satellites around are turning, bowing down to the earth, suddenly rising again, and yelling like savages, always addressing themselves to the left side. When the first performer is exhausted, two others take his place, and begin the same performance, till they are

succeeded by two others. The ceremony lasts an hour, at the end of which all depart, the pious actors staggering, the spectators bewildered, and all equally stupefied by this absurd exhibition.

The next day we bent our steps towards the source of the great Kara-sou, situated at a distance of some versts from the town. On our way, we observed a remarkable effect of the lightning. The electric fluid having struck a minaret, passed along the little door in the upper balcony, and proceeding down the narrow staircase within the structure, reached the earth, though not without splitting the wall along its entire course. The ruins, which still remain held together by strong cement, appear suspended in the air, and ready to tumble down at the least shock. On emerging from the city, the ruins of a cemetery attracted our attention for a short time. We saw nothing of any note, except the tomb of a Pasha; an octagonal monument, surrounded by an arcade, not without elegance in the design. No sooner had we proceeded beyond a little hill at the extremity of the valley, than all at once, on the summit of a height of some magnitude, an edifice was presented to our view of a stately appearance: this was the residence constructed for the reception of the Empress Catherine. An extremely fertile valley, filled with clumps of trees, at the feet of which flows

the river, forms the first plan of the truly Italian landscape which is here unfolded. In the distance, behind the white outlines of the large mansion, are seen the grand massive forms of the mountains. Once out of this valley, however, and the scenery in the upper plateau is as rugged and barren as the rest of the surrounding country. A beautiful spring, pouring into a rocky basin, attracted our attention in a neighbouring ravine. This fresh and limpid water is shrouded beneath the shadow of four gigantic elms ; on all the branches immediately over the spring we observed a multitude of rags of all colours. These are all votive offerings, wretched testimonials of the cures operated upon by, or at least sought from, the waters of the spring, whose medical properties are in high repute among the people of the country. Several silver coins, the offerings of rich invalids whom the spring had cured, respected by the cupidity of the wayfarer, might be clearly seen at the bottom of the reservoir.

The source of the Kara-sou lies in the bosom of a rustic valley. One of the springs flows down from a vast arcade of calcareous rocks, making its way out of an immense natural reservoir. The second spring, situated at some distance, bubbles forth from a rocky fissure. Besides the attractions of a pleasant walk, of shooting, and pursuing our usual course of observ-

ations, a more especial object in our excursion was to determine the nature of the rocks forming the sides of this narrow ravine. We were informed that the substance of these rocks was identical with the valuable calcareous formation called lithographic stone. At a spot to which we had been directed, we discovered traces of a search for this material; but the hope was vain. As geologists and draftsmen both, we at once became satisfied that this useless rock possessed none of the qualities of the lithographic stone. It is better to state the truth, than encourage hopes which might lead to the ruin of future speculators.

On our return to the city, we followed the course of the Kara-sou, whose abundant and transparent waters flow over a bed of pebbles. So cold are these waters, that they impart a freezing sensation to the touch. We had been informed that we should find, at a village in the neighbourhood of the source, a guide well acquainted with the surrounding localities. All we had to do, we were told, was to call out, "Ali Bey!" These instructions we implicitly obeyed: three times did we call out the name of the Tatar guide, but alas! little chance had we of obtaining an answer, for the simple reason, that he had long since departed this life. His successor, Seid-Osman, was gone to Kara-sou, and we had to content ourselves with a young and active Tatar,

whose companionship, if it was of no other service, protected us, by the shouts and other means adopted in the country to that effect, from the savage dogs which threatened to rush upon us every time we approached a habitation.

On our return to the confined apartments in which we were lodged, we employed ourselves in concerting measures for proceeding to Theodosia. The post-house was scarcely in a condition to supply us with horses, and we needed all the zeal of our faithful arnaout to obtain the number we required on hire.

At last, on the 24th of September, after carefully gathering together our newly made collections, we left the great Tatar city. Meanwhile there had been an entire change in the weather, and we were inundated with torrents of rain throughout the journey. The direction of the road is a little to the east, cutting through the base of the last declivities on the north side of the mountains. Only two stations occur before reaching Theodosia; Bouroundoutskaia and Krenitchka. The plain was soon converted into a deep bed of liquid mud, through which it was impossible to advance. At first, our intention was to make a stay of a few hours at the village of Eski-Krim, or Old Crim: such is the name given to the ruins of what was once an extensive town, said to have been the capital of the peninsula;

but with this positive deluge pouring over the country, it was impossible we could derive any advantage from visiting this spot amidst impassable roads and flooded ruins. Accordingly, we left this once flourishing and now deserted locality for a future visit, and after procuring fresh horses at a station, which for once was well supplied, we hastened to seek a refuge within the walls of Theodosia.

In a few hours we reached this port: a steep declivity brought us from the steppe down to the beach, upon which is situated the pretty city called indifferently by either of its two names, Theodosia or Kaffa; the one ancient Greek, the other derived from the Turkish language. When we had passed a square tower still of stately appearance, and the ruins of an ancient fort which had once commanded the sea shore, we came upon a miserable avenue of stunted trees, and thence entered a paved street, lined with elegant porticoes, and painted houses, in a style of architecture seldom seen in this country. We at once perceived, from the peculiar character of these edifices, that Theodosia still preserved the memory of its once powerful masters. An entire street, running parallel with the shore, is completely Italian; an arcade extending before the houses, as in the streets of Bologna. In the streets at right angles to this, you recognise the Russian

character, and ascending still higher, you find yourself in the Tatar suburbs; but the city, properly so called, the active, working city, still remains Genoese.

We must confess, however, that the state of discomfort we were in, from the cold rain and north wind, that seemed to enter our very bones, somewhat spoiled our relish for these historical memorials. By good fortune, we obtained timely shelter in the Hotel de Constantinople. A German widow did the honours of this comfortable house, where we forgot our fatigue amidst the gentle warmth imparted by an immense stove, conveying heat to four apartments at once.

This then was Theodosia. The site upon which this city stands is in the form of a cresent, and slopes gradually upwards. It faces the rising sun, and commands a spacious roadstead. The winds from the east and south-east only are to be feared by the merchant vessels anchoring before the city. The bottom is sufficiently firm to afford a good hold for anchors; two wooden moles and a number of boats are employed in landing.

The history of this celebrated city of the Crimea, would be the history of the whole peninsula, for Theodosia has borne a part in every phasis of the aggrandisement or decline of this ancient land. We have now to concern ourselves only with its present

state, and our excursions were productive of sufficient interest to permit us to record even the smallest details of our daily observations. To complete the description of this city, of which we have already sketched the principal feature, we must add that the three quarters of Theodosia, so distinct in their separate characteristics, are far from filling the limits of the ancient Genoese city; it is now extended at ease over a space scarcely half of that which it formerly occupied, pressed in by its boundary walls. The pretty Italian street of which we have spoken, presents beneath its narrow arcades a considerable number of shops, in which the Karaïm Jews and Armenians carry on their business. They are well educated people, and have quite the appearance of honest dealing tradesmen. The upper stories of the houses in this street, which is, properly speaking, the high street of Theodosia, appear to be occupied by the public authorities and the employés.

The Greek population, amounting in this city to a very large number, occupy the central portion, and inhabit modern houses, constructed with some degree of elegance. Each family lives separately, and the greater number of houses have gardens. That which most strikes the observer in this numerous Greek population, is the beauty of the women; and there are many families in which the rigid perfection of the ancient Greek type is

still preserved, embellished by an indefinable expression of liveliness and coquetry, which seems borrowed from some great city of the west. Though the Tatars also appear among the inhabitants of Theodosia, it is clear that they are no longer masters there, and that attracted within those ancient walls by the necessities of commerce, they have been compelled to make a sacrifice of their habits. The separate suburb inhabited by them, presents no single feature of the physiognomy peculiar to a Tatar village. The structures of clay and thatch which constitute their dwellings, are ranged in a regular line, and in an order to which the Tatar is totally a stranger. Ascending the hill, beyond this assemblage of buildings, nothing is seen but a large number of wooden mills with eight sails. The mechanism of these mills is contained in so small a space, that the whole structure is reduced almost to portable dimensions. We may here observe, that none of the hills forming a circle round Theodosia, produce so much as a single bush.

Among the inhabitants of this city a considerable number of Nogaïs Tatars are also to be found, carrying on their ordinary craft of cart and wheelwrights; they have no other dwellings than their madgiars, with enormous dromedaries ruminating close by. The Armenians occupy several khans of considerable magnitude, and lodge in apartments above their richly stocked warehouses.

Two immense squares, parallel with each other, and divided by a single row of houses, terminate on the Italian street, with which they form a right angle. In one of these squares, that situated to the south, is held the market of Theodosia; here, amidst a noisy crowd, are sold a variety of wares, and an abundance of fish. The good-natured phlegmatic faces of the Germans may here be seen, bringing from the neighbourhood of Kara-sou-Bazar their produce, now become indispensable to all the great cities of southern Russia. At the foot of the mountains between the Zouïa and the Kara-sou, to the right of the road from Sympheropol, we might have seen three important settlements, reminding one of the borders of the Rhine. Neusatz, Friedenthal and Rosenthal are the names of these three colonies, embracing a population of more than eight hundred inhabitants, all devoted to agriculture. These Germans excel chiefly in dairy produce and bread stuffs; only at their hands can the refined inhabitants of the cities seek those agreeable accessaries to the tea-table to be found in all houses of a superior class.

Another square, situated close to this large market, and of which we shall speak anon, is deserted and silent. Not long since, this space, which is now level, contained the most beautiful mosque in Theodosia, as well as the most sumptuous of its baths. The mosque

was an exact copy of St. Sophia in Constantinople; and Theodosia was long called the Constantinople of the Crimea. The interior of the baths was lined throughout with marble. The whole of this noble pile of masonry has disappeared, and its place is now occupied by a few wretched remains, heaped together upon the ground, where the foundations of the two demolished edifices may still be traced. Some symptoms of conservative intentions with respect to these buildings were at first exhibited, and there had even been a certain amount of expenditure towards their maintenance and restoration; but winter coming on, with its accompanying hardships to the poor without employment, they were set to clear this place, and the fine baths and splendid mosques disappeared from the surface of the earth, the Tatars themselves assisting in the demolition of the St. Sophia of the Crimea. Its marble pilasters, ornamented with arabesques, now serve as a door-step to some Italian tavern in the neighbourhood, where the sailors from Genoa and Ragusa get drunk with foreign wines, and sing their national melodies.

Everything in this demolished city serves a different purpose from that for which it was intended. The majority of the mosques have been converted into churches, dedicated to various forms of worship, and some have even been profanely applied to domestic

uses. The present beautiful Armenian church was a large mosque, and a golden cross now surmounts its elegantly proportioned dome. The isolated minaret rising to such a height towards the sky, has lost its crowning ornament, and in the place of its spire stands a belfry of green copper. Another mosque has met with a nobler fate in its adversity, and now contains the museum of Theodosia. It is an interesting establishment, and will be mentioned hereafter, though unfortunately at no great length. We have already given a general sketch of the city, which, as the reader knows, is confined, though by no means narrowly, within the ancient boundary traced by the Genoese. Towards the southern headland are the ruins of a fortification, quite as wide in extent as the city itself. The citadel which the Genoese had constructed here, commanded both the city and the bay. The numerous compartments of masonry still left standing on the declivity of these hills, have been appropriated by the modern city to the construction of a lazaretto, upon a plan as costly as it is well devised. A number of well-ventilated buildings, suitably isolated, are scattered amidst trees, and the view of the sea enjoyed by the prisoners must considerably relieve the tedium of their captivity.

Spacious warehouses, a large number of buildings, in which the merchandise is laid out and purified, a separate

quarter for the reception of the unfortunate sufferers attacked with plague, and a little cemetery close by, in which lie buried some who, on entering those gates, cherished the hope of leaving them, form the principal objects on which the eye rests, when, from the top of the hill, we look down upon this fine sanitary establishment. This description of Theodosia, the city beloved by the gods, as it was called by the Greeks of antiquity, will be complete, when we have said a word relative to the vast barracks, surrounded by covered galleries, where the soldier is sheltered from the weather. Theodosia possesses also a public garden, yet not so public but that its gates were kept constantly closed. The baths, our beloved Turkish baths, are in great number; and, as may be imagined, we hastened thither without delay. But judge of our horror on discovering, through the dim obscurity of the bath room, a poor fellow suffering from Egyptian ophthalmia, the only bather in the place. To get rid of the unpleasant impression produced by this wretched apparition, let us betake ourselves to the most cheerful quarter of the city. A handsome and well-proportioned house in this quarter, belonging to M. Amoretti, had been unanimously selected for the reception of the Emperor, on his approaching visit. The absence of any intelligence from the west of the Crimea rendered the precise epoch of this august visit a matter

of complete uncertainty. M. Amoretti's house was, however, quite ready: a complete set of furniture, to which every one had contributed the most precious objects he possessed, adorned a suite of apartments, rendered remarkable by almost too great a profusion of frescoes. The Emperor might arrive at any moment, and the anxious inhabitants awaited only to see the smoke of the steamer, to rush down to the shore with shouts and hurrahs.

This city contains 4,500 inhabitants. A Greek church, a mosque, an Armenian Catholic church, a synagogue for the karaïms, another for the rabbinists, and several pretty fountains, constitute all that remains of its ancient and prodigious magnificence. The sequel of this narrative will show all that it has to regret in the past.

We will now relate the mode in which our time was spent during our stay at Theodosia, and how our visit to the historic soil of Taurida terminated.

CHAPTER V.

THEODOSIA.—KAFFA.—KERTCH.—TAMAN.—ALOUCHTA.—YALTA.—ALOUPKA.

Resolved, as we were, to devote several days to the study of such an interesting city as Theodosia, and one so filled with subjects worthy of serious attention, from the very first day of our arrival we set to work, each in his peculiar department. The geologist and zoologist daily wandered afar, in quest of treasures, which were every evening

brought into the common laboratory, augmenting our already plentiful collections. Our studious botanist found the utmost difficulty in obtaining a few plants, to such a degree is the soil in the neighbourhood of the city burnt up by the sun, and choked by the dust. As to sketches, and curious observations, we were in the spot of all Taurida the most likely to yield an abundant harvest. At the hour when the whole city is given up to the luxury of the siesta, we assembled at our favourite resort, the Museum of Theodosia, to which the curator, Dr. Graperon, a French physician, was kind enough to procure us frequent admittance. This museum is established within the cool cupola of an ancient mosque. It contains an interesting collection of works of art, the valuable memorials of the fertile and ingenious mind of the ancient Greek and Genoese colonies. The scutcheons of the Genoese may almost be said to pave the streets of Theodosia; and you find, appropriated to the most vulgar uses, the sculptured armorial bearings of the Dorias and of the most illustrious families, the armed horseman of the bank of St. George, and the arms of Kaffa, being always found united with those of their masters. But let us penetrate into the interior of the museum. We will first direct our attention to the guardians of the entrance, two lions couchant, of gigantic size, sculptured in marble, with their heads turned

in the same direction. With these is connected an entire history: long buried at the bottom of the sea, not far from Kertch and Taman in the Cimmerian Bosphorus, these marbles have been worn down by the action of the waves; but much of the well-understood detail in the modelling of the flanks of the terrible quadrupeds is still preserved. Entering beneath the cupola, we will pass in review the various objects it contains, and which, though displayed with taste, may be charged with want of method in their arrangement. First, here is a marble pedestal, brought from Anapa, a city of Asia: this pedestal must have supported a statue of Ceres, for it was by a woman, Aristonice, daughter to Xenocritus, dedicated to Ceres, that this votive monument was erected. The next object is a Genoese epitaph. This fragment, from a church dating in the year 1523, proves, and only on this account is it interesting, that even after the conquest by the Turks, in 1475, a few Genoese were spared, who remained in Kaffa, where they were allowed to grow old, and die not unhonoured. Farther on, let us examine this Genoese stone: it dates from the time when the consul Grimaldi was completing the fortifications of Kaffa, which were commenced seven years previously by Godfrey de Zoaglio. A Latin inscription, engraved in gothic characters, will inform you that a tower, forming part of this line of fortification, was especially dedicated to the

sovereign Pontiff Clement VI., in gratitude for the crusade commanded by the holy father forty years previously. A little beyond, you may contemplate the griffin which formed part of the armorial bearings of Panticapæum, the modern city of Kertch, as is shown by the medals of the period. This basso relievo, in white marble, is executed with remarkable skill. The griffin, upright upon his robust legs, is spreading out a pair of large wings, and a crest bristling with spikes.

Two immense amphoræ, standing more than five feet high, several valuable objects found in khourgans, viz., a small head of a bull in gold, encased in a little band of enamel, several little clay images, and lastly, a beautiful head and bust of Venus, a number of fragments of earthenware vases, ornamented with well executed designs, and covered with an indestructible glazing, and a valuable cabinet of medals, complete the collection of antiquities in this newly-formed museum. M. Graperon has not hesitated to place beside these venerable relics of past ages the curious productions of nature, ever young and creative, while the greatest artists die and are forgotten, they and their works. We allude to a collection of the most curious fossils found in the Crimea, and which alone might induce a disciple of Cuvier to pass many days in this modest museum. Having disposed of the antiquities, we paid an especial

visit to the lazaretto, and the order and arrangement of the several departments of this immense establishment engrossed our attention for a considerable length of time. To connect the city with the lazaretto, it was necessary to cut a road through the side of a hill: in excavating the earth for this purpose, innumerable fragments of that delicate pottery called Etruscan, were discovered. Several vases of a beautiful design, and almost uninjured, have been taken out of this richly fraught soil; and we ourselves, in less than an hour, succeeded, without any trouble, in collecting a considerable quantity of these interesting fragments. Were we to give way to antiquarian zeal, the whole mound would be ransacked. In the midst of these remains we discovered, at the same time, a multitude of shells, denoting a favourite article of food among a maritime people long since swallowed up in the tomb. Now, as then, the seashore in the vicinity of Theodosia yields this popular fare, and of late years the fishery, in respect of this article, has been subjected to wise regulations.

A portion of the quarantine has been erected upon the ruins of a famous monastery dedicated to St. Basil. This wealthy community, protected by the strength of its position, had long resisted the revolutions of which Kaffa was the theatre; but at last the storm became too powerful, and the holy community was compelled

to acknowledge itself conquered. If tradition is to be believed, its valuable library, the result of a long and studious accumulation of the treasures of science, theology and literature, was dispersed at its downfall. Such excursions as these afforded an abundance of subjects for meditation, and features worthy of remembrance. But scarcely had we returned to the new city, and the bustling street which monopolises the whole movement of that city, than all associations connected with the past were swept away by the ever-varying spectacle before us. The people, the buildings, the customs, all are new. Every instant a fresh aspect is presented: now the troops pass, amidst the sound of martial music; then the caravans, of which Theodosia is the rendezvous, traverse the city: the noise and movement are endless. The expected arrival of the Emperor had revived within these ancient walls all the Asiatic magnificence with which it was once familiar, and the caravans of the wealthy natives were all directing their steps towards this privileged spot. The representatives of Kara-sou-Bazar especially displayed the most costly richness in their attire. These Tatars, all of them moullahs, hadjis, or effendis, arrived in little parties, grouped together in their national vehicle, the madgiar, drawn by camels. On approaching the city they alighted, and proceeded to some hospitable khan, where they immediately selected a

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

TYP. J. CLAYE

AN ANCIENT MOSQUE CONVERTED INTO A GREEK CHURCH, AT THEODOSIA (CRIMEA).

spot in the shade under the broad heavens, so completely has this race of people preserved their antipathy for any mode of life which is not in the free and open air. When once they are installed, they begin smoking, and go on from morning till night, until the arrival of the expected vessel rouses them from their repose. In this instance the expected vessel, which was to shed so much joy over Kaffa, failed to show itself in the bay: the route of the Imperial progress had been subsequently altered.

The mosques of Kaffa are the same as mosques everywhere else; but of the Armenian church we must say a few words. It bears evidence of having been commenced at some distant date, and completed at a later period. The whole portion nearest the ground bears a peculiar stamp, and dates probably from the 13th century, when the first Armenians received permission to establish themselves in Kaffa, which became a refuge for these interesting victims of Tatar conquest. In the upper part the Bysantine style is followed for the completion of the edifice, and thus, begun as a church, it became a mosque. The cupola, the minaret, and the sculptured door at the end of a narrow path, leading, doubtless, to the house of the moullah, remain as distinctive marks of the mahomedan temple: but subsequently, returning to this sanctuary, the Armenians have purified it by a

multitude of crosses, sculptured in the stone of the building. The minaret was now transformed into a steeple, and the ecclesiastical bell resounds from whence the mousselim poured forth his screeching chaunt to the four cardinal points. The most striking thing in these Catholic precincts, thus existing in peaceful concord with their profane vicinage, is the cemetery, filled with stones and marble gravestones: on these tombs is engraved some emblem denoting the profession of the person interred,—scissors for the tailor, scales for the merchant, and the special tools of their craft for the various artisans. These specimens of popular heraldry, which is not without its pride, occur at every step.

Meanwhile, the season was advancing, and the temperature daily growing colder. A parching easterly wind swept through the city, which was gradually assuming the habits and appearances of winter. Our excursions already begun to be less agreeable, though our zeal continued undiminished. We undertook in the beginning of our stay an interesting excursion to the south-east of Kaffa, not far from the village called Koktebel, a pretty rural place, separated from the city by a range of large hillocks. Koktebel is situated exactly at the commencement of the great chain of mountains of the Crimea. It is from this spot that its beautiful undulations commence, gradually bristling up into lofty peaks,

and stretching out into immense plateaux, which know no decline till they sink into the valley of Sou-Dagh, whence they again rise more majestic than ever. The vicinity of Koktebel afforded our naturalist an abundance of valuable fossils; and this, indeed, was the object of the excursion, which may be accomplished in a day. A visit purely of an archæological interest brought us to a city, once the metropolis of the peninsula, now but the shadow of itself. Staroi-Krim in Russian and Eski-Krim in Tatar are the names borne in the present day by this ancient capital: both signify the same thing—Old Crimea.

Whether or not this city, which was long wealthy and populous, be built on the site of an ancient city, dating from the first Greek emigration, is a question which we have no time to discuss. In either case, a visit to its ruins is not less deserving the attention of the traveller. The day we arrived at Kaffa we had, greatly against our will, passed the road which leads to Eski-Krim, for the torrents of rain, inundating the country, rendered all excursions impossible. Accordingly, we were compelled to retrace our steps, and travel a tolerable number of versts to make up our loss. It must be confessed that little is left of this city, once so great and powerful that it was without a rival in the Crimea. A little colony of Bulgarians have established

themselves, as best they could, among these dilapidated ruins, and have taken up their dwellings in the midst of mosques, baths, ramparts and tombs, the shapeless and mutilated remains of the past. On this spot once rose a fortress; its fallen towers may yet be counted, and the double trench with which it was surrounded is clearly traceable. A bath and a mosque, which must have been magnificent, are still erect, though injured by time: in the latter edifice, the gates of which are beautifully sculptured, public worship is even now carried on. The principal external feature of this building is a set of columns, covered with arabesque and inscriptions, while in the interior the eye is attracted by six elegant pillars, supporting the vaulted roof and the sanctuary, in which the moullah stands. The whole mosque is one of the most elegant and diversified specimens of the Oriental style. With some attention you may still detect traces of the delicate, and at the same time brilliant tints in which the light ornamental work was painted. Starai-Krim possesses also its khourgans, the steady and irreproachable witnesses of an origin long prior to the Tatar conquest. They were broken open by the conquerors, and since then they have remained closed. Their treasures, if ever they contained any, are lost. These conical mounds contained, as the specimens before us showed beyond a doubt, a sort of vaulted cavity in masonry, or

a simple enclosure of stone-work, covered over with a large slab, supporting the weight of the mound.

The time rapidly slipped away amidst these instructive studies, while every thing combined to press us towards the distant object of our voyage. It was necessary that we should take leave of Theodosia, where we had enjoyed a long interval of rest, and experienced the fortifying effects of a healthy regimen. The lack of beds was scarcely felt by us, for we had long become inured to sleeping on the hard floor. At the same time that we were planning a desertion of this comfortable state, we still took every advantage of it.

Every thing had been managed for the best. Our caravan had been completed at Theodosia, and we had even received a short visit from M. Le Play, who had come from the banks of the Don, where he had been so zealously at work, to pursue his mineralogical researches on these shores. When every thing was ready, we all, with the exception of Michael, who was still suffering from an obstinate fever, set off in excellent cue, and taking the road to Kertch, we found ourselves, on the 4th of October, once more on the steppe, whirling rapidly towards the east, and this time well wrapped up in our cloaks, which scarcely proved a protection, however, from the cutting wind.

A more steady-looking rear guard, consisting of a large

madgiar, with its team of dromedaries, conveyed our baggage and the guide, whose condition required a gentler pace. A barren, uncultivated country, inhabited only by flocks of sea birds, and from time to time, a German village, distinguishable at a distance by its stacks of corn, monuments of the industry of the hardworking colonists, composed the monotonous spectacle constantly before our eyes. At Porpatch, the first stage on our road, we found a considerable assemblage of Tatars and Germans, who had brought their horses to the post-house, with a view to supply an expected extraordinary demand. While some of us were engaged in conversation with these good-natured quiet Germans, in their holiday clothes, with their horses in brass-ornamented harness, our naturalists were dispersed in the environs on a fruitful quest. Here they were attracted by a number of splendid bustards, lumbering in their flight, but so cautious as to lead the sportsman many a weary and fruitless chase. Yonder, in that narrow quagmire, a variety of shells were revealed to the delighted gaze of the zoologist. Meanwhile, the process of changing horses was going on with more than usual celerity. Arghin was our second station: this post-house is situated on a plateau, at the extremity of an almost imperceptible slope in the steppe. From this point the level of the country continues to sink

as far as Kertch, while to the right, that is to say in the southern part, a hilly tract of some elevation completely conceals the sea, which bathes it on the opposite side. Though the plain is here less arid than in the vicinity of Theodosia, it is not less deserted: the tall grass which waves over its surface shelters a large number of hares and bustards, but not a single human being has taken up his abode in this wilderness. Several Tatar villages, however, were at one time to be found on this road, and we passed through their ruins, which seemed to have been the effect of an earthquake. Nothing has been left standing, neither houses, mosques, nor sepulchres, and the grass has completely grown over all these ruins, as though ages of desolation had swept over this gloomy region. Yet these Tatar villages, which seem to have been destroyed by some sudden visitation, were still inhabited as late as 1833. A fearful dearth, extending over the steppes, drove the inhabitants to a more fertile region; tempests and wintry winds have done the rest, investing these dilapidated fragments with an air of antiquity that would deceive the most experienced. Eighteen versts further on, we passed across a broad ditch, with a natural rampart of earth on the east side. This is a genuine relic of antiquity. The trench, which extends north and south across the entire peninsula of Kertch, in the direction of its greatest breadth,

has retained the name of the rampart of Akos; it was dug as the last defence of the diminished kingdom of Bosphorus: this outwork only preceded, by a few years, the downfall of this ancient power. The rampart of Akos, no longer needed as a defence, now serves as a shelter and halting place for the caravans, which, in tempestuous weather, take up their station along it, ranging themselves to the east or to the west, according to the direction of the wind.

As we approached Kertch we came upon a tract covered with tumuli. Nowhere previously had we seen them in such numbers; and, as though to add to the effect of this landscape, covered with conical mounds, the hills in the vicinity assume the same appearance; they are covered with coralite rocks, forming a natural assemblage of elevations, resembling khourgans. All these tumuli have been broken open and searched, and indeed there is something mournful in the disordered appearance they present, with the breaches in them still gaping open. The accurately-rounded lines of the khourgans, the only spectacle presented by the steppe, become, at last, pleasing to the eye of the traveller, as he accustoms himself to discover a certain harmony in the arrangement of these scattered cones, all children of one family. Is it not afflicting to see all these dilapidated tombs in the neighbourhood of Kertch, with their rounded tops

knocked off, and presenting a sort of yawning crater, surrounded with crumbling fragments and whiteish earth? Undoubtedly these curious searches, with a view to enrich a museum, or bring ancient times nearer to the modern, are of advantage to science, but would it not be a mark of respect towards the past, and even towards science itself, to restore these ransacked tumuli to their former shape and appearance? They, too, are monuments, and of the least perishable character: their preservation appears to us a duty—nay, more; might not the tumulus, which has yielded up its treasures from their ineffectual concealment, be protected and defended by some mark through which it could be recognised, an inscription, for instance, stating what were the objects discovered and transferred to the museum? Thus, an easy co-relation would be established between the object and its source, and a useful piece of information would be afforded the student of history, at the same time that a much to be regretted mutilation would be repaired.

After this digression, which we submit with all modesty to the good taste as well as excellent sense which characterize the government of Kertch, let us now speak of that city which we entered, as night was falling, perishing with cold, and suffering the sharp pangs of hunger.

The traveller enters the ancient capital of the kingdom

of Bosphorus by a large and elegant street: a roadway rising towards the middle, a flagged footway, and buildings of the same soft porous calcareous stone found in Odessa, are the first features presented by the city. Arcades, columns, balustrades, and a thousand other architectural devices, point it out as one of our cities. Here, however, we must praise the wise proportions observed in the construction of the streets, sufficient for a large amount of traffic, without presenting those exaggerated dimensions which convert a city into a desert. The principal street is intersected at right angles by several lateral streets, all equally remarkable for the good order in which they are kept. In one of these streets we found, after a long search, the Bosphorus Hotel, *Bospheri-Tractir*, recommended to us as the best, and haply, the only place in Kertch where we were likely to get lodgings. And what lodgings! Alas! judge of our wretchedness at finding that the only piece of furniture approaching to a bed, was the fatal billiard table, of which we treasured the remembrance since our journey in Wallachia. The German family—a very charming family, let us add—by whom the Bosphorus Hotel is kept, have lost none of the traditional slowness of their nation. It was several hours before we could get a fire lighted in an immense stove built into the house, and which does not begin

to give out any heat till it has been lighted twenty-four hours. Even the classical *carbonade* only made its appearance after a tedious interval. When we requested some substitute for three large window panes, whose absence caused us to partake too freely of the cold night air, our conduct was considered extraordinary. Window panes indeed! From that moment we could get no one to wait on us. They looked upon us as much too fastidious. Yet is it possible to sleep even without beds, and without window panes. And accordingly we slept until daybreak, when a frightful noise in the street—which, thanks to the circumstances before detailed, directly reached our ears—woke us up at once, and we became witnesses of a singular scene It was as thus:—

Kertch, like all the other cities of the Crimea—in fact, we may say, like all Eastern cities—is infested with a superfluous and useless population; noisy, troublesome, and sometimes threatening the personal safety of the public. We refer once more to those abominable vagrant dogs, which would at last become masters of the town, but for the wise though cruel measures taken against them. Gipsies are at Kertch the executors of this work of carnage, and the proceedings are in this wise:—One of these honest Tsigans, invested on this occasion with the character of a public officer, and

accordingly dressed up in some cast-off military coat, goes about dragging behind him the carcase of a dog clubbed to death the night before. He proceeds in this way through the different quarters of the city with a calm visage, but keeping a sharp look-out, for beneath his garment he carries a heavy bludgeon, a weapon fatal to the canine race. No sooner does the executioner show himself in a street, than a horrible yelling immediately breaks out on all sides from this republic of dogs, who recognise their destroyer, and perhaps, who knows? his victim. Immediately they rush forth from the houses, from the gardens on all sides, pursuing the imperturbable gipsy with their infuriated barking. The latter still continues his steady, leisurely progress, until the fatal instant when one of these enraged pursuers comes within reach of his bludgeon. As quick as lightning the blow comes down with murderous precision, and another Trojan is stretched by the side of the lamented Hector. In the evening, the Tsigan, after a good day's work, goes before the magistrate, and stretches out a hand stained with such or such a number of deaths. Each fractured skull brings him twenty-five copecks, or if you will, twenty-five centimes.

As soon as we were up, we explored Kertch. At the eastern extremity of the Tauric peninsula, in a deep bay, on whose shores the waves of the Armenian

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DOG KILLERS AT KERTCH (CRIMEA).

Bosphorus sink exhausted, stands Kertch, occupying a considerable space. The city stretches out in the form of a crescent on the northern coast, towards the western part of the bay, and on the not very lofty plateaux which surround it. At one point alone is there any very considerable elevation, and this is at the extremity of the spur of hills ending exactly over the city, in a hill loftier than the rest, and sloping off suddenly towards the sea. This is Mount Mithridates; it is covered with a number of natural elevations, bearing so striking a resemblance to the khourgans, that at any distance it is impossible to distinguish the work of man from the work of nature. Mount Mithridates, on which the Akropolis, the citadel of the ancient town of Panticapœum once stood, overlooks Kertch, and a tumulus covered with large masses of rock, called the tomb of Mithridates, forms its culminating point. At the foot of the tumulus there is a rock divided into two parts by a large hollow, and bearing some resemblance to a curule chair, such as the Druids would have selected: this is called the seat of Mithridates. It was here the king of Pontus came to gaze proudly on his innumerable fleet, the terror of the Romans. You feel at once in an atmosphere of tradition; you feel that a hero has trodden upon this soil, and that it still treasures the memory of his noble footsteps.

It must be confessed that all these memorials of the past are wonderfully mixed up with modern monuments. Within ten paces of the tomb of Mithridates, a sepulchral monument of quite modern date, erected to one of the governors of the city, rears its light columns, the style of which is far too frivolous for a tomb. Mount Mithridates, which has been deeply excavated of late years, has afforded a spacious site for a Greek temple but just completed, in which the numerous and valuable objects discovered in the khourgans are deposited. The sides and base of the cutting made into the mountain present a solid agglomeration of bones, so that the spectator might fancy himself on one of those mountains of human victims said to have been heaped up on the borders of the Caspian sea by the conquests of the sanguinary Attila. To proceed from this temple to the city, you descend a giant staircase. These stairs are of modern construction, they are ornamented with a balustrade in the Greek style, decorated with masks and vases, and the Griffins of Panticapœum, a fine and correct piece of sculpture, of which we have already spoken. They terminate in a polygon, surrounded with an arcade, in the middle of which is held the market. This place is surrounded by a number of regularly-built streets: some of these, descending towards the sea, are short; but there is one, the principal street, running towards the

north-west, which traverses the entire city, from one end to the other. This is the trading street, the populous thoroughfare: it has several streets parallel to it, and, like itself, intersected at right angles. Along the sides of the whole bay there is a stone quay of spacious dimensions, covered with vast edifices, first among which are to be classed, the residence of the governor of Kertch, and an immense building, partly occupied by the customs department, and partly used as a store-house for goods. Unfortunately, vessels are prevented, by the shallowness of the waters in the bay, from mooring alongside this quay. They anchor at some distance, beneath the walls of the lazaretto, situated on that part of the shore, the waters of which, in consequence of the vicinity of the straits, are deeper, and afford easier anchorage.

Our first visit was, as a matter of course, to the leading personage in this interesting place, Prince Kherkheoulidzeff. The civic governor of Kertch gave us a reception, for which we still feel the deepest gratitude. Directly he heard the deplorable manner in which we were lodged, the governor desired one of his officers to place at our disposal one of the houses reserved for the reception of the emperor's suite. Notwithstanding the pre-occupation of his mind by the preparations for the expected visit of the emperor, this

amiable Prince paid us the most solicitous attention. We were allowed to pass a few moments in his company, and during this interview he related to us a number of interesting facts. Prince Kherkheoulidzeff was born in Georgia; and the account he gave us of that beautiful country, of its grandeur, and the extent of its natural resources, made us regret that the inclemency of the season, and the necessity of our returning, precluded our visiting it.

The museum of Kertch deserves a place among these brief notes. It is to the museum of Theodosia what an Italian museum is to a French or German collection. In the former we find a few specimens of high value, stealthily possessed, as it were, and much treasured by the proprietor; in the latter, wealth and profusion. The Etruscan vases at Kertch, found in the tombs, would of themselves deserve an archæological memoir, and their beautiful designs call for a skilful burin to make Europe participate in the enjoyment of these splendid discoveries. What shall we say, too, of the marble cenotaphs taken out entire from the obscure depths in which they have lain buried for more than two thousand years? The feeble and somewhat heavy drawing of the figures, and the more successful delicacy of the ornaments, marks them as the production of a Greek colony, to which those artists who excelled in

this the most difficult of the arts, had only sent their least advanced pupils. We shall not attempt to enumerate the funeral monuments of all ages, with which this fine museum is crowded. The epitaphs are written in every variety of idiom, from pure Greek to the most distantly related dialects of that fine language; and on these monuments, now no longer covering their dead, is recorded the gradual decline, and final disappearance of the old Homeric tongue. Thus from echo to echo, some noble war-song sinks and dies away! More than one of these stones with Greek inscriptions bear the image of a genuine Tatar, armed and mounted much as we see them in the present day. A succession of glazed cabinets contains a number of valuable objects, medallions, crystal vases, chains, rings, and medals without end; treasures concealed from the profane, but which the amiable kindness of our guide, the sub-director of the museum, submitted to our admiring gaze. The order of the museum is excellent. Chronological classification is observed, as far as is consistent with the size and number of the objects. Each curious inscription—and Heaven knows how many there are—is accompanied with a careful translation in Russian and French. Through these especially, we learn to what purpose the khourgans have been applied, but without gathering further certitude as to the origin and date

of these singular monuments, totally devoid of any external mark or sign by which their age can be determined. How, indeed, is it possible to divine how many centuries have rolled over the head of any one of these tumuli, enveloped, like the rest of its innumerable brethren, in its robe of turf, which grows green with every spring, and fades with every winter! The antiquity of each mound is wrapt in its own especial mystery. Here we find remains of purely Greek origin; yonder you are disturbing the manes of some Bosphorian chief. Proceed, and you will stumble over a Sarmatian; nay, who shall tell but you will find a Khazar, or a Petcheneque reposing in one of these tombs, the perfect similarity of which is the despair of archæologists. What conclusion can be arrived at relative to monuments in which the lapse of one or ten centuries, more or less, neither leaves nor effaces a single feature?

One of our favourite excursions was to *Ak-Bouroun*, "the white nose," in the language of the Tatars, who apply this picturesque designation to all such protruding points as the Latins called *promontorium;* the French, borrowing from the dialect of the south, call *cap;* and the English, head. From this spot an extensive panorama of an austere character lies unfolded at the feet of the spectator. Situated at the southern extremity of the bay of Kertch, this headland overlooks, at one and

the same time, the Black Sea, the straits and their two extreme points, and the Asiatic coast, in which direction the horizon is bounded by the blue summits of the Caucasus. The headland itself is surmounted by an immense tumulus, and is encircled by a number of rounded hillocks, standing out towards the hills which overlook Kertch. From this lofty eminence we counted more than a hundred vessels ploughing the waters of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, or riding at anchor beneath the walls of the vast lazaretto. Our naturalists prosecuted their researches at a distance, and returned from another promontory, *Kamiouch-Bouroun*, laden with fossil bivalves, still enveloped in their ferruginous coating, a rarity hitherto unknown in the museums of Europe. At length, on our return one evening from one of these excursions, so fruitful of results, we found the whole quay of Kertch crowded with eager spectators. The prince-governor's galley, with its elegant crew of oarsmen, had left the place, and was making towards two steamers just entering the bay. Victory! at last the dearest hopes of the city were accomplished, and their imperial guest would shortly make his appearance. Those endowed with the keenest eyes had already recognised the Emperor on the deck of the *Severnaïa-Zvesda*, the "Star of the North." His Majesty received while on deck the homage of the authorities of Kertch, and expressed his

intention of remaining on board his steamer until the next day. At night a splendid illumination lit up the entire circumference of the bay. A heap of bituminous material collected on *Ak-Bouroun* was set on fire, and threw a blueish light on all around. The entire city, its streets and edifices, and its historic mountain, sparkled with long strings of light, which passed through the adjoining villages, and connected themselves with the quarantine; the appearance thus presented was that of a city two leagues in extent, the sea-girt boundary of which was marked out by an immense line of light—that on the quay—reflected in the waters. Meanwhile the city resounded with the joyous bursts of private festivities and mirth, and noise prevailed everywhere; no great European capital could have acquitted itself better.

The next day at dawn, the crowd were already assembled at their post, when the Emperor disembarked. It was a solemn moment, and nothing could be more picturesque than the appearance of so immense a crowd covering the quay and its approaches, all absorbed in the same eager expectation. The Russians represented the public authorities and government officials; the Jews had donned their handsome black gaberdines; while the Tatars, already preparing for the winter, were grouped together, dressed in their sheep-skin over-coats, with the thick wool turned inside. In the midst of this

crowd might be seen Greek women, in all the charm of their uncommon beauty, and Russian ladies, who, but for the language they spoke, would make you imagine yourself in Paris, so omnipotent is fashion, realising the dreams of Utopia, and uniting all feminine nations into one.

The Emperor stepped on shore amidst loud shouts. The Grand Duke, heir-apparent, followed his father at a short distance. The carriages prepared for the reception of the illustrious guests, soon conveyed them to the church, where the élite of the inhabitants had assembled to give thanks. From the church, the imperial cortége proceeded to visit the museum, and several new buildings, among which must be mentioned, a handsome church in the Greek style, bearing the following, perhaps somewhat too concise inscription, *Reddite Dei Deo, et Cæsaris Cæsari.* The governor's residence, a stately, well-designed edifice, was next honoured with the presence of the Emperor. Prince Kherkheoulidzeff had assembled the most valuable objects in the Panticapœan collection, viz.: the contents of the most richly stored tumulus hitherto opened. Imagine an assemblage of all the articles of luxury with which it was customary to bury a Greek lady; her most valued trinkets, her ordinary attire, the elegant appliances of a refined toilette, and the caparison of a favourite horse, studded with gold ornaments and the most precious jewels. In addition

to these, and the most valuable of all, were a golden mask, and laurel crown in the same metal, which had covered the face and adorned the head of the illustrious deceased. This mask, which was of substantial thickness, was of no common-place design, and had evidently fitted exactly the features of the person entombed, the expression of the face presenting that perfectly natural character, which belongs only to an actual cast. These rare treasures are now appropriately deposited in the museum of St. Petersburg. The Emperor having visited the whole of this rising city, examined the plans according to which it was to be completed, and signed his approval of them in the margin. After a few hours, devoted to study rather than repose, the monarch pursued his journey, proceeding towards the Black Sea, while the heir-presumptive remained at Kertch, intending to return by the same route we had ourselves taken, to join the Empress, and the numerous suite assembled at the delightful residence of Count Woronzoff, at Aloupka.

Faithful still to our intention of proceeding to Taman, on the other side of the straits, we took the road to Yeni-Kaleh, the "New Fort," as a little town of tolerably ancient date is called, commanding the narrowest portion of the Cimmerian Bosphorus. The road as far as the quarantine, which is daily travelled over by the merchants of Kertch, whose only traffic is with

the lazaretto, is excellent, and kept in perfect order. It passes through a Russian village of considerable magnitude, stretching out on both sides of it. As soon as the sanitary establishment is passed, a thousand difficulties are encountered on the journey over the slippery ground beyond, especially if, as in our case, the traveller has to contend with unceasing rain. The road is sufficiently close to the sea-shore to afford a clear view of a number of curious rocks of the madrepora class, assuming fantastic shapes, sometimes forming caverns, and sometimes light arches, looking like the commencement of a bridge. Each cavity in the sponge-like structure of these rocks, which, by the strange caprice of nature, are the work of a small moluscous animal, serves as a sort of sentry-box to a black cormorant. At the first report of a gun, a dense cloud of these lazy denizens of the rock rises in the air, and when the danger is deemed to be over, they return to their ports, and the labour of digestion proceeds.

A steep slope leads directly to Yeni-Kaleh, a little town of half Eastern half Genoese character, now almost entirely occupied by modern Greeks. A fort situated at the north end sufficiently betrays, from the ignorant irregularity of its plan, that it is due to the Turks. It has been recently repaired, and put into good order; one remarkable feature in it is a gate in the pure

oriental style. A large square tower flanked by four wardour turrets rising separately, call to mind the defensive art of the Genoese. At the base of this tower may be seen two fountains constructed by the Turks. One of these fountains is in ruins, and useless; the wall has fallen in, and the spring dried up; but the murmuring waters of the other are still poured forth into a splendid Greek sarcophagus, in white marble, which serves as a basin. The sculpture with which it was ornamented is worn away, but two figures of birds may still be distinguished. The inhabitants of Yeni-Kaleh, which is situated on the sandy beach, and exposed to the winds, have, nevertheless, found means to set up a few shops for the sale of canvas, tar, oars, and an immense quantity of fish, which is daily brought into Kertch. That which is not consumed on the spot, is doubtless salted. The species of fish most in demand, are the turbot and enormous sturgeons.

It was requisite that we should pass through the straits, and after a long and troublesome discussion, we obtained possession of a little boat, long and narrow, turned up with a point at each end, and provided with two latin sails. We seated ourselves in a row at the bottom of this boat of antique structure, acting as ballast against the effects of the wind, and we had three men to manage it, although one would, strictly speaking,

have been enough. There was a point of land covered with weeds, and partly concealed beneath the waters round which we had to sail, keeping a great distance off. On this account, vessels proceeding to Taman, are obliged to sail double the distance they would have to perform if they went in a direct line. As soon as we were within the great bay of Taman, and sheltered from the surge, our passage was smooth enough, and we could even indulge in an attack upon the troops of swans, pelicans, cormorants, grebes, and other aquatic birds rising up in long rows, and skimming the surface of the sea with a noise like the rolling of distant thunder. Approaching the coast of Taman, we were struck with its appearance, which was still more sombre, if possible, than that of the opposite shore. At last we reached land, at the extremity of a little creek filled with tall water-plants, and at the foot of a wooden pier, not very efficiently protected against the action of the waters.

There is nothing very striking in the appearance of Taman, as seen from the shore; it presents only a miserable assemblage of wooden buildings covered with thatch. A few houses higher than the rest mark the dwellings of the chief military officers of this important station. After complying in a satisfactory manner with the formalities required on landing, we proceeded through the cold rain, which still continued, to look out for a

lodging. Miserable and piteous was the appearance of our caravan, and what a contrast was here presented with Yalta, and the majestic mountain paths of Stillé-Bogas! Beneath a leaden grey sky we had to contend against a tempestuous wind, soaking rain, and deep mud; and to crown our misery, we could find no shelter. A Genoese inhabitant of Kertch had furnished us with an introduction to a fellow countryman at Taman. Having with great difficulty reached the house, we began to supplicate, like Ulysses at the door of Eumæus, but the inhospitable lady to whom we tendered our missive, cruelly returned it to us, saying that her husband was absent. The next instant the door was closed, and the dogs of the establishment, bettering the example of their mistress, gave us a hint to evacuate the premises, which we took without further delay. The situation was serious, and the prospect of passing the night in the open air appeared to us in anything but an attractive light. At last, after considerable search, our Greek sailors found us a shelter in the house of an honest Russian woman. A confined den, aired and lighted by two holes, was soon provided with the accustomed litter, the soft eider-down of the steppe, which served us in lieu of beds, while in an adjoining hole it was converted into fuel, for the preparation of a copious repast of milk. The most respectable feature in this lodging,

TYP. J. CLAYE.

COSSACKS OF THE KOUBAN (TAMAN).

or rather hut, was the door. It opened upon the principal street in Taman, in which were the houses of the superior officers, and a quantity of good comfortable carriages, stationed in the adjoining court-yards, bore evidence of the number of officers attracted into this humble village by the military operations in the neighbourhood. Immediately opposite was a guard-house, the soldiers in which wore the Circassian costume, viz.: a close fitting tunic, with cartridge cases on the chest, and a large cap with a thick border of fur, which unfolds like a turban, and gives a noble air to the tanned faces of the wearers. The Cossacks of the Kouban perform the regular military duties in Taman, and their stations, established at intervals along the military road of Ekaterinodar and the banks of the stream, which forms the boundary of Asia, supply escorts for the baggage trains. Nothing can be more picturesque than these rustic bivouacs, of which a cottage forms the head quarters. Cars, télègues, and a great number of horses, are here in readiness for the accommodation of the traveller, for the Cossack stations are also post-houses, and every soldier becomes, according to circumstances, a postillion or a cavalry escort. Round the boundary of the bivouac, sentinels are posted, keeping as vigilant watch as though they were in the presence of the enemy, while the men forming the picket smoke and talk together

near their lances with red staffs, ranged in symmetrical order against the roof. From henceforward, every hour was of importance; and notwithstanding the dreadful state of the weather, we commenced studying the environs of Taman. Our first visit was to the church—an isolated building, protected by an enclosure, from the sands drifted by the wind, and which often reach up to the top of the wall. The church is built of wood: it has been erected on ancient foundations, and contains a curiously-contrasted assemblage of marble monuments and Greek inscriptions. This sacred and deserted edifice is the haunt of a multitude of birds of prey, which our shots soon scared out of their hiding places. An extremely fine breed of falcons have established their abode within these sacred walls. This visit concluded, we preferred to returning to the dark seclusion of our lodging, walking in the rain to a place at some distance from Taman, where a fortress overlooks the bay from a sombre and lofty cliff. Phanagoria is the name of this citadel, which contains within its line of ramparts a number of handsome and spacious barracks. It is reported, that in a certain part of this fort are to be found the ruins of an ancient wall, dating from the time of the Ionian colonies. Phanagoria and Taman were Greek settlements, at the very time the Milesians were founding Theodosia and Panticapœum.

We have said something of the hospitable roof beneath which we were sheltered; to return to it, we had to cross an ocean of mud. As truthful historians, however, it behoves us, in some degree, to modify our strictures. The old hostess evidently looked upon it as any thing but a pleasant turn of fortune, to have brought her a party of foreigners, with whose habits and language she was unacquainted. Although two or three of us might make ourselves understood by the old Cossack, through the Russian language, it was clearly apparent that the foreign air and deportment of some of our companions were a source of discomfort to the good lady, whose ill-humour could only be appeased by weighty and frequently repeated arguments. First it was agreed that we should pay a stipulated sum for the room in which we were crowded together; but, to the great delight of the old woman, every new want to be supplied was the occasion of a fresh charge. There was so much for the hay, and so much for the dim light; every wooden spoon was let out at a fixed price, and salt—even salt, the universal symbol of hospitality in Russia—was made, perhaps for the first time in this country, a subject of charge.

Early on Tuesday, the 28th of September, we were on the road leading from Taman to Boughaz, on the borders of a vast lake communicating with the sea. This lake

is called the liman of the Kouban, that stream mingling its waters with those of the immense basin. Among the ancients this was called the Hyrcanian sea; by the Tatars it is called Kisil-tach, or Red Stone, from the colour of the rocks in the neighbourhood. A few hours afterwards we had traversed eighteen versts in telègues, supplied with horses and postillions from the Cossack stations. These postillions are certainly quite equal to any others; and the speed at which they travel, is only equalled by their uncommon docility. We reached the village called Boughaz, a generic appellation applied by the Turks to all mouths of rivers. The village is built on the sides of a number of low hills; and immediately opposite, on a flat tongue of land, stand the unpretending buildings of the lazaretto, in which the travellers and merchandise from Anapa are purified. The required period of seclusion is seven days. On reaching the gates of this quarantine, we were politely received by officials, who immediately sent for some of the quarantine prisoners to talk with us. We were thus assured that, without any infringement of the laws, we could explore the environs of Boughaz, and climb the neighbouring hills, whence we should enjoy a more extended view of Asia. We lost no time in making use of the permission; and leaving our light vehicles at Boughaz, we set about climbing the neighbouring hillocks towards a distant

promontory overlooking the mouth of the river. After clearing several ravines, we discovered in a slightly hollow plateau, surrounded by several heights, a bubbling spring of greyish mud issuing from the naked soil. This mud, which was almost liquid, ran down the slope, giving out a fetid gas. On the sides of each muddy stream we observed an oily deposit, with an iridescent surface; and in the crater from which the mud and gas issued, each hole was surrounded by a ring of brown substance, resembling bitumen. Some portions of a greenish substance, gathered from the same craters, presented under the microscope an agglomeration of animalculæ belonging to the genus *clostrum;* but let us not encroach on the province of our scientific colleagues. In a few moments we counted seventeen similar apertures, through which the mud rose bubbling without noise, sending forth a number of small streams, which soon became dry. After examining these we proceeded on our journey, sometimes over the hills, sometimes along the shores of the liman, washed by a tide which is scarcely even brackish. At noon we reached, at last, the end of our journey, the lofty headland which we had fixed upon as the extreme limit of our long expedition—our pillars of Hercules, towards which we had striven with such ardour during nearly a hundred days of sometimes toilsome travelling, chequered with good and evil fortune.

From this point, beyond which we were not to proceed, we gazed with the more eagerness upon the admirable panorama before us, forming the juncture between Europe and Asia, as it was the last incident in our laborious pilgrimage.

To the east we beheld the Kouban, flowing through its rushy bed to unite itself with a sea which at that point is as yet scarcely deserving the name. Beyond the immense lake of the liman, we could distinguish the beautiful mountainous masses on the coast of Asia; Anapa, all white, bathing on the sea-shore; and the majestic amphitheatres of the Caucasian range, blending their dim and misty forms with the clouds. To the west was Boughaz, with its lazaretto, perched like a halcyon's nest, at the extremity of a sandy tongue of land. The north was bounded by a series of unsheltered plateaux. As though the sky had intended to favour this our last glance at the mountains, the waters, and the graceful lines of a prospect to which we were about to bid farewell for ever, it had appropriately shed its soft light over the most interesting features of the scene.

We were soon back in Boughaz, and we had not long to wait for our telègues. The Cossacks, our sprightly drivers, appeared in excellent spirits, and excited the horses by short cries and cheering expressions, sometimes tender, and sometimes of a more energetic character.

All, however, went well. On returning to Taman, we entertained the idea of taking advantage of the fine evening, to cross over to the other shore; but an interesting subject of research arose, and caused us to forget the passing hours. Having been induced to follow in the steps of our naturalists towards the headland, whose form stands out to the south of the vast bay, we discovered there a deposit of those rich fossil bivalves which had been found in such abundance exactly opposite on the other side of the straits. This deposit was so rich, and the specimens so perfect, that even the profane could not help adding, with unskilful hand, to the riches of our collection; and so absorbed had we been, that, on returning to our hostess, it was too late to embark.

On the 29th of September, the first glimpses of day showed us a sea agitated by a strong gale, and from the unfavourable appearance of the weather, we were apprehensive of being condemned to remain another day in this gloomy land. Fortunately, however, towards noon the weather held up, and we were enabled to resume our journey to Yeni Kaleh, where, on account of a calm, we did not arrive till very late. This time, instead of sailing round the point which advances beneath the waters, and divides the bay of Taman from the straits of Azoff, we approached so near that our sailors were enabled to get into the water, and push our boat along.

At Yain Kaleh we parted from our cautious and grateful mariners, and set off, not without some trouble, in the direction of Kertch; for, in order to obtain horses, we were obliged to have recourse to private hiring.

There is nothing like having endured a little hardship, to make us put up with all manner of quarters. Just escaped from our frightful lodging at Taman, Kertch appeared to us a first-class city, fraught with every luxury. We had scarcely installed ourselves in the Hotel Bosphorus, than an invitation from Prince Kherkheoulidzeff sought us out in our retreat, and we hastened to join a family party, to which we were admitted by the worthy governor in a spirit of gracious kindness, in which the princess, a very young woman, of gentle and angelic appearance, fully participated.

We have already mentioned the ancient and harmonious name of Kertch, Panticapœum, the name it first bore when a Greek colony settled upon its site. The Milesians came there under the conduct of Aëtes, king of Colchis, 1230 years before our era. The etymology of the name Panticapœum might seem to be the words, *Panti* and *Kèpos*, signifying, in the Dorian dialect, *everywhere* and *garden*. Alas! tell me the Greek for *garden nowhere*, and you will have named Kertch. We cannot tax our memory with having seen a single plantation of the most meagre description, much less a garden. Pan-

ticapœum having become the city of Bosphorus at the time of Mithridates and his Bosphoreans, long preserved this name, the etymology of which seems to us none the more reasonable for being common-place. However the case may be with regard to this Bosphorus, a strait in the vicinity of Panticapœum, which gave its name to a kingdom and to its capital, Kertch, for a long time a prey to the revolutions which swept over these countries, was several times destroyed; only in the present day does it seem to have sprung up anew from its ruins. This city contains, it is stated, three thousand inhabitants—a limited population, when compared with the space it occupies. The whole trade of the port is transacted in the quarantine, where all the cargoes proceeding to the sea of Azoff are concentrated. We have already expressed the opinion, shared by competent persons, that the favourable effect of the sanitary regulations at Kertch is one of the causes tending to the decrease of the commerce of Taganrog. Although the entrance to Kertch is through a narrow and tortuous channel, the anchorage at the lazaretto offers a sufficient shelter to a crowd of vessels from the sea and the winds.

Trade, therefore, can draw considerable advantage from the exceptional position of this port; but up to the present day there is no indication of any very rapid development. The credit transactions in Kertch are of

considerable extent, but there is little circulation of money. If you buy of a trader, and ask him to change you a silver piece, he will often refuse to sell, rather than return change. It may be inferred from this, how high must be the rate of exchange. The retail shops of Kertch are in and about the high street, and are all well stocked. Goods manufactured at Moscow are especially sought after. With respect to colonial wares, they are imported by Genoese and Ragusan vessels, which, after performing quarantine, take in cargoes of grain in the sea of Azoff, or are laden beneath the walls of the lazaretto itself with wools, tallow and hides.

Kertch warehouses an immense quantity of salt, derived from the salt lakes in the neighbourhood of Perecop. An extensive depôt of coal, imported from abroad for the supply of steamers, has been lately established. The trade in these two articles alone gives employment to a large body of custom-house officers. The fishery in the bay, which is very productive, gives rise to a considerable amount of small trading. The supply of provisions to the market is of the most various description as regards meat and vegetables, the latter being very fine, and continually suggesting the inquiry, whence do they come, and what gardens concealed in the midst of the barren steppe have produced them?

The number of Jews in Kertch is considerable; their

trade is chiefly carried on in small shops, which the stranger is sometimes delighted to find open on some religious festival, when all the other shops are closed. The basis of the population is Russian; but a good quantity of Tatars, several Italian merchants, and a number of Greek families are met with. Let us not forget either a number of Tsigan tribes, whose handsome mien and proud deportment exhibit less than elsewhere the degrading influence of misery. We have described one of their occupations; all are not equally useful, and the police have frequently to interfere among these vagrant families.

On the day of our departure we experienced some trouble in obtaining post-horses. After despatching Michael with the baggage to Theodosia, where he was to wait for us, and consigning into the hands of a carrying agent the collections which had so materially increased during our studious sojourn, we proceeded in the direction of Arabat. A continuance of drizzling rain rendered our progress for the first few hours extremely laborious, the slipperiness of the road making it almost impossible to advance. To crown our misfortunes, about four o'clock in the afternoon, in the midst of the desert steppe, our robust Wallachian carriage, which had stood so many rough trials, broke down, past hope of recovery. By lashing it together,

however, by means of ropes, we succeeded in dragging it to the next post, which was the station of Arghin, that isolated post-house which we remarked on our previous passage. There we met with the number of télègues required by our caravans, and we were even promised (incredible promise) that our carriage should be brought back to Theodosia completely repaired. Distances are nothing in the steppe; the cartwright's shop was ten versts off, and our carriage was conveyed thither with due precaution, and mended by the time agreed upon.

We proceeded in this way towards Arabat, along a road, desert even for this wilderness. On this side of the steppe we met no other living creatures than huge dromedaries, grazing here and there without tether. Increasing our pace, we reached Arabat. The moon was up; but even had it been completely dark, we could have detected the proximity of the town, from the fetid emanations filling the atmosphere. The floor of a wretched room in the post-house received our wearied limbs, while in an adjoining apartment the post-master, an old man with a venerable beard, slept, no better accommodated than ourselves, and evidently under the influence of deep potations. Next morning the rain pattered against the windows of the post-hut; and the master, sufficiently refreshed to pay attention to

his travellers, did not require too many entreaties to supply us with the horses we required for our excursion to the promontory of Arabat, which we desired to examine a second time, the plan of our journey, which would henceforward be more rapid, precluding our crossing it. This excursion was made with all possible expedition. A few observations of interest to the natural historian were collected on this curious sandy projection, lying between two seas, and of so low a level, that it seems as though a strong gust of wind would easily drive the waves of one over to the other.

Our worthy host, a practical philosopher in infancy, of whom seclusion had made a drunkard, had pushed his system of consolation so far, that he scarcely remembered what he had done the day before. By nine o'clock, the wretched man had already taken his full dose; and every time we went to fetch him from the tavern, where, with the barometer at 86, he sat drinking bad brandy, we could never get anything from him but inarticulate sounds and salutations, accompanied by every kind of respectful gesture with which drunkenness would prompt him. We took patience, and visited a Turkish fort, the interior of which is in ruins, but the ditches and ramparts are still in good condition. We had more time than we required to explore throughout the ruins of a spacious mosque, and to take

an accurate plan of a bath, the cupola of which is still extant. A bath in so remote a spot was a piece of luxury the more inexplicable, as it is impossible to conjecture whence the supply of water was derived. The branch conduits of baked clay still exist in the substance of the wall, but we could not discover amidst the ruins the main pipe supplying this fine and spacious bath, containing, besides the principal room, two compartments, to which the steam was also admitted. In the interior of the fort, overgrown with a quantity of tolerably fresh plants, we captured a good number of reptiles for our zoological collection. Hundreds of snakes, with brilliant coloured coats, attracted by the warm rays of the sun, were seen gliding between the stalks of the mallow and a species of fennel. The fortress of Arabat, taken by storm in 1768 by the troops of Prince Dolgorouki, consists of a polygon flanked by six sided works, having in some measure the appearance of bastions. The ruins of a postern gate, opening towards the sea of Azoff, are still visible; the principal entrance faces the south. On the left flank of this place of strength is a line of defences, extended to a sufficient distance to guard the passage as far as where the putrid sea begins to acquire a certain depth. Meanwhile, the night was approaching; and, moreover, we were threatened with famine, for the

wretched village of Arabat could furnish no other refreshment to the traveller than a few withered water melons, and the detestable beverage of which our postmaster was then an interesting victim. We brought with us a few provisions from Kertch, principally water, but all was now exhausted; accordingly, we set out in separate parties, and it was with great difficulty that we obtained the horses and carriages necessary to convey us back. The last section of our party reached Theodosia at midnight, after crossing the steppe by moonlight, and suffering severely from the cold. Several times during this short journey they had heard the howlings of a pack of wolves. These voracious animals, on the approach of winter, quit their lairs, and, like predatory hordes, overrun the steppe for the purpose of attacking the oxen of the caravans. But the oxen, said our Tatar postillion, know how to defend themselves; they are protected by good dogs, and the poor devils of wolves have no other larder than such scanty fragments as may happen to be washed on shore.

The transition from Arabat to Theodosia forms one of those contrasts which poetise travelling. Yesterday you were in a frightful region, that seemed accursed, and doomed to desolation; to-day you are in the pretty little Genoese-Tatar-Russian city of Theodosia, though no longer smiling, as but a little while since, with fresh

and handsome faces at every window. Winter had made its appearance, and all were drawn round the hearth. We were informed, however, that on the southern coast we should fall in with all the delights of a prolonged autumn, a peculiarity of this part of the Crimea which permits of the vintage being deferred until the beginning of October. We had already, on several occasions, heard of this remarkable difference between the climate of the steppe and that of the southern coast. Although the fact is easily accounted for by the relative position of the two regions, it was difficult to believe the exaggerated accounts we had received in both respects. The existence of a plantation of olive-trees at Aloupka, and the growth of pomegranate and Spanish broom on some portions of the southern coast, were little in accordance with the statements we had heard relative to the extreme coldness of the temperature. On the other hand, we had just felt the rigours of an early winter, in uncomfortable contradiction with the boasted mildness of the climate of the Peninsula. We therefore determined to refer to the experience and knowledge of M. de Steven. With a degree of good nature and graciousness, for which we here express our gratitude, M. de Steven soon supplied us with the following useful notes:

A series of observations on the mean temperature of the Crimea were made at the country residence of the

learned professor, near Sympheropol, during twelve consecutive years (from the 1st of January, 1822, to the 1st of January, 1834), conducted by himself, and in his absence by a person of experience. The calculations were made by Colonel Markevitz, now directing the studies of the second corps of cadets at St. Petersburg. The elevation of the house above the level of the Black Sea is, according to the calculations of Professor Goebel, one hundred and thirty-three toises, two feet, French measure; or two hundred and fifty-nine metres, eighty-seven centimetres. It is exposed to the easterly winds, but sheltered from those of the north. The observations were made at sun-rise, both in winter and summer; with but few exceptions this period of the day has always presented the minimum, while the maximum has been observed from two to three in the afternoon, and the mean temperature towards ten at night.

The following table exhibits the mean temperature during this period of twelve years, for each month and for every year, that of the twenty-four hours being deduced from the maximum and minimum of each day: the observations were made according to the systems of Schouv and Ciminello.

N.B.—All the dates are those used in the Russian Empire, and denominated *Old Style.* They are, as is known, twelve days later than those used in other European countries.

MEAN TEMPERATURE, REAUMUR'S THERMOMETER OF 80°.

	Sun-rise. Minimum.	From 2 to 3, p.m.	At 10, p.m.	Mean for 24 hours.	Difference between Max. and Min.
January.....	— 1, 55	+ 1, 86	— 1, 02	+ 0	3, 41
February.....	— 1, 20	+ 3, 36	— 0, 06	— 4, 03	4, 56
March	+ 1, 76	+ 7, 51	+ 3, 14	+ 4, 74	5, 75
April	+ 5, 25	+ 12, 73	+ 6, 97	+ 9, 02	7, 48
May	+ 8, 69	+ 17, 21	+ 10, 67	+ 13, 07	8, 52
June.....	+ 11, 71	+ 20, 30	+ 13, 72	+ 16, 04	8, 59
July	+ 12, 52	+ 21, 17	+ 14, 69	+ 16, 87	8, 65
August.....	+ 10, 33	+ 19, 51	+ 12, 92	+ 14, 73	9, 18
September.....	+ 7, 60	+ 14, 54	+ 9, 09	+ 11, 50	6, 94
October	+ 3, 94	+ 8, 94	+ 4, 99	+ 6, 16	5, 00
November	+ 1, 38	+ 5, 17	+ 2, 02	+ 2, 65	3, 79
December	— 0, 70	+ 2, 99	+ 0, 37	+ 0, 65	3, 69
Mean for the Year	+ 4, 98	+ 11, 27	+ 6, 30	+ 8, 03	6, 99

The month of July is generally the warmest in the year; but in 1828, 1830 and 1833, the month of June presented the highest temperature.

In like manner, January is commonly the coldest month; but in the years 1822, 1825, 1826 and 1832, the coldest month was February.

With the exception of the winter of 1832, which was cold throughout Europe, the mean temperature of the year has varied but little. The year 1831, the coldest next to that of 1832, presented only 0, 62 less than the mean of 8, 03 (10, 04 centigrade).

From the 1st of December to the 1st of March.....	—	Mean Temperature of Winter,	+ 0, 56
From the 1st of March to the 1st of June	—	„ „ of Spring,	+ 8, 94
From the 1st of June to the 1st of September.....	—	„ „ of Summer,	+ 15, 88
From the 1st of September to the 1st of December.....	—	„ „ of Autumn,	+ 6, 77

This temperature is subject to much variation.

Mean Temperature.		Maximum.		Minimum.	Difference.
Winter. (1824)	+	2, 70	—	1, 39	4, 09
Spring (1828)	+	9, 86 (1825)	+	7, 51	4, 09
Summer (1827)	+	17, 08 (1832)	+	13, 60	3, 48
Autumn (1825)	+	8, 86 (1832)	+	4, 63	4, 23

The mean maximum of the year is + 26, 55 ; it has varied from + 23 (1831) to + 28, 05 (1852).

The minimum is — 14, 21 ; it has varied from — 10 (1824), to — 23 (1828).

The greatest heat is observed between the 20th of June and the 10th of August.

The greatest cold between the 6th of January and the 15th of February.

The average date of the latest frost is the 6th of April; in the years 1828 and 1829 it was on the 18th of March, and in 1833 on the 29th of April.

The average date of the earliest frost is the 8th of October.

In 1829 it was on the 23rd of October, and in 1833 on the 25th of September.

At Nikita, on the southern coast, the mean temperature of the years 1826, 1827 and 1830, was + 10, 04, and at Sympheropol + 8, 35, exhibiting a difference of 1, 69.

It is evident, therefore, from these calculations, the accuracy of which is unquestionable, how much even the best informed persons appear to exaggerate the variability of the climate of the Crimea, and how trifling a difference there exists in the mean temperature on either side of the Crimean chain.

The day had arrived for our departure from Theodosia. Our journey was now retrogressive, and every step we took would be a farewell to some familiar scene. Farewell, then, to Theodosia! the fair Milesian, so fair that her founders called her the *Gift of God;* after this name, so replete with Greek poetry, this city received that of Ardanda, which signifies the *Seven Gods.* It was towards the 13th century that the Tatars gave it the name of Kaffa, *the Infidel,* at the time when the Genoese brought thither their religion and their industry. After the fall of the Genoese power in the 15th century, Kaffa soon rose to the zenith of its greatness, and even obtained from the Turks the appellation of *Koutchouk Stamboul,* the little Constantinople. And what city, at that time, better deserved so proud a distinction than the wealthy Kaffa? Within its vast walls, the

work of Christian hands, the Mussulman city contained a hundred thousand inhabitants; Tatars, Greeks, Armenians, Karaïm Jews, and probably a few Genoese families, who had escaped the doom of exile. One hundred and seventy-one fountains dispensed a wholesome coolness over the soil, constantly exposed to the ardour of the sun. Fifty Christian churches, fifty-one mosques, three thousand six hundred houses, nine public baths, two large public squares, and four cemeteries, consecrated according to the rites of each religion: such were the principal features of this great city. Six or eight hundred vessels anchored during the year in the waters of its bay: the entire life of the Crimea was centred there. Such was Kaffa; but in the present day, Theodosia, or rather Feodocia according to the Russian language, scarcely preserves the memory of its former magnificence. All that has survived the ravages of civil war and foreign invasion we have described at the commencement of this chapter; and it should be observed, that considering its impoverished and degraded condition in the last century, Feodocia is, in the present day, comparatively a progressing city.

Dr. Graperon, the studious antiquary, who has taken Theodosia under the protection of his science, has had the happy idea of making a plan of ancient Kaffa. His acquaintance with the extent and situation of the ruins has

enabled him to retrace the ancient boundaries of the city, with its fine ramparts, its numerous edifices, and now dried-up fountains. It is a creditable work, and one of undoubted interest to the archæologist.

Our line of route led us to Otouz, this being the only road from Theodosia to Sou-dagh which does not diverge too much from the sea-shore. After passing through the picturesque village of Koktebel, which we had already explored, we beheld the beautiful valley of Otouz unfolded before us, and once more rejoiced at the sight of the grand and picturesque mountains. Otouz, in the Tatar language, signifies thirty. This was the number of villages said to have once existed within the valley: one alone remains—half Tatar, half Russian, scattered over a vast space, and doubtless as large in itself as the thirty hamlets of former days. The sides of the valley of Otouz are covered with rich vineyards, and immediately above these fertile slopes rise the stately crests of the mountains. All this valley and its environs are celebrated for the natural curiosities they present: grottoes, cascades, rocks of fantastic shapes, all interesting objects to be visited by the traveller. We remained an entire day in this charming valley, at the invitation of an amiable Greek family, whom we had known in Theodosia, and who received us with cordial hospitality. The next day, on the 6-18th of October, we resumed,

to our great delight, our equestrian mode of travelling, decidedly the best to be adopted in this country.

Although the days, brightened by the mild but transient rays of an autumnal sun, were tolerably fine, the nights were already becoming cold. At Otouz, for the first time, we met with ice of some thickness. Proceeding from this beautiful valley to the village of Koz, we had to travel through a delightful path across the woods, now rising to the summit of lofty heights, and then sinking into the depths of narrow ravines, amidst the most enchanting spots, enveloped in silence and solitude. The autumnal tints of the foliage added to the charm of the landscape, and the southern coast seemed, during our excursion to the eastern steppes, to have clothed itself in a new dress, expressly that it might appear more beautiful in our eyes. Koz is only celebrated for its rich vineyards. The village itself is gloomy, burned up, and partly uninhabited during half the year. Koz is a wine press; when wine is not making, then nothing is going on.

Why should we not mention here one of the petty miseries of our journey (for what journey is without them)? During the whole of this day's rather toilsome travelling we never broke our fast. Having started from Otouz before our kind hosts were up, we had reckoned upon Koz; but at Koz we found a village itself half

famished. A Tatar village called Toklouk stands not far from thence, with its pretty minaret surrounded by orchards; but the orchards were stripped and the houses closed, every one being out working in the fields; a fountain with icy water, alone represented that pious hospitality which the Tatars impose on themselves as a duty. Meanwhile, we passed over a tract of hilly ground, barren enough in appearance, stretching between the sea and the mountains; immense vineyards lay spread out before us, but, fortunately for the repose of our conscience, the vintage was over in this part of the country. At length, towards evening, we descended into the valley of Sou-dagh, and before we had reached the village, which lies out at the very extremity of the rich vale, we were enabled to obtain a few bunches of grapes, which in some degree restored our strength.

The locality which is called Sou-dagh is, properly speaking, a small tract of country, over which are disseminated, here and there, a multitude of country seats, the head-quarters of numerous vine-growing establishments. The village, consisting of a pretty church, several houses, and a sort of khan, in which the dealers lodge at the time of the vintage, occupies the northern extremity of this spacious valley. From this point to the sea-shore there is a gentle inclination, favouring the current of the Soouq-sou, in the Tatar language

"cold water." The waters of this cool streamlet irrigate the whole surrounding country, and subsequently flow into the sea at the base of the mountain, on which stand the stately ruins of the ancient Genoese settlement.

The translation of Sou-dagh, a picturesque name, composed, according to the custom of the people of this country, of two significant monosyllables, is Water-mountain, and conveys in two words the characteristics of the prospect presented to the eye. The name must unquestionably be of ancient date, as it was already known in the days of the Greek colonies, though under some variations of form, being sometimes called Soldaïa, and sometimes Sougdaïa. Towards the ninth century, the prosperity of Sou-dagh was such, that the name of that city was applied to all the Greek possessions in the Crimea, which were included under the common designation of Sogdaïa. At a later period, under the Genoese, Sou-dagh was again raised to a high degree of power, and at the present day an immense promontory is covered with its ruined walls, still erect, the boundary of the city being marked out by a number of solid towers. At the foot of the mountain may be seen a miserable Tatar hamlet; proceeding upwards, towards the demolished city, the traveller will meet with a Turkish fountain, elegantly sculptured, into which a figure of St. Michael, rudely designed, has been incrusted.

The fortress was formerly surrounded by a ditch, which time has filled up, and exactly, as in the case of Balaklava, the ground on which the ancient citadel stood, forms an inconvenient declivity; towards the lower part, however, near the walls, may be seen several large buildings: two dilapidated barracks, the ruins of ruins, having been constructed from the materials of former buildings, spacious cisterns and water conduits laid out with skill and intelligence, a mosque, and a few modern but deserted houses, constitute all that now remains of the wealthy Sou-dagh, long favoured by the situation of its port, the protection of its fortress, and the admirable fertility of the surrounding country. Let the reader picture to himself in those remote times this delightful valley, clothed with a vigorous vegetation, and large forests, beneath whose vaulted shade flowed a limpid river, and behold close to this spot, so simple and poetical in its beauty, an active and stirring city, with its port filled with vessels! He will then have an idea of the valley of Sou-dagh, so long and widely renowned. In the present day all this breadth of colouring has made room for the more utilitarian beauties of an immense wine country, interspersed with fruitful orchards. It is especially in spring, we were told, that Sou-dagh should be seen, when the almond and peach trees cover with their rich blossoms the

smiling valley favoured of nature! With each century comes a new dress, and a new form of poetry.

The gloomy shelter of a miserable room, a plentiful litter, distant trips to the environs, productive shooting excursions, interesting visits to the ruins, to the sulphurous springs of the vicinity, so renowned for certain cutaneous diseases, and to the schistous ravines which pass, in the opinion of the inhabitants, for coal mines; such is a summary of our mode of life, and the manner in which our time was employed during our stay at Sou-dagh. We took leave of this beautiful country, resounding with the hammering of cask heads, and the rack of the wine press, and our numerous cavalcade directed its course towards the village of Koutlak, situated to the north of the valley, in a country of remarkable fertility. From Koutlak we descended again towards the coast, along an immense ravine filled with large stones, rolled along by the mountain torrents, and at night we arrived at Kapskhor.

This is a fine Tatar village, and lacks no room for its development. It is skilfully laid out in the form of a vast amphitheatre, the houses being ranged in rows one above the other, so that each row of terraces overlooks all those beneath it. A mosque, recently built, occupies one of the sides of the mountain. There we alighted, and were received with

the most refined and dignified grace by a moullah, just leaving the mosque, whose countenance was of the most charming character, presenting a perfect type of a study by Raphael. We were soon consigned to the care of the ombachi, who, from the top of his terrace, convoked with loud shouts all those whose skill or presence were necessary to the hospitality he was preparing for us: it was the hour when each family was assembled for the evening meal. At this signal from the chief of the village the entire multitude issued forth, and in the twinkling of an eye covered every terrace, in order to learn the cause of this supreme summons. It was one of those extraordinary spectacles which remain for ever engraven on the memory. The lodging assigned to us was an extremely clean apartment, entirely hung with tapestry. The paper used in winter by the Tatars, instead of window panes, already appeared pasted across the bars of the narrow windows. A supper, quite patriarchal in its simplicity, but skilfully prepared and good naturedly offered, terminated the day's proceedings, and made us feel disposed for sleep.

On the 9th of October, we resumed our journey towards the coast. Our kind hosts of Kapskhor had appointed as our principal guide a holy personage, a hadji, whose white turban marked him as one who had

performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. Our departure was a little retarded, from philanthropic motives. A young Tatar had come the night before to inquire whether we had a doctor among us, and expressed extreme joy on finding Dr. Léveillé quite ready to remove a troublesome wen on his eyebrow, which threatened to invade his eyelid. An appointment was made for the next morning, but the young man, who appeared so resolute the day before, was not forthcoming. We did not quit the village, however, without a search for him, from which he no doubt congratulated himself on escaping.

The mountains we were journeying over, although very lofty, and from that circumstance imposing, are mean in shape, and impart no peculiar character to the landscape. Immense ravines and precipitous acclivities, presented themselves incessantly on our road throughout the morning. When we had caught sight of an ancient tower in the distance, ascribed to the Roman period, and called by the Tatars, Tchoban-Kaleh, the Tower of the Shepherds, it was not long before we discovered the village of Ouskout, buried in the bosom of a deep valley, where we had some difficulty in obtaining horses. The worthy ombachi, who little anticipated at this season of the year so numerous a party of travellers, had allowed all the animals to roam at liberty in the direction of the mountains, and

it was a long and fatiguing task to collect from far around a sufficient number of steeds for our cavalcade. As evening drew on, the country at our feet assumed a more smiling aspect. After a long journey down hill, to reach the bottom of a narrow valley, in which we had to cross two brooks, we caught sight of Touak, a village agreeably situated near the sea, and overlooking a number of orchards filled with fine trees. While our horses were being saddled, we stretched ourselves on a soft carpet which the ombachi of the village had ordered to be laid down on a terrace, where some grapes and new wine were served us for supper. At the end of this frugal repast, our travelling cohort resumed its journey, and having soon left behind us Koutchouk-Ouzen and Kourou-Ouzen (Little Brook and Dry Brook), pretty villages with descriptive names, we were overtaken by the night just as we were leaving all beaten track, and were about to try the chances of skirting the irregular shore as far as Alouchta.

At the spot where the beaten path terminates, we had met two Tatar shepherds, with their faces turned to the setting sun, fervently engaged in their evening devotions, and prostrating themselves on a little carpet laid out before them. The way to Alouchta? inquired we. Which is the way to Alouchta? The pious shepherds both together pointed to the sea shore, but we

required to be told a second time, ere we could be convinced that this was really the way. As soon, however, as we clearly understood what we had to look forward to, our cavalcade drew up in close order, and proceeded along the beach covered with rolling pebbles. Our guides, impeded by the frequent breaking down of the baggage, which was not very solidly built up, had considerably relaxed in speed, and a wide interval separated them from us. Meanwhile, it seemed a strange road that we were following, for we were entirely ignorant of the fact that this was the only portion of the coast which, from want of time, had not been included in the useful system of smooth and convenient roads, with which this beautiful garden of the south has been intersected under the administration of Count Woronzoff. Accordingly, we advanced as well as we could over the yielding surface, the effect of which was suddenly to extinguish the ardour of our horses. In a short time the darkness became absolute; the wind rose, and the chafed and swollen sea washed the very feet of our steeds, while a slanting and icy rain lashed our faces. Our situation was now beginning to define itself clearly, as Raffet expressed it. The darkness was so impenetrable that not one of us could see his horse's head, and in this way we advanced, as through the depths of a gulf, with no other guide than the sound

of the waves driving up the shingle. Every step presented some fresh obstacle: here a number of trees had been blown over across the path; there lay an invisible quagmire, but which the instinct of our horses never failed to discover. These intelligent animals thus scrambled blindly, now over rocks toppled down towards the sea, now along narrow paths over the downs, incessantly giving way beneath them. Perishing with cold, soaked with rain, and encountering at least twenty falls, the danger of which we were, owing to the darkness, fortunately prevented from seeing, we took three long and tedious hours to perform the distance of a few versts, which separated us from Alouchta. At length a light appeared as a cheering signal, through the deep gloom of night. Our horses feeling themselves on firmer ground, resumed their accustomed steadiness and confidence. We crossed a small stream which we were unable to see, and drew up beneath the spacious galleries of a handsome dwelling in the Turkish style: this was the post-house of Alouchta. An hour after, all our troubles were forgotten. Two of our companions, however, wishing to make sure of our return by the steamboat, the next departure of which would be the last, though at what precise date it would take place we knew not, prudently made up their minds, after an hour's halt at midnight, to set off in advance of the

rest of our caravan, and proceed to Yalta: nor was there any difficulty in carrying out this design, for we were at the post-house, and a mere signal to that effect would suffice. A télègue was soon got ready, and our travellers, seated side by side in the narrow car, set off amidst clouds of snow, while we, like perfect Sybarites, returned in doors to stretch ourselves, wrapped in large cloaks, round a blazing stove. Sleep had descended upon the weary travellers, while still the little bell of the télègue whirling away with our two companions, could be heard in the neighbouring mountains.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, what should awaken our party of sleepers but the same tinkling sound, and evidently from the same little bell. Great was our surprise, and all were eager to learn what had happened: fortunately nothing serious. Our two companions, in the confusion of departure, had simply forgotten to tell the postillion which road to take. As soon as they were installed in the light car, they had pronounced the usual expression, *pacholl!* 'drive on!' and the postillion had driven on. But in what direction? Alas! due north, towards Tchadir-Dagh and Sympheropol; whereas, the road our adventurous travellers should have taken was southward, and towards the sea. The snow drifted so violently, and the wind was so loud, that our unfortunate friends proceeded

thus, without knowing whither, like the leaf driven by the storm. At last they came to a post-station, Taochan-Bazar, the *hare market*, which stands on the road-side to the east of Tchadir-Dagh, and resembles one of those fantastic structures seen in English gardens. Here our explorers awoke, and jointly possessing just sufficient acquaintance with the Russian language to construct a phrase of three words, inquired of the post-master, "How many versts to Yalta?" "Fifty-four," replied the official. "Fifty-four? Impossible! the man must certainly be asleep." Calling for pen and ink, they made the post-master write down the number. Everything was now explained, to the vexation and astonishment of our comrades, who immediately returned, like white phantoms, from their disastrous adventure.

The road leading to Yalta we found almost totally unprovided with horses, the greater part being bespoken for the government service. In order to reach the general rendezvous, we were obliged to have recourse to any means that presented themselves, and we proceeded along this splendid road, broken up into separate parties, and at various intervals from each other, some on horseback, and some in carriages, in the best way we could.

We have elsewhere described the picturesque situation of Alouchta. This little town stands at the lower end

of a gigantic ravine, and seems posted there like a sentinel, to guard over this enormous defile. Alouchta and Squ-dagh are the only two points on the coast where the first series of the Tauric range is interrupted. It would seem as though the second series of mountains, which completes the rampart, were placed there for the sole purpose of protecting the coast against the disastrous effects of the north wind. At Alouchta, the protecting mountain is no other than the majestic Tchadir-Dagh. The town of Alouchta, thanks to the stratagetic advantages of its position, has acquired some historical renown. In the fifth century, when Rome ruled over these regions, and protected them against the barbarians, the Emperor Justinian caused a fort to be built at the entrance of the valley of Alouchta; this fort was called Phrourion. Three lofty towers, forming part of this citadel, are still left standing among the huts of the Tatars. Subsequently to this remote period, Alouchta, whose Sclavonic name is said to be an endearing diminutive of the beautiful name of Helene, the most popular in Greece, became a great, and even an episcopal city. In the present day it has lost somewhat of its importance, but still remains justly proud of its beautiful situation, and its two-fold valley covered with gardens and vineyards, and watered by two streams, whereof the Korbekoïou is the most considerable. Its

official importance consists simply in its being a post-town, both as regards letters and post-horses, and a principal customs station. A handsome hotel, built in the Asiatic style, a mosque quite recently erected, and several shops, complete the architectural statistics of the place, which cannot fail greatly increasing in importance, as soon as all the roads intended to centre there are completed.

Moreover, the introduction of the vine, that fortunate speculation for the southern Crimea, has already made so much progress, that the deciatine of land has risen within the last ten years from 50 roubles to the enormous rate of 800, and even at this price there is no lack of purchasers.

But return we towards Yalta. If you would admire a series of beautiful landscapes, and contemplate nature by turns, in all her majestic wildness, and in her most seductive details, travel along this pretty road, which is like a ride in some fine park, skilfully laid out, so as to embrace a variety of picturesque effects, truly enchanting. But here, as with the road from Yalta to Aloupka, we will not attempt to describe, and will simply confine ourselves to an enumeration of the places through which we passed.

The deplorable weather which tracked us through this teeming labyrinth of rocks and forests could not prevent,

however, our descrying Bouyouk-Lampat, the Great Lampat, a faded relic of ancient Lampas, which stood by the sea's edge in the time of the Greek colonies, and attracted beneath its walls, well known to the merchant, vessels which it could but ill shelter against the storm. A little further on we beheld Parthenites. This ancient name is now employed to designate a fertile wine estate and a rich village, whose inhabitants successfully cultivate flax, and grow the best tobacco in the whole Crimea, so celebrated in this respect. Along the whole of this coast may be observed the traces of some great convulsion of the earth's crust. Leaving Parthenites behind, you advance amidst scenery of a mysterious character, and are now far from the sea, for Aiou-Dagh, the Bear Mountain, rises like an immense flattened cone, while its base is plunged in the sea. Between this rock and the Tauric mountains lies a sheltered valley; and how beautiful is the road along the slopes of this secondary range! The traveller will there be reminded of Switzerland. Nothing is wanting to complete the resemblance: rocks, mills, bridges of daring architecture, and turbulent cascades. Like all mountain passes, these roads have their legends and poetical traditions. If you listen to the post-masters, the Tatar drivers, or even the *feld-jagers* themselves, the armed couriers of the government, it will be your fault if you

are not persuaded that some unknown brigand, some Tatar Schubry, is sometimes encountered amidst these lonely ambuscades, and that he buries the plunder resulting from his mysterious expeditions on the summit of Aiou-Dagh. These traditions, however, more poetical than terrible, do not interfere with the perfect safety of the road, which may be travelled over without fear night and day.

Another happily situated spot is the estate of Artek, for which a former proprietor, as romantic as he was fond of Greek, invented the name of Kardiatricon, or cure for the heart; a name which seems fresh plucked from the *Garden of Greek Roots* of the Rev. Father Lancelot. Next comes Oursouf, another of Justinian's forts, which, in the time of the Sclavonian invasion, was called Gorzabita, the shattered mountain. Oursouf has, in its turn, belonged to the Genoese. A mass of ruins, dating from the period of the Genoese occupation, and built, perhaps, on Roman foundations, commands this little town, which rises in the form of an amphitheatre on the banks of a streamlet. Passing this spot, you leave Aï-Danil on your left, a wine estate, under the protection of St. Daniel. Similar names are frequent in this part of the coast. Cape Aï-Todor is dedicated to St. Theodore. Aï-Petri, the rock which overhangs Aloupka like an embattled tower, Aï-Vassilli, the large black mountain

towards which we were now journeying, are so many instances in which the ancient nomenclature of the Lower Empire has been preserved. The word agios (holy) has been corrupted into Aï. Thus does the elliptical character of the oriental languages disfigure the names which it appropriates.

Within a short distance of Aï-Danil appears Nikita, a fine village, overshadowed by walnut trees. We need scarcely state, that living springs of fresh water, in which the Crimea is so rich, abundantly irrigate these fertile ravines. Below Nikita, between that village and the sea, stretches the celebrated botanical garden belonging to the crown, established in 1812. This valuable garden contains an immense collection of plants, cultivated with a degree of care which the beauty of the climate and the vigour of the soil have rendered effective beyond all hope. To the verdant temple of science a sanctuary was required; to this end a simple edifice, supported on pillars, has been erected, in a position commanding the most attractive prospects, and from a pedestal within it a bust of Linnæus, the learned and ingenious inventor of botany, extends its protection over the whole of this learnedly classified vegetation. So short a visit as ours, and one so crossed by the bad weather, was little fitted to satisfy our botanical zeal. Accordingly, the following day Dr. Léveillé returned to the garden, to spend an

entire day, wrapped in that happy state of scientific contemplation, of which only the initiated can appreciate the delights.

As Yalta is approached, the steep sides of the mountains appear clothed with a vegetation similar to that which spreads over the vast area of Stille-Bogas. Our readers may, perhaps, remember that we remarked at starting the beauty of these pines and twisted junipers. We were proceeding at a gallop along the road leading to Yalta, when, close to Massandra, a fine estate belonging to Count Woronzoff, we descried a number of men on horseback, wrapped in their *bourkas*. These are capital Circassian cloaks, perfectly *imperméables*, as they say in Paris. The leader of this cavalcade was no other than Count Woronzoff himself. On seeing us, the features of the noble Count betrayed an expression of serious displeasure, and he severely took to task the postillion driving the first télègue of our caravan; and, indeed, the man was greatly to blame. In the face of the most precise regulations to the contrary, he had harnessed three horses to his fragile vehicle, when, from the dangerous nature of the road, which is hedged with precipices, only two are allowed. Let us add, that this imprudent driver, a mutilated old soldier, had but one arm to guide three fiery horses, galloping all the way, and rushing round the windings of the road with terrific rapidity.

The reprimand was accordingly severe; and we, who were ignorant of the regulations and of the fault committed, looked on in some amazement: as to the culprit, he knew perfectly well the punishment that awaited him. When all was over, the governor-general laid aside his severe looks, and appeared as full as ever of kindness and interest towards his protegés, who, thanks to him, had accomplished, with unequalled success, their long excursion, so rife with new emotions and fresh sources of interest. This rencontre, however, under such untoward circumstances, caused us some distress. We called to mind the expression of an inhabitant of the Crimea, of whom we inquired how it was, that with so kind a heart, and such paternal and engaging manners, Count Woronzoff enforced such rigid respect of his authority. "Gentlemen," was the answer, "in the same degree as the general is kind and affable on all ordinary occasions, is he strict when duty is in question; 'he is a steel blade in a velvet scabbard.'" What could we add to this eulogium? and yet, two days afterwards, the noble Count's hospitable kindness towards us extended so far, as to pardon the old postillion, and remit the fine he had incurred.

It is impossible to describe how softly the first words of Signor Bartolucci fell on our ears. "Siate benvenuti, signori!" In this good hostelry at Yalta, where all

are so attentive, and hospitable services are rendered with such ready good nature as to make one forget the tariff, we found all that could be desired by travellers wet, weary, and covered with a thick crust of mud. On alighting at the *cittá di Odessa*, we exactly resembled those rough shaped clay models on which the sculptor's fancy has not yet impressed any definite form.

The next day all the neighbouring mountains were covered with snow; it was a magnificent spectacle, but of short duration, for the sun soon converted all this snow into torrents.

Before the departure of the *Peter the Great*, we had but one duty to fulfil, and one visit to pay. Both were enjoined us by a proper feeling of gratitude, and we proceeded to Aloupka to acquit ourselves of the obligation.

Since our last visit the palace of Aloupka had been completed, and it now appeared in all its majesty from the top of a broad terrace commanding the magnificent scenery around. We have already described the situation of this royal residence upon which Aï-Petri, a lightning-jagged rock, frowns from a height of a thousand feet. The palace, or rather to speak with the noble modesty of its masters, the mansion of Aloupka, stands in the midst of thick masses of foliage, and stands out against the grey back-ground of the mountain. The material of

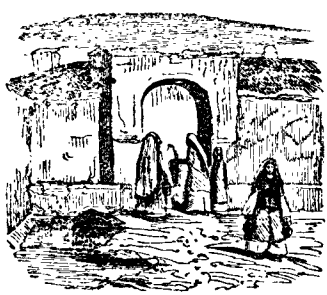
which it is built is a rich green granite, the *grünstein* of German mineralogists. The form of the building is a massive square, and its style a skilful combination of the Byzantine and Saracen architecture, except that, by a privilege peculiar to Aloupka, the blocks of granite were procured at so short a distance that they have been left in their original large dimensions. The structure of the house, accordingly, is like that of a Roman monument: a succession of gigantic layers of stone. With such materials the architect has been enabled to introduce the most delicate sculptured ornaments, carved in a solid block from these large stones. The balustrades of the palace, its elegant chimneys, disguised in ornamental forms, and all the delicate tracery carved out of the solid granite, will consequently endure as long as the neighbouring peaks from which their material has been hewn.

We have scarcely more than alluded to the gardens of Aloupka, and yet where shall we find any more deserving an elaborate description? Nothing is wanting in this spot, favoured by every natural resource, to constitute an unrivalled garden; grottoes, cascades, limpid basins, yawning craters, wild retreats. Nor has nature required more than the slightest assistance from the hand of man. All that was necessary, was to lay out a path, adroitly winding along the slopes, beside

the waters, by the edge of the precipices, and leading the visitor unconsciously to every spot on the grounds. The boundary of this portion of the gardens, is formed by the solid sides of Ai-Petri; and it would be difficult, through all these ravines, to reach the base of this formidable mountain in less than two hours. Returning towards the Count's residence, a Tatar village is encountered, concealed in a hollow, and overshadowed by a thick forest. The presence of this village, thus shrouded from view, is only betrayed by its glittering minaret rising above the mass of foliage, from whose summit the calls of the Muslem are daily heard and endured with all patience at the principal residence. On the slope descending towards the sea, are exhibited all the artificial beauties of an English garden, with its capriciously winding paths, and its expanse of turf, in the midst of which is heard the murmur of a hidden rivulet. Here stands a tower, there a guard-house, for the Arnaouts; higher up, a conservatory, and a hostelry besides, the design of which, in harmony with the surrounding scenery, is in the Italian style. Immediately at the foot of the mountain a little harbour, protected by rocks, affords a shelter to fishing and pleasure boats. But this is only a frigid and incomplete sketch of this admirable garden. What more shall we say of this magnificent abode? or how describe the scene of our

farewell, which left us so filled with emotion and gratitude. To have heard the Count Woronzoff at this last interview, it would seem we had no thanks to return. We took leave of this nobleman, bearing away with us a promise most dearly prized by us, viz., that of speedy advancement for our devoted companion and faithful guide, Michael.

On Saturday, October 28th, the *Peter the Great* received us on board for the last time, together with our collections, our scientific acquisitions, and our notes, filled with such sincere expressions of admiration. Michael, who was as attached to us as if we were his oldest friends, pressed us all in his arms with tears, which the old Arnaout vainly endeavoured to repress. The next day, after a splendid passage, we arrived at Odessa.



CHAPTER VI.

HISTORICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE CRIMEA.—ODESSA.—RETURN.

Our travels were now drawing to a close. We had accomplished, with all due conscientiousness, this our studious enterprise, and now it was time to think of returning homeward. The season was already far advanced, and the fine weather, which we still expected to fall in with on the coast of the Crimea, had vanished before the

gloomy harbingers of winter. On the 29th of October we were in Odessa, and only too well pleased to find that the road across the steppes was not closed to us by the setting in of the rainy season.

Before taking leave of the Crimea, however, that hospitable land, so worthy of interest, let us cast one last glance at it. Let us, if possible, sum up in a few pages its past history; and what history was ever more replete with events, with hopes, with poetry and with reality?

We must go back to the age of fable, to trace the origin of Taurida. All attempts to throw a light upon this dark period, have only added to the number of deceptive phantoms which have been evoked. The most grave historians have not thought it beneath them to relate, one after the other, the dramatic legends of mythology: not that the study of these was of sufficient importance to arrest the attention of serious minds, but because all these stories had been already so well told by narrators not less than forty centuries old, there has been a certain charm in repeating them, and thus even the grave searchers after truth, allowing themselves to be amused by fables, have found in them, like the good Lafontaine, an extreme pleasure.

If we may trust historians, the first inhabitants of Taurida were an aboriginal people, called Tauri or

Taurians; but scarcely is our attention directed on this race of people and their name, when the Tauri suddenly vanish, swept away by a formidable invasion of Amazons. These singular heroines had, while overrunning Europe, sent an expedition into Taurida. Those who wish to summon chronology to the assistance of poetry, will find in all works relative to the subject, that this invasion occurred exactly four hundred years before the expedition of the Argonauts. How unfortunate, that we cannot relate here the rare and curious history of the Amazons; a history in all respects worthy of Ariosto, but which was preserved by tradition, and communicated to the world under the auspices of such great names as: Herodotus, Justin, Strabo, Diodorus, Sicilus, the grave recorders of the simple legends of a world in its childhood.

However the case may be, these conquering hordes of women, this fantastic republic, sometimes cruel, sometimes merciful to the hostile sex, had invaded Taurida. As soon as they were established, they founded their temples — at whose blood-stained altars barbarous rites were celebrated, the presiding priestess being a virgin, and men the victims sacrificed. Need we inform the reader that the most deadly, the most dreaded of these temples, was that erected on the headland which was afterwards called Cape Parthenium,

that this temple was dedicated to Diana Tauropolitana, and that the statue of the deity presided over these human shambles? Are we not now at the prologue of the fatal drama of the Atrides, that eternal subject which furnishes the Greek theatre with inexhaustible sources of terror and pity? But time rolls on, and the scene of war is before the walls of Troy: behold the daughter of Agamemnon, the poetical Iphigenia, chaste and love-breathing creation, at once the daughter of Euripides and of Racine; behold her devoted to a horrible sacrifice, as though, in those times, the blood of man had been the ultimate argument of the priesthood! Iphigenia is carried off, takes refuge in Taurida, and from a victim becomes a priestess. The reader knows what expiation was imposed upon her as a sister, how the recognition was brought about, that first yet never failing source of dramatic emotion, and how Orestes and Pylades carried off and fled to Argos with the priestess and the effigy of the implacable goddess.

At a later period, the Scythians, who might be called a tempest on horseback, *procella equestris*, rushed down upon Taurida, a land which seems to have been formed to serve as a passage for the hordes of barbarians flowing from the east to the west. The Scythians long remained masters of Taurida; but suddenly the

Amazons appeared a second time upon these shores. Strange history! These women-soldiers, conquered by Hercules and by Theseus, had been led captive into Greece, when they seized on the vessels, slew their conquerors; and, being thrown by a storm on the coast of Taurida, disembarked, laying waste the country, and spreading terror among the Scythians. Meanwhile, recovering from their first confusion, the Scythians discovered what weak enemies they had to contend with, and deemed their youngest warriors a sufficient force to oppose the terrible Amazons. The battle was like that at Pharsalia: the combatants struck at each other's faces and hearts; but a peace was soon concluded.

We will pass rapidly over all this early period, which belongs rather to the province of the imagination. Darius, that meteor who threw out so much empty smoke, directed a formidable expedition against the Scythians, but was conquered; and only owed his safety to a bridge very opportunely thrown across the mouth of the Danube. Soon afterwards, Greece, famous both in arms and eloquence, sent out among the barbarians an expedition, as a sort of forlorn hope of civilisation. It was at this time that Jason came, not far from these shores, in search of the golden fleece, the noble prize won by his valour and his beauty. A number of Greek colonists settled between the Boug

and the Dnieper, and a temple was erected to Ceres. Let us leave fable to its poetical tales, history will come but too soon.

Seven hundred years before our era, the Milesians occupied the eastern part of Taurida, where they founded Theodosia, Nymphœum, Panticapœum, Myrmikione; at the same time the Heracleotes landed on the little western peninsula, and laid the first foundations of their conquest. Between these two germs of civilisation, in the east and in the west, pressing them on either side, the savage inhabitants, the mingled remains of the Taurians and the Scythians, had no refuge left but their mountains, whither they retreated in a mass, and defended their approaches. The Greek emigrants now learned the way to these shores, which had become easy of access. The Pontus Euxinus—the sea favourable to strangers, as it was called by the Greeks, who were so prodigal of this ironical antiphrasis, and called the furies the *Eumenides*—the Pontus Euxinus then beheld adventurous fleets braving its tempests, and the eastern portion of Taurida became peopled with new cities, rapidly rising to power. The Scythians, in their turn neighbours, and frequently hostile neighbours, of this flourishing civilisation, were unable to withdraw from its beneficial influence. It was exactly at this period that the kingdom of Bosphorus was founded. Leucon

was the first king of the new kingdom; and for three centuries the prosperity of this power, which was continually increasing, appeared based on solid foundations.

Let us now advert to the passage of the Sarmatians: long the possessors of the adjacent countries, they withdrew, after the lapse of half a century, leaving behind them troubles and commotions, which lasted for two centuries, continually exhausting themselves in attacks on the frontiers of the kingdom, but never succeeding in shaking its strength. We now come to the reign of Mithridates Eupator, fourth of that name, with whose successes and reverses the world is acquainted; a great man it is true, but great after the manner of barbarians. Stained with the blood of his own family, and driven from Asia, Mithridates sought to strike at the heart of Rome; he meditated the conquest of Italy at the very moment when the Roman yoke weighed upon the whole of Greece, and left him alone in his audacious designs. The undertaking was immense, unexpected, and incredibly rash: it was no less an ambition than that of treading in the footsteps of Hannibal. The expedition had to force its way through the territory of the Scythians; checked by these unconquerable hordes, Mithridates united with the Sarmatians to break through their inopportune barrier; but treason broke out: the army, alarmed at so vast an undertaking,

was urged to rebellion, and Pharnace was appointed by the soldiers in the place of his father. But what need is there that we should relate this history; it is popular, from the amount of heroism, of cruelty and of suffering which it exhibits.

Mithridates having fallen, the sceptre of Rome was extended, without opposition, over these wretched provinces, which it governed through phantoms of monarchs. We are thus brought down to the Christian era, to the middle of the first century, ere we have to record the first invasion of barbarians with which Taurida was visited, viz.—that of the Alani. These were a nomadic people, whose days were spent on horseback, and their nights in their covered cars; bold in war, and eager for pillage. They levelled Theodosia, and oppressed the whole country for more than a century. The Goths next appeared upon these shores: barbarian fought with barbarian; but the new-comers carried the day. They overthrew the Alani, and drove them to their mountains. At this period, Taurida was called Gothia. Meanwhile, the Sarmatians coveted the tottering remains of the kingdom of Bosphorus. The Chersonites of the little republic of the west hastened to the assistance of the distracted provinces: they took possession of Panticapœum, and bravely withstood the attack of the Sarmatians. The two armies, wearied by an inveterate conflict

in the neighbourhood of Theodosia, had paused in the midst of blood, when a singular combat took place: a chivalrous and deadly joust between the two chiefs was proposed and accepted. Savromates on the barbarian side, and Pharnaces on that of the Chersonites, descended into the arena. The barbarian was a giant, cased in iron, and looked like a living wall; the Greek was slight and weak; but an artifice came to his rescue. At a pre-concerted signal, the army gave three shouts; the giant was astonished, and his adversary became victor. Is not this one of those world-old traditions of which the world will never tire? After this, the conquered Sarmatians, true to their plighted faith, submitted to the conqueror, and passed over into Asia. Pharnaces, who possessed a mighty soul in a weak frame, exacted no return for his victory from those whom he had rescued, and left the Bosphorians at liberty. The country then fell into the hands of new masters. The Huns appeared in their turn in this fitful history: they came towards the west, driven onwards by the Tatars from the east, and now fell upon Taurida. They destroyed the Goths and the Alani, whom they surprised in a defenceless condition, and extended their conquests northward, towards the Baltic. But when Attila, their king, the scourge of God and the terror of the world, at last met with his death at the end of his erratic conquests, this gigantic empire, cemented by

violence, crumbled like the work of a day. The Huns, dispersed by internal dissensions, fell back upon all the nations which they had borne along in their course. For the space of two centuries they were found scattered in all directions, they and their banded allies, Hungarians, Oulzigourians, infesting Taurida and the neighbouring provinces with their depredations. At last the Republic of Cherson was threatened. It was then that the Emperor Justinian sent assistance to the dismayed Greek population, and built, for the defence of the coast, that line of forts, of which we have already described the remains.

As soon as this formidable irruption had exhausted itself, Taurida seemed to breathe once more; but it was destined soon to submit to a fresh subjugation. The Khazars made a descent upon her. The Khazars sprung from the Huns; and, left by them in those regions which now form Lithuania, had acquired a degree of power which was destined to spread still further.

After the invasion of the Khazars, which occurred at the commencement of the seventh century, Taurida took the name of Khazaria. Kiovia, the provinces of the Don, Caucasia, Moldavia, Transylvania and Hungary, became, in the course of time, the conquest of this people, whose alliance even the Byzantine Empire did not disdain to seek. Towards the year 811, this state had taken

the rank of a powerful monarchy; but scarcely was this colossus raised, than on its forehead appeared the mark which announces the destruction of men and of nations. The Russians and the Petchenegues fell upon Khazaria like one of those scourges which must be destroyed, if we would not ourselves perish under them. The Russians at that early period were already constituted under a government, strong from its political unity. At this fatal juncture, the Khazars, who needed the support of the Greeks, invoked the assistance not only of their arms but of their religious dogmas, to which the Khazars were converted towards the year 858. But the efforts of the Russians, the progress of the Petchenegues, and civil dissensions, soon reduced this empire to the last extremity; and Khazaria, resuming the name of the Tauric Chersonese, fell exclusively into the hands of the Petchenegues. The southern coast, however, did not belong to them; it was a dependency of the republic of the Chersonites, and became united to the Byzantine Empire.

Meanwhile, it was not long ere the new inhabitants, an active, industrious people, endowed with a great commercial genius, supplanted the Chersonites in their trade with the east. They placed themselves, by a direct intercourse, between Byzantium and Asia, to the detriment of the Chersonites, who soon beheld the

downfall of their ancient prosperity. This phasis of enrichment, however, was not prolonged beyond a century and a-half. Attacked and conquered by the Romans, the Petchenegues returned into Asia.

The Comans, who had fallen upon Taurida in their flight from the Mongul Tatars, lived in that country, first as tributaries of the mountaineers: this people formed, as it were, a national stock, riding over every transitory storm, and who, yielding at last to their warlike impulses, were now harassing the country. The unexpected advance of the Tatars drove back the Comans towards Thracia. A new era was just dawning, both for Taurida and the whole of Eastern Europe. Tchinghis-Khan, the immortal founder of the Empire of Kaptchak, had died in 1226. One of his grandsons, Batou-Khan, eager to tread in the footsteps of his terrible ancestor, threw himself upon Europe with 600,000 men. Russia, Poland and Hungary were overwhelmed by this impetuous torrent. European Sarmatia and Taurida could not escape the fierce conqueror; they were comprised in little Tatary. Batou-Khan dying, the Crimea became the appanage of one of his descendants, Oran-Timour. Solgate, which we visited under the name of Eski-Krim, then became the residence of the Khan.

The face of the country soon became altered. Its masters, who professed the mahomedan religion, behaved

with tolerance towards the subjugated people, and trade once more began to flourish in that land, which it never deserted but with regret. Soldaïa, the modern Sou-dagh, became a wealthy entrepôt for all the merchandise of the east, while Or-Kapy, the present Perecop, traded on its inexhaustible salt lakes, until at last the navigators of the Mediterranean, those skilful politicians, scenting afar the richest prizes, came to explore these shores, where so rich a future was promised. Venice, Genoa and Pisa, those three republics of merchant nobles, contended at that time for supremacy in navigation and commerce. The Genoese gained the ascendant over their competitors. As early as 1162 they had already established factories at Constantinople. Eighteen years later, a Genoese landed in the bay, where, once beneath the walls of ancient Theodosia, vessels had found a shelter. He bought a parcel of land from the khan of Solgate, whose possessions extended to these shores, and Kaffa was founded.

To describe the prodigious aggrandisement of this power, from the time it had thus almost stealthily set its foot on the Theodosian shore, would be to relate all the artifice, genius, and activity employed by the new comers; and when, at last, the Tatars perceived the unscrupulous encroachments of the Genoese, it was too late, and Genoa was the stronger. Kaffa, having grown

up to be a rich and flourishing commercial city, excited the violent jealousy of the Venetians. They determined to destroy it; and in 1292, having fitted out a formidable fleet, they captured the new city, and sacked it; but this victory was of no advantage to the spoilers. Exhausted by famine and sickness, the Venetians soon deserted their capture, leaving behind them several galleys, for which they could not supply crews to bring them back to Venice. Meanwhile, Genoa was scarcely affected at all by this blow aimed at her power. In 1304, the modest factory of Constantinople became a Genoese city, and flourished under the name of Pera. Andronicus Paleologus, who would have parted with his empire at need, had given permission to build, on this site, any thing that might be thought proper to be built. As to Kaffa, wealth and power returned to it with the Genoese banner. John XXII., the sovereign Pontiff, made an episcopal see of this city of infidels. All this prosperity was, however, suddenly forfeited by the most insignificant of accidents.

Tana, an ancient city, situated at the extremity of the sea of Azoff, near the mouth of the Tanaïs, on the spot now occupied by Taganrog, was the residence of Djanibek-Khan, to whom the empire of Kaptchak had in those days descended. The Genoese and Venetians traded in perfect freedom with this city. A Tatar of Tana

having insulted a Genoese, the latter, prompt in wreaking vengeance, slew his aggressor. A horrible massacre of the Italians followed this inconsiderate act, and Djanibek-Khan, in his rage, ordered the Genoese of Kaffa to quit the Mussulman territory. The Genoese refused, and war was declared.

Kaffa was besieged; it was delivered by a sally, and Genoa, being victorious, would consent to no terms save the degenerate successor of Tchinghis and Batou-Khan craved them on his knees. The Tatar prince abased himself, and promised a tribute, but soon broke his word by acts of pillage and assassination. The war broke out with fresh activity; the Genoese closely blockaded the sea of Azoff, and Kaffa prepared for a vigorous resistance. Europe was alarmed at the danger which threatened the republic, to such a degree that Clement VI. invoked all christendom to the assistance of the true faith menaced in Kaffa; but exhaustion on both sides brought about a compromise, and relations were once more established. Kaffa, nevertheless, provided against any fresh alarms, and it was at this time that the imposing line of ramparts was built, the ruins of which we explored. In 1386, its formidable enclosure of walls and towers was completed. This immense enterprise afforded a just measure of the power and wealth of the republic at this period. Let

us add, that the great and noble character of its institutions failed not in raising it ere long still higher in the esteem of the Tatar population. The Genoese colony dealt with so much integrity and justice towards its neighbours, that the latter frequently referred their internal litigations to their decision. In 1365 it had become mistress of those two important points of the coast, Cembalo and Soldaïa; the Balaklava and Sou-dagh of the present day. These places were fortified, as is still attested by the ruins, of whose imposing appearance we have given a sketch. The acquisition of these two noble ports was but a slight step in the progress of Kaffa; they were but as the land-marks, pointing out the limits which the powerful republic had assigned to itself. Fifteen years after, they were united one with the other by a conquest of inestimable value, and which was no less than the whole of the southern coast, that delightful tract of land, so full of beauty and natural resources, extending from Balaklava to Soudagh. Gothia—for this name was still applied to that mountain region—thus became a dependency of the Genoese.

But while the power of this exotic republic continued day by day to augment, the empire of Kaptchak was visibly declining. Wars, usurpations, treason, discord, every calamity seemed banded together to overwhelm

this unfortunate country, and Taurida, as a portion of the empire, shared in the general strife. The race of Tchingis-Khan, alternately weak or cruel, had drawn down upon the country a multitude of disasters.

The last direct descendant of this illustrious family, Tokat-Myche, having imprudently summoned the descendants of Tamerlane to his assistance, was dispossessed by them of his power. Abou-Seïd, whose aid was thus implored, had in 1401 invaded the ancient empire of Kaptchak; subsequently an engagement took place, in which the usurper slew, with his own hand, his determined rival, the wretched Tokat-Myche. Abou-Seïd being thus delivered of an importunate opponent, caused all the descendants of Tchingis-Khan to be made away with. All the scions of this illustrious stock were handed over to the assassin, with the single exception of Devlet, a poor child of ten years of age, for whom a high destiny was in store. He was saved by a shepherd, and was secretly brought up in the obscure condition of a herd.

A day came when the Tatars, having long groaned beneath the oppressive rule of the princes of the race of Tamerlane, violently threw off the yoke. The entire nation bitterly regretted the murder of its legitimate sovereigns. Devlet appeared, proved his identity, and was hailed as a saviour. He was unanimously proclaimed a

Hadji, a title only given to the pilgrims who have visited Mecca; but his exile, a weary pilgrimage, had won him this pious distinction. Now came the shepherd's turn. His adopted son asked him what recompense he demanded for having saved the life of the noble scion of the khans? Adopt my name, sire, in conjunction with your own, and let the name of Gheraï be transmitted to your descendants, in memory of the poor shepherd by whom you were saved. This noble recompense was not withheld from one who showed himself so disinterested, and to the last day of this monarchy the name of the peasant was joined with the names of the khans of the Crimea.

While Devlet-Gheraï, after having subdued, though not without peril, this turbulent people, was consolidating his newly acquired power, by wisely marking out the limits of his vast empire, Genoa experienced some reverses. The Greeks of Balaklava had unexpectedly attacked and expulsed the Genoese, who, however, shortly afterwards inflicted a severe punishment on them. On the other hand, a quarrel with the Tatars of Solgate proved fatal to the Genoese, who were conquered. From that time the star of the republic began to pale.

The capture of Constantinople—that Rome of the east, which Mahomet seized in 1453—struck a fatal

blow at the power of Genoa. Pera was unable to repel the conqueror, and Kaffa was threatened. It was during this same year that the Genoese republic, to repair its losses, pledged the colonies of Taurida with the bank of St. George, which continued in possession of them for twenty-two years. At this juncture, Mengli-Gheraï ascended the throne of the khans. He was one of the eight sons left by Devlet. Each of these rival princes believed himself called to rule absolutely over this country, distracted by so many conflicting ambitions. Mengli, favoured by the intrigues of Kaffa, triumphed over his competitors. This being accomplished, the bankers of Genoa (no longer now as formerly, models of justice) wished to build upon their services, and rule the khan, whose destiny was in their hands; for in order to raise him to the throne, they had simply imprisoned his brothers in their fortress at Sou-dagh. The nation now began to murmur, and the unjust and intriguing spirit of the insolent tyrants excited indignation in every heart. The storm which had long been gathering, broke out at last with terrible effect. While a multitude of Tatars surrounded Kaffa, an agent who had been dispatched to Constantinople offered the Genoese colonies to Mahomet, and soon after, on the 1st of June, 1475, a Turkish fleet of 482 sails appeared menacingly before Kaffa. After a

desperate resistance, which lasted six days, Kaffa, the beautiful city, the rich colony, surrendered at discretion. The victors were tyrannical and exacting. Overwhelming tributes, humiliating conditions, and the banishment of all the Roman catholics to Constantinople, were among the lightest consequences of this defeat. The colonies of Genoa fell one after the other into the hands of the Turks. Sou-dagh was the last settlement over which the banner of the republic was seen to float; it yielded at last to famine. Thus fell, beneath the brutal and senseless hands of the followers of Mahomet, the great and glorious edifice which it had taken two centuries to raise.

Mengli-Gheraï, who had taken refuge in Constantinople, after the fall of the power which had befriended him, left the empire of the khans a prey to the conflicting claims of his brothers, now delivered from their captivity at Sou-dagh. The Tatars, harassed by this storm of rival pretensions, had recourse to the Sultan, and besought him to send them a ruler capable of restoring peace. Their prayer was heard; Mengli-Gheraï was restored to them, but, previous to his departure, he had received his instructions. He was commanded to deliver to the Turks the country thus confided to his treachery. The undertaking was difficult. Mengli knew to what an extent such conditions would exasperate the

nation; and perhaps it was to make the threatened bondage appear less intolerable, that he suddenly gave himself up to the most lamentable and blood-stained excesses of power. This same prince, who was long honoured for his clemency and kindness, brought down as many curses on his name as Hadji Devlet, his noble father, had won blessings. A scourge to his subjects, after plunging them into the depth of degradation and barbarism, he died in 1515, leaving a son, if possible, more detestable still than his father.

For a long period the princes of this race deserved no other title than that of brigand chiefs. They took advantage of the wars between their neighbours, to sell their assistance to the highest bidder, and sometimes even to both sides at once; at the same time, however, the Porte, abusing the right which it had usurped in the days of Mengli-Gheraï, of appointing or deposing the khans, treated those princes as its pachas, and raised or degraded them at its pleasure. For a period of a hundred and fifty years, fourteen khans, the ephemeral creatures of the Ottoman power, succeeded each other. Some of these princes, friends of peace, imposed a curb on the turbulent spirit of their subjects. One only among them, Gazi-Gheraï, deserves unconditional praise; an accomplished warrior, but generous at the same time; an erudite poet, a skilful musician, and endowed with a

noble and pure soul, Gazi-Gheraï would have made his reign the source of every blessing, had not the degenerate people over whom he ruled loved war for its most deplorable attendants—pillage and rapine. This prince died peacefully in 1608. During the reign of the eight khans of his race who succeeded him, the same alternation of wars and alliances, truce and pillage, rapine and treachery, with the Tatars, Russians, Poles and Cossacks, continued as in the past.

The line of Mengli-Gheraï became extinct in 1666, and the collateral dynasty of the *Tchobans*, or shepherds, occupied the throne. Adel-Gheraï, the first of this family, was dethroned by the Sultan. Selim-Gheraï, his successor, several times deposed and reinstated, ascended the throne every time a fresh war broke out with the Germans, the Russians, or the Poles. He was a man of great courage, and defeated these three allied powers in a single campaign. The Janissaries, captivated by his splendid qualities, wished to place him at their head. Selim preferred retirement, to a throne unjustly usurped; he set out for Mecca, on a holy pilgrimage. Devlet, his son, was deposed before he had even placed the crown upon his head; Selim returned, for the fifth time, and died in the exercise of that authority to which he attached so little value.

Meanwhile, events of immense importance had oc-

curred within a short distance of the Crimea. Peter the Great, the immortal genius to whom Russia owes its greatness, had, in 1722, commenced that campaign which, beginning at Pultawa, terminated in so critical a conjuncture on the Pruth, when Baltadji-Mehemet-Pacha allowed the noblest prize to slip through his hands with which the fortune of war ever presented a general. The prince at that time reigning over the Crimea was Devlet-Gheraï, who never forgave the purchased complaisance of the Pacha Grand Vizier, as was proved ten years later. Devlet, chosen for the fourth time to rule over Little Tatary, had betaken himself to Adrianople, in order to concert with the divan the plan of a new war, the conduct of which had been confided to his experience and rare talents, with which the Grand Signor was well accquainted. At the conclusion of the conference, Devlet was in the act of mounting his horse to return to the Crimea, when he suddenly stood still, with one foot in the stirrup. "What can make Devlet-Gheraï tarry thus?" inquired the Sultan. "I am waiting," replied the former, "that thou shouldst send me the head of Baltadji-Mehemet." The head was brought, and the Sultan, in a vein of complaisance, added to it the head of the Reis-Effendi, and that of the Aga of the Janissaries, the khan of the Crimea having appeared displeased with them.

Let us hasten to reach a less remote period, leaving to their cowardly intrigues and daily enacted treachery the Kaplan-Gheraïs and the Mengli-Gheraïs, those rival brothers, the senseless instruments of the resentment of the Porte, alternately raised to power, or disgraced, according to the caprice of the Ottoman rulers. We will now come to the year 1736, when an army of a hundred thousand Russians marched upon the Crimea, to avenge broken pledges, and an insolent violation of territory.

This formidable force was commanded by the Count de Munich. The intrenchment at Perecop, that long foss uniting two seas, was carried by storm; the Russians pursued their enemies as far as Ak-Metchet, now called Sympheropol, and then retired, wearied by so arduous a campaign, in an unsheltered country, and during the hot season. The Tatars, on their side, advancing almost in the steps of the Russians, carried devastation into Lesser Russia. The following year the campaign was re-commenced, and the Count de Lascy presented himself again with a Russian army. The frontier of Perecop, the ruins of which had been repaired, was now defended by the khan in person. The Russian general entered by the Straits of Yenitchi, upon the sands of Arabat; he attacked the fortress, which was undefended, and after burning, according to historians,

more than a thousand villages, in the steppe of the Crimea, Lascy withdrew.

An audacious aggression, on the part of the Khan, drove Count de Lascy to a third invasion. This time the army, unable to subsist in a country so wasted, was obliged to abandon the undertaking. This disastrous war terminated in 1740 by a treaty.

The Khan was at that period master of a vast empire. Contiguous with the possessions of the Grand Signor on the Danube, its northern frontier extended as far as Poland and Lesser Russia; to the east it reached Taganrog, and descended to the Caucasus, which separated it from Georgia. The Tatars occupied the Crimea; the Nogaïs inhabited the whole country from the Danube to the Don beyond the peninsula; and the Circassians dwelt along the eastern shores of the Black Sea and the skirts of the Caucasus. Of these three races the Tatars of the Crimea were undoubtedly the most advanced in polity. The prosperity of commercial dealings, long carried on with success, had given them a greater taste for the luxuries of wealth. The cultivation of the land was well and skilfully carried on in the Crimea; education had long been disseminated by a number of elementary schools; and the organisation of communal settlements, paternally governed, had softened the manners of these people.

The land was divided into feofs, which belonged to the nobility; and the whole territory of the Crimea proper was divided into forty-eight districts or *kadiliks*. Land paid no tax to the prince, except that when he engaged in a war (and wars were frequent) each kadilik had to furnish a waggon drawn by two horses, and laden with corn. The revenue of the prince was derived from the salt-works, the customs, the annual tributes paid by Moldavia and Wallachia, and, more especially, the booty taken in war. The khans, accordingly, were exceedingly rich, but, on the other hand, they were royally lavish in their bounty. The race of the Gheraïs seems to have inherited, together with its rank, that virtue which, in great princes, redeems many vices. None among them was wanting in this honourable quality; and if ever these princes, whose fortunes were so uncertain, were urged to economy, they would reply: "What good is it to hoard up wealth? Who ever knew a Gheraï to die of poverty?"

The Khan could put in the field an army of two hundred thousand men, without sensibly depriving the country. Such an army was maintained at little cost; for the nobles fought at their own expense, and the vassals supported themselves until the next pillage, when their arrears were more than paid up.

The peace which ensued on the treaty above mentioned,

lasted eighteen years. During this time, Alim-Gheraï had to contend with several serious attempts at sedition. When he was deposed, Krim-Gheraï ascended the throne in his stead. This sovereign was loved by his subjects to a degree amounting to fanaticism; he was a man of genius, greedy of praise, a lover of the arts, which he himself cultivated, protecting merit, but of unswerving justice. He too was dethroned, but was soon after recalled, on the occasion of an expedition against Servia. This great prince died by poison, at Bender; the poison was administered by a Greek. Krim-Gheraï, feeling his end draw near, resolved to die like a poet and an artist; he sent for his musicians, that he might fall asleep more pleasantly, he said.

Devlet, Kaplan, and Selim-Gheraï assumed in turn the supreme power. War was rekindled at this period with more inveteracy than ever, on account of these very pretensions urged against Servia. The Russians sent an army against the Turks, and both attacked the Tatars at the same time. Dolgorouky penetrated into the Crimea, by forcing Perecop, at the very same moment that one of his divisions entered by the promontory of Arabat, taking the fortress by storm. Selim, in dismay, sued for peace, and it was granted him: he treacherously violated his engagements. Conquered a second time, he withdrew himself, by flight, from the effects of the victor's resentment.

The Tatars then proclaimed Sahim-Gheraï his successor; this was the last of their sovereigns. Sahim, in concert with his subjects, threw off the yoke of the Porte, and placed himself under the protection of Catherine II. By the terms of this alliance, three fortresses passed into the hands of Russia; this was a terrible blow at the power of the Sultan, who, feeling the difficulty of his position. contented himself with exciting the people to rebellion. The Ottoman Porte, however, was reduced openly to recognise the independence of the Tatars, in the treaty of Koutchouk-Kainardji, signed on the 17th of July, 1774. From that moment the conquest was planned. While the great empress was preparing the success of her plans, by the establishment of colonies on the sea of Azoff, where she attracted the Armenians and the Jews—those ancient settlers on the shores of the Crimea, and founders of its commercial prosperity—partial revolts broke out on the soil of Taurida, in suppressing which, Russia lent a powerful assistance to Sahim. Kaffa, which had revolted for the second time in 1779, and Baghtcheh-Saraï, the city of the Khans, received a terrible lesson; all germs of rebellion, however, though steeped in blood, were not eradicated. The Porte was skilful in keeping them alive, and would have succeeded in effecting the total ruin of this unfortunate country. In this cruel position of affairs, Sahim resolved to give up his states to the

Empress of Russia; Lesser Tatary was then incorporated with the Empire, by a treaty concluded on the 10th of June, 1783. After this treaty, Sahim, enticed by fallacious promises to Constantinople, expiated his abdication by the bow-string.

Thus were the destinies of Taurida accomplished, and thus were united, under one guardian rule, all the scattered nations of which the peninsula had preserved the half-faded traces. The establishment of peace soon became general; the inhabitants of the soil of the peninsula, driven at first by their alarms to a useless emigration, soon learned to obey the laws of a generous conqueror, who even then, as now, respected the habits and religion of his conquered subjects. We have related the origin of the new Russian cities under ancient names. The Tatar cities felt no ill effects from this rivalry, which was sometimes enhanced by immediate proximity. The more elevated portion of Taurida, that which for a long time was called Gothia, retained almost all its inhabitants; descended from a race of mountaineers, they were but little disposed to leave their native country. The Tatars of the steppe, a race evidently differing from those of the mountains, could not be induced to descend once more towards the once fertile plains, which had suffered such cruel ravages during the wars. The southern coast was shortly after explored by adventurous settlers, and the

attractions of this beautiful and picturesque country soon asserted their influence. The vine spreads its grateful and fecundating shade over the fertile soil, and after remaining barren and deserted for so long a space, it is now clothed with thick forests, and teeming with flowers and fruit.

The Crimea forms part of the government of Taurida. The districts of this government, contained within the limits of the peninsula, properly so called, are those of Sympheropol, which is the capital, Eupatoria, Theodosia and Perecop.

The population of the Tauric peninsula may be estimated, according to the most recent account, as follows: but though we have derived these figures from authentic sources, they cannot be considered as rigidly accurate.

POPULATION OF THE FOUR DISTRICTS FORMING THE GOVERNMENT OF TAURIDA.

DISTRICTS.	Nobles.	Priests.		Peasants.		Foreign Settlers.	Total of Districts
		Moullahs.	*Greeks.*	Tatars.	Russians.		
Sympheropol ..	365	1,540	6	27,444	1,572	1,128	32,055
Eupatoria	557	1,255	—	17,503	174	—	19,489
Theodosia	78	1,037	14	21,321	959	1,755	25,164
Perecop.....	123	1,536	0	24,410	146	—	26,215
	1,123	5,368	20	90,678	2,851	2,883	102,923
Adding the total number of women, estimated at . . .						82,843	
Karaïms						1,383	87,140
Jews						325	
Greeks and Armenians						2,589	
The total population would amount to							190,063

Our narrative brings us back to Odessa, where we were actively engaged in making preparations for our return. One portion of the expedition was soon in readiness to take leave of this city under my guidance, and proceeded to the Austrian frontier by Bender, Kicheneff, and that part of Bessarabia which we had previously travelled through. Fortunately, up to the present time the rain had respected this part of the country, which, being intersected by shallow and boggy valleys, is extremely difficult to travel over in wet weather. Novoceltz is the nearest point to the frontiers of the Empire. The Pruth is crossed here, and the territory of Gallicia entered. The capital of this circle, so called, is Tchernovitz; it is also called Bukowine, on account of the fine forests of beech covering the western slopes of the Karpathian mountains, the name for this tree, in Sclavonian, being Bukow. Tchernovitz is a pretty town, situated at the foot of the mountains; it is bathed by the Pruth, and is justly proud of its elegant churches. It may be easily imagined with what satisfactory feelings such a place is hailed on emerging from the steppe. What a beautiful country is this Gallicia, and what pleasant and easy travelling it affords! The character of the scenery, and the picturesque costumes of the inhabitants, all combine to give to the journey the attractive charm of variety. In Lemberg may be seen all that constitutes a large German town, not forgetting

the Jews, that busy and swarming people, whose whole life is centred in the stir of traffic.

But this time, those of us who took this road were making all the haste to reach Vienna compatible with the use of Austrian post-horses. It was with a degree of speed utterly unknown in these countries that they whirled through the beautiful scenery of Moldavia and Silesia, dressed in its autumnal garb. Our travellers had avoided passing through Cracow, as, from the alarming rumours of cholera which were beginning to spread through all these provinces, it was to be feared that quarantine lines might be established, and rise up like brazen walls to stop their progress. This was what induced us to hurry our march; for the experience of Skoulani was not of a nature to be easily forgotten. Accordingly, we hastened back to Vienna, our starting point, with a degree of rapidity which was anything but favourable to observation. From the capital of Austria I directed my course, through Linz and Nuremberg, to Frankfort, and thence, proceeding to Belgium, we reached the French frontier, at a season when winter, in these climes, begins to declare itself, and makes us think of the pleasures of study and retirement.

As to those of our companions who remained, after my departure, at Odessa, they were unable to follow the route I had laid down for them, and which they might probably have taken under more favourable chances than

ourselves, as the visitation which had filled the Austrian possessions with apprehension, was gradually disappearing. But at the very instant when every necessary step was taken, all the collections assembled and classed, ready for the first convenient means of conveyance that should present itself—in a word, when every preliminary was completed—a fresh disaster threatened them; but on this occasion I must allow them to describe themselves the trials they had to undergo, and which are now classed with the *hæc meminisse juvabit!*

We were all busy making our preparations for departure. The day was spent in labours which all deemed important, the object to be secured being no less than assembling our collections, and providing for their protection against the casualties of a long journey. On beholding accumulated at Odessa all the treasures which had been separately gathered by such good fortune, our naturalists were beside themselves with delight, and marvelled at the extent of their acquisitions. In the evening we visited those persons who had so kindly received us as friends, and we must acknowledge that the most flattering, no less than the most courteous invitations claimed our hours of leisure. At last we were ready, and the 3rd of November was fixed for our departure for the Austrian frontier, when suddenly, on the 1st of November, a vague rumour began to circulate in Odessa. This terrible rumour, beginning in a sort of feverish excitement, and

frequently ending in a cry of anguish, raised by a whole people, had already assumed some consistency ere we had become aware of it; but soon it was no longer possible to doubt the fact. It was the plague! the plague was in Odessa! A pelisse, which had surreptitiously passed through the lazaretto, had spread the infection: at the first discovery of the fact, two victims had already perished. On the morrow of this fatal day several quarters were cut off from communication; but the deadly symptoms, spurning all obstacles, broke out within the barriers which were vainly attempted to be raised against them. The city then really became seized with terror. Fear assumed a calm and horrible aspect, bearing no resemblance to the active terror and the erotic delirium described by Boccacio and Machiavelli. Order and silence existed everywhere in company with fear. The authorities, however, had promptly taken counsel; the governor-general had been apprised, and in the interval of his return from the Crimea, the administration had adopted the wisest measures. Finally, on November the 3rd, the city was closed at twelve o'clock, and all whom chance or necessity had brought into Odessa were declared the prisoners of the plague.

We must acknowledge that it was a time of cruel anxiety to us. We might have left the city the day before, but once outside the wall, what was to be done? What would become of us? How could we expose

ourselves to such chances? What would be done with us, when it was known from what a scene of wretchedness we had escaped? Several well-meaning persons, however, urged us to take this desperate step. It was called back to mind that once the city of Odessa had been cut off from the rest of Europe for six months from a similar cause. We were accordingly in a perplexing state of indecision, when it was cut short by the closing of the city. Such incessant good fortune, however, had not accompanied us throughout this long journey, to desert us thus at the critical moment. Odessa was cut off by land, but the sea was open to us, and on it floated the steamer "Nicolas the First," preparing for her passage to Constantinople.

Assuredly had any one told us a week before that we should go to Constantinople, we should have been strangely surprised. What a convenient city, and how easily are all things taken there! You are not asked, whence do you come? Have you the plague? Plague struck or not, you are welcome. Pray, come in! Thus we were enabled to proceed without impediment. We embarked on board the steamer on the 4th, and quitted the roadstead at nightfall, not without many wishes for the speedy relief of the beautiful city, where we had received such generous and courteous attentions.

The next day we passed within a short distance of the Island of Serpents, the only island in the Black

Sea. This island is the Leuké, the white island of the ancients, and has received many other names. Achilles was presented with it as a gift by his mother; a wretched apanage for so wealthy an heir. The son erected a temple and founded a city upon this rock, in honour of his mother. In the present day, the Island of Serpents, deserted by mythology, and denuded of anything like vegetation, presents the appearance of a barren and desolate islet, exclusively inhabited by sea birds. The island was soon passed, without, however, our having perceived any of those marks mentioned by Arrian in the periplus of the Pontus Euxinus. Moreover, the shades of Achilles and Patroclus declined to take the trouble of showing us—as is said to be their custom—on what part of the coast a landing may most easily be effected: accordingly we continued on our journey. A rough sea, a grey sky, and a cold wind, accompanied us to about latitude 44°. This temperature, and the appearance of the sky, were in perfect accordance with the experience of the sailors relative to this coast. Though they may no longer believe in Achilles and Patroclus, they are perfectly convinced, and justly so, that the sea and winds are more inclement there than in any other part of the sea opposite the Delta of the Danube. On the 6th of November, the mildest autumnal sun, and the most calm and limpid sea, favoured our entrance into the Bosphorus. We had

long looked forward to the moment when we should behold this celebrated channel, wishing it were nearer, but directly we descried it, we began to think our progress too rapid. Running, as we were, at the rate of nine knots an hour, in the midst of the most diversified scenery, was enough to bewilder one. The eye grows weary with following out the splendid landscapes and admirable prospects, alternately revealed and shrouded from the sight. This incomparable channel of the Bosphorus is one immense panorama, extending on both sides of the vessel for a distance of five leagues, studded with forts, towers, villages and palaces. On first entering the channel, these wonders appear few, and scattered at intervals along the sloping sides of the hills. As you advance, however, the houses become more numerous, and at closer distances, till at last they present a complete row of brilliant and fanciful edifices. Above this first plane of the picture, it is wonderful to see the mass of red roofs, varnished panels, gilt blinds, rounded walnut trees, ancient cypresses, and white spires of the mosques heaped together in the most picturesque disorder. The nearer you approach to Constantinople, the more confused does this admirable chaos become, and louder grows on either shore those sounds of life which betray the presence of a large and active population. A large number of caïques are seen ploughing the waters of the Bosphorus in all directions.

Up to this point we had travelled with extreme speed, but on coming abreast of the Bouyouk-Déré, the great valley, as the Turks picturesquely call that splendid spot where the palace of the Russian embassy stands, the "Nicolas the First" slackened its pace. A war corvette was stationed there, and sent on board for the steamer's despatches. Shortly afterwards we were alongside Terapia, the residence of the French embassy, with its magnificent gardens. Further on, we threaded our way through a numerous Turkish squadron, consisting of ships of the line, and frigates lying at anchor before a spacious dockyard. They were new ships, constructed on the most perfect model by an American engineer. We were now in the midst of a noisy city, compactly crowded with buildings, of which the limpid waters of the Bosphorus form the populous highway. At length, at six o'clock in the evening, we cast anchor near the point of the seraglio, in the midst of the celebrated basin called the Golden Horn. A resplendent spectacle now appeared, rising nobly above the ever-shifting scene presented by the Bosphorus. It was Constantinople, bathed in a glowing and transparent light; the great hills and tall summits of this immense city, flooded with the golden light of the sun, majestically sinking behind the large domes and minarets of the mosques of Achmet.

At a short distance from us the French packet, the

TYP. J. CLAYE.

TURKISH INFANTRY (CONSTANTINOPLE).

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

"Dante," one of the steamers in the service of the post-office, was preparing to start for Marseilles. We had only twenty-four hours to explore this living capital; and moreover, we had arrived exactly in time to be kept on board our vessel by the rigid law which forbids all communication with the land after nightfall. Accordingly we remained in our vessel, chained to the deck by the magnificent spectacle around us, the grand outlines of which were rendered still more imposing by the light of the moon. We next tried to catch some stray sound of life from the midst of the sleeping city, but every human being was buried in deep silence, and all we heard was the howling of those nocturnal masters of Constantinople—the dogs. With the return of light, everything awoke to life: the city, the ships, and the caïques—those frail boats, upset by the slightest movement—upwards of ten thousand of which are daily seen gliding in every direction through the waters.

Ten hours is too short a time to explore this quadruple city, to climb from Galata to Pera, which still retains its gigantic Genoese tower; to thread the labyrinth of streets and bazaars in Stamboul, or attempt to visit Scutari. We rushed at the task like a forlorn hope, or like headlong school boys, who take advantage, with eager delight, of an hour, or even a few minutes' relaxation. We who were flying from the plague, were now about gaily to brave it in those narrow streets

along which it sweeps in perfect liberty, with that proud deportment peculiar to the Turk, who knocks against everything in his way, without ever crying "look out." But what right have we to open our mouths, we who hurried breathlessly through mosques, bazaars, cemeteries and palaces? Can we attempt even a single stroke of a sketch, for which it would take whole days to prepare? No, certainly; those who have explored the Crimea, step by step, who have religiously made a point of halting at the door of every poor Tatar mosque, who have counted one by one all their humble clay-built villages, buried in the shade of trees, those who have done this, should remain under the influence of their simple admiration of these things. We, who had devoted three months to the study of poor hamlets, what could we do with a few hours, fleeting as thought, spent in this metropolis of the Ottoman world!

No, Heaven be thanked, travels are, now-a-days, easy, Constantinople is now next door to Marseilles; and we enthusiastic and studious pilgrims, who have seconded, to the best of our ability, a leader full of activity, and burning with the love of science, we shall very certainly re-visit, for their own sake, these beautiful scenes, so deserving of study and admiration.

The "Dante" started on the 7th of November; on the 8th we met the Turkish fleet of Tahir-Pacha in the

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SLAVE MARKET (SMYRNA).

Dardanelles. A few hours after, we beheld a French fleet nobly riding at anchor between Tenedos and the Trojan shore, *campos ubi Troja fuit.* The following day we entered the port of Smyrna. We shall carefully abstain from any description of this Eastern city, which has been so admirably painted by so many illustrious visitors. The "Dante," a traveller familiar with these beautiful seas, was, nevertheless, unable to avoid a dangerous collision. An Austrian steamer, crossing our course during the night in the channel of Scio, received, as did we, the most violent and unexpected concussion. Fortunately the two vessels, though injured, were able to continue their journey. A gale rising between the Morea and Malta, obliged the "Dante" to stop its engines; for endeavouring any longer to resist the storm, would have been to risk the lives of all on board. Malta received us beneath its walls, and after coasting Sicily, and saluting all the cities on the Italian coast, we reached Marseilles after six months' absence, to seek in the lazaretto an interval of repose and solitude, charmed by many a reminiscence.

Here ends the simple narrative of our travels, during which we were in continual movement; and in our rapid survey each day, each country brought to the travellers their tribute of new emotions and interesting studies. What yet remains to be said relative to the countries a journey through which this book has just sketched,

science will relate it in its grave and precise language. As for me, my task is accomplished, and all my wishes will be fulfilled, if the indulgent attention of the reader has been able to follow me thus far through this labyrinth of scenery, history, observations and poetry, which our active cohort has been threading for the last six months with so much zeal and good fortune. This, therefore, will, in point of fact, only be a necessary introduction to the labours of the savans and naturalists in whose adventurous career we participated. When, therefore, each of us shall have added his share of labour to the completion of this monument, we shall have jointly accomplished a task which, if not in talent, at least in truth and conscientiousness, will, perhaps, not prove unworthy the object proposed in this expedition, and the august patron to whom this book is dedicated.

FINIS.

NOTES.

I.

M. Huot, the learned and zealous collaborator, whose name will frequently be found in this work, died at Versailles on the 19th of May, 1845, at the age of 55.

A few lines devoted to the memory of a modest savant, an indefatigable labourer in the field of science, and a good man, whom we all regret, may naturally find a place in the narrative of a journey, to the results of which M. Huot so industriously contributed. It is therefore as a testimonial of esteem and regret that I shall, in a few words, trace the simple yet teeming history of the life and labours of our collaborator.

Jean Jacques Huot was born in Paris in 1790. His family held an honourable position in the middle classes; but a second marriage contracted by his mother, a widow when Huot was yet in infancy, placed him, as respects pecuniary means, in a more favourable position for the development of his intelligence. M. Lemonnier, his step-father, held a high post in the financial department, and accordingly gave the child every means of acquiring knowledge. His first studies were completed under the guidance of able tutors; and at the age of 16, Huot, possessed of a good classical education, and left to his own pursuits, spent whole days in the public libraries, and attended with ardour the public lectures on geology, mineralogy, natural history, chemistry and the Oriental languages: in a word, all that noble course

of instruction, the professors of which at that time were Fayas, Cuvier, Brongniart, de Sacy, Vanquelin, and so many others whose names are widely celebrated.

Under such masters, and with that consecutive spirit and courageous tenacity which already distinguished him as a young man, Huot stored his memory with those treasures of science and general information, which subsequently fitted him to undertake any study, to grapple with any subject. His family, however, who owed their affluent circumstances to the official position of M. Lemonnier, and who naturally saw no other career for Huot than government employment, soon cut short this course of study and mental development. The young student was sent to Metz, under the care of a high financial functionary, the pay-master of the Third Military Division; and his mind, thirsting for knowledge, was prematurely weaned from its strong intellectual food, to confine itself within the narrow sphere of official routine.

Fortunately for the young employé, his chief, M. Weyer, the pay-master of the Third Division, was an enlightened and liberal man. He allowed Huot all the time he required, to pursue his beloved studies; mineralogy and numismatics alternated with the labours of the desk, and in a short time M. Weyer even furnished his studious protégé with other instructors.

The continuance of this happy state of things was once more obstructed by the projects of M. Huot's family. He was summoned back to Paris, and placed in the office of the solicitor to the treasury, to learn law procedure, in which situation it was with difficulty he obtained a few stealthy opportunities of listening to those great instructors, whose lessons had formerly delighted him. In 1811, the end towards which M. Lemonnier had so solicitously striven, was finally attained. Huot, after being admitted as a supernumerary in

the mint department of the treasury, received the appointment of warehouse keeper, under the tobacco monopoly, for the arrondissement of Versailles. This office had been newly created, and the newly-promoted holder was not more than twenty-one years of age.

This was undoubtedly a favourable start in life, and the parents of M. Huot had shown, in their perseverance, a just sense of their son's interests; but all that the youthful functionary appreciated in his new position, was the feeling of freedom. After the rigorous discharge of his official duties, science absorbed every instant of his time; and often, more than once in a week, M. Huot performed the journey, at that time so tedious, from Versailles to the Jardin des Plantes, in order to take his seat at the lectures on mineralogy and geology.

In 1815, M. Huot married the daughter of Mr. Weyer, his worthy and intelligent patron at Metz. A few years afterwards, with the very legitimate object of increasing his means, he connected himself in pecuniary affairs with his newly-adopted family. Fortune was not favourable to their joint speculation, M. Huot lost all he possessed, and, moreover, involved several of his friends in the same disaster. It was at this time that he acted with a degree of honour which cannot be passed over in silence, and to which the historian of this humble life must allude.

After these reverses, M. Huot's lot became entirely changed. He had pursued the study of science from taste: necessity now obliged him to turn his knowledge to advantage. Those persons who had suffered from the losses by which his family was ruined, could advance no claim, but on the ground of M. Huot's moral responsibility. This responsibility he accepted; he assumed it with that courageous and lasting impulse which characterised all his undertakings. Life now became an austere task, in which he was actuated by one sole motive—to purchase the ransom of his conscience. He succeeded

in accustoming his wife and his young family to this life of duty, abnegation and labour. Noble task, and rare example of rectitude! To the last hour of his life he continued, without intermission or self regard, this weary toil, this rigid penance, which he had stoically imposed upon himself, as a punishment for once having desired to be less poor.

This episode of M. Huot's life, and which, in fact, became the history of his whole existence, sufficiently paints the man, and renders any additional traits unnecessary. We feel that the mind which could conceive and carry out such an undertaking, must be honest and virtuous, in the strictest sense of the words. In such a character, we are prepared to find tenacity, courage, abnegation, sense of duty; in a word, all the virtues of the sage in Horace—

"Justum ac tenacem propositi virum," &c.

His friends, his colleagues, his companions in travel, render a willing testimony to the qualities of his mind and the affability of his manners. Naturally modest, and habitually reserved in conversation, M. Huot possessed, nevertheless, a certain tranquil and gentle charm of manner, which secured ready and delighted listeners; simple, and sometimes credulous, as are all students, and full of honest good-nature, he seldom betrayed emotion, save for the interests of his cherished studies. Endowed with a strong will, to which he too frequently exacted obedience from faculties jaded by intense application, calculating neither time, distance nor danger, when a scientific fact was to be ascertained, harsh towards himself, indulgent towards others, and strictly confining himself to the narrow limits which he had traced round his life of toil and abnegation, M. Huot has left behind him a memory justly respected. We shall presently enumerate the conscientious services which entitle him to the remembrance of science.

A slave to the oppressive circumstances of which I have given a sketch, and continually absorbed by his duties, M. Huot devoted himself to useful labours, but had no leisure to work for the advancement of his personal fame. It was only by way of giving repose and relaxation to his mind, that he wrote the memoirs and notices with which he occasionally enriched the most esteemed collections, and in the same manner it was as a relief to the fatigue of his midnight labours, and to break the silence of his solitary meditations, that he delivered lectures on mineralogy and geology, at the Société des Sciences Naturelles of Seine et Oise, where he was favourably listened to.

The studies especially cultivated by M. Huot rendered it necessary that he should travel; and he was enabled to make such savings of his time and means as allowed him to travel, hammer in hand, through the greater part of France, Switzerland and the Rhine provinces. When in 1837, by the kindness of an august personage, I was authorised to conduct a series of scientific observations in Southern Russia, I esteemed myself fortunate to have it in my power to avail myself of such a fellow labourer. In this productive campaign, he exhibited a zeal, courage and activity, which yielded to no trials.

The state of M. Huot's health experienced a serious change in 1838. He, nevertheless, continued to produce works bearing the stamp of maturity and experience. In 1842, the care he received from his family, and considerable relaxation from work, had restored him to health. It was at this time that the municipal administration of Versailles, recognising his ability, confided to him the care of the public library. In 1844, a voyage to Italy was deemed necessary, the affection of the lungs, from which M. Huot suffered, appearing to make fresh progress. The invalid returned somewhat relieved, from the effects of the excursion; but the time granted him was not sufficient for his constitution, which was seriously impaired, to derive any permanent benefit from a warmer climate.

Accordingly the year 1845 commenced with M. Huot under sad auspices. At the commencement of this year, the ministry of finance, under which he had exercised the same functions during thirty-four years, as tobacco warehouse keeper at Versailles, signified to him that he must elect between his post of librarian and his duties as employé of the treasury. If there be a case in which pluralism is allowable, it is certainly when purely administrative duties are united with an employment essentially of a scientific character. In M. Huot's position, especially with so heavy a self-imposed burthen upon his labours, almost upon his very life, this trifling accumulation of offices might have heen tolerated. Such, however, was not the case; M. Huot applied for his retiring pension, and obtained it by a ministerial decree on the 14th of April, 1845. One month afterwards, on the 19th of May, at the very time he was about to resign his duties to the hands of his successor, he expired, after a few hours' suffering.

His obsequies were performed at Versailles, in the presence of an assemblage of eminent scientific men, of the municipal authorities, and of numerous friends, who had come from Paris to pay a last homage to the savant, the honest man and worthy citizen.

The published works of M. Huot are numerous; I will give as complete a list of them as I have been able to collect.

1820—1823. Scientific articles in a daily paper: Contributions to the *Journal de la Société de la Morale Chrétienne*, of which he was one of the founders, together with Guizot, de Broglie, de Geraudo, &c. Historical Notices in the *Musée des Protestans Célèbres.*

1824—1825. *Paper on an alleged Human Fossil,* discovered near Muret, in the Forest of Fontainebleau.

> This paper, presented to the Academy of Sciences, was adopted by that learned society as the most lucid report on the subject, and the Academy voted in favour of its conclusions.

A Polemic Tract, on the same subject, against the authors of this

pretended discovery; in which M. Huot proved, by the most convincing arguments, the error into which they had fallen.

Papers inserted in the ANNALES DES SCIENCES NATURELLES: *Observation on the Geology of Grignon—On the Calcareous formation containing the remains of Plants, and on the Upper Strata in that locality.*

Notice on the Life and Labours of Lamouroux.

Geological Notes on the presence of the remains of Vertebrated Animals in the different Strata of our Globe.

Notice on Lavoisier in *La Galerie Française.*

1826—1837. Continuation of the *Précis de la Géographie Universelle*, after the death of Malte-Brun. More than 6 vols. of 900 pages each.

Continuation of the *Géographie Physique* in the *Encyclopædia Méthodique.*

The descriptive portion of the *Abrégé de Géographie Physique, Historique, Politique, ancienne et moderne.*

Nouvelle Géographie des écoles, in conjunction with M. C. Guibal, late student of the Polytechnic School.

A great number of articles on Geography, Mineralogy, Geology, and Zoology, in

L'Encyclopédie Moderne,

L'Encyclopédie Nouvelle,

L'Encyclopédie des gens du monde, and

Le Dictionnaire Pictoresque d'Histoire Naturelle.

1838—1845. *Nouveau Cours Élémentaire de Géologie;* two large volumes. The most complete and the most recent compendium of the principles of that science, Paris, 1839.

Nouveau Manuel de Géographie Physique, ou introduction à l'étude de la Géologie.

Geological description of the Banks of the Danube, and of the Crimea, in the *Voyage dans la Russie Méridionale.* Data for the Geological Map of that country.

Abrégé de Géographie; one volume, of 800 pages, printed in double columns.

Translation of Pomponious Mela, for the *Collection des Classiques Latins.*

Translation, revised and corrected, of a popular Geography, for the use of schools, by Dr. GOLDSMITH.

Manuel de Géologie.

Manuel de Palæontologie.

M. Huot was associate of a great number of learned societies. In 1842 he was presented, by H.M. The Emperor of all the Russias, with the Order of St. Ann.

A. DEMIDOFF.

Paris, May 1, 1846.

II.

THERE are some men whom Providence seems to have marked out beforehand as fit instruments to advance the general weal of nations, and guide them in the path of regeneration and progress. These chosen spirits, lofty minds, seem not properly to belong to any special country; their deeds are an inheritance to all mankind, and their names are enrolled in history, as soaring above all the passions of the multitude, the blindness of party spirit, or the rivalry of races.

He who has received from Heaven one of these noble missions, and has fulfilled it for the happiness of mankind, will leave behind a name both honoured and blest; but the glory he will receive from posterity ought not to prevent his contemporaries rendering justice to his merits. To one, therefore, who has travelled over the principalities, and hailed, as it were, at its dawn, the era of civilisation and wise liberty, which has commenced for these interesting countries, it may be permitted to trace, in a few words, the biography of the eminent man who has regenerated people, laws and manners throughout that wide extent of country.

Lieutenant-General Paul de Kisseleff, now minister of the department of the imperial domains in Russia, was born in Moscow in 1788. Sprung from a family, the annals of whose nobility date from the eleventh century, Kisseleff, while yet a youth, girded on the sword of the Chevaliers Gardes. He first went into action during the bloody war which ended in the Treaty of Tilsitt; and up to 1815 he continued to attract attention as an excellent officer. He was a colonel before the walls of Paris, when the Emperor Alexander

having had occasion to appreciate his brilliant qualities, attached him to his person as an aide-de-camp. This position gave him an opportunity of displaying a degree of capacity far from common; entrusted by the Emperor with several delicate missions, at a time when European politics were thrown into a state of ferment, by the task of laying down the basis of a durable peace, he succeeded in distinguishing himself in these negotiations; and on returning to his country he was promoted, at the age of twenty-nine, to the rank of Major-General, and appointed to the important post of Chief of the Staff of the Second Corps d'Armée. This high favour and extraordinary advancement were soon justified by the activity and talents of General Kisseleff, and shortly after his promotion, the second corps d'armée was already cited as a model of organisation and proficiency.

The premature death of the Emperor Alexander, was greatly lamented by an officer who owed to him his fortune; and the political events which accompanied the accession of the Emperor Nicholas proved a severe trial to General Kisseleff. He was enabled, however, without compromising his high character, to maintain himself in the path of prudence and loyalty; and he won from the new sovereign that confidence, which talents of the highest order, and a rare tact, had earned for him from Alexander.

In 1828, Kisseleff fought in Turkey, and crossed the Danube under the enemy's fire. This action obtained him the rank of Lieutenant-General. Shortly afterwards, before Schorumta, he carried, amidst the applause of the entire army, a position which had proved a check to the Russians; and in the course of the same day a sword of honour, and an Imperial rescript, in the most flattering terms, rewarded one whose career of glory was so rapid, that Imperial favour with difficulty kept pace with it.

The year 1829 had brought about great changes in the constitution of the body of officers at the head of the Russian army. Count Diebitsch had succeeded Marshal de Wittgenstein in the chief command. Kisseleff, whose functions as chief of the staff ceased with the assumption of the powers of Marshal, was appointed to command the troops destined to occupy Wallachia. To an officer of his rank, this was no very enviable post; but circumstances, ere long, threw open a field for all the prudence, ardour and activity of the general. The troops left in Wallachia were destined to cover the rear of the principal corps d'armée which was engaged in the east of Bulgaria. To this end, it was their duty to keep in check the garrisons of the fortresses of Giourjévo and Roustschouk, and at the same time to watch the movements of the Pacha of Widin; although but little apprehensions were entertained of him, on account of his distance from the scene, and his recent defeat. Suddenly, intelligence was received, stating that an army of 100,000 men, under the command of this conquered pacha, was concentrated in Bulgaria, and preparing to fall upon Bukharest, in order to cut off communication with the Russians. From this moment, the feeble section of the army left in Wallachia was raised to extreme importance. In a few days General Kisseleff made himself master of the course of the Danube, kept the Turkish garrisons on the left bank in check, and carried war and alarm to the opposite shore. Moreover, learning that Mustapha, the Pacha of Scutari, had detached himself from Widin with 25,000 men, and threatened the flank of the Russian army, he took upon himself to act; and judging that the instructions he had received, of keeping on the defensive, could not apply to such extreme and unforeseen circumstances, he hastened in pursuit of Mustapha, and was on the point of coming up with him, when the preliminaries of the peace were arranged, and he received orders

to suspend his march. The general obeyed; but, skilful in divining the artifices and temporising policy of the Divan, he continued to hold his positions. Effectively, the Turkish plenipotentiaries discovered a thousand pretexts for the purpose of prolonging the negotiations. Kisseleff executed a movement, took possession of Sophia and Frabova, and presented himself at the pass of the Balkhans, ready to cross the frontier. This resolute manoeuvre disconcerted the plans and expectations which still continued to be entertained after the capture of Adrianople, and a peace was signed in that city on the 14th of September 1829.

By the stipulations of this treaty, the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, together with the fortress of Silistria, were to be occupied by the Russian troops until the payment of the expenses of the war. General Kisseleff was invested with the command of the army of occupation, and the government of the principalities, under the title of president plenipotentiary. From this period commenced a new career for the illustrious warrior, the skilful minister—in a word, the good and just man who forms the subject of this notice—in which the superiority of his mind and the nobleness of his soul shone forth in all their lustre.

I have endeavoured in this book to describe, in a few words, what was the condition of the principalities previous to the beneficent administration of General Kisseleff. In this hasty sketch, it was shown that the two provinces had never tasted the sweets of a peaceful condition of affairs, nor felt the advantages of a regular government. Situated on the confines of Europe and of Asia, possessing of themselves but little consistency, their fate had continually been that of weak and fragile bodies, which, being hemmed in between two solid masses, are constantly in danger of being crushed. We have seen these unfortunate countries, during so many centuries,

as it were, the bed along which coursed the torrent of invasions, unceasingly exposed to devastation and oppression from the strongest, and suffering all the gradations of misery and demoralisation resulting from a state of slavery. General Kisseleff appeared, and from the commencement showed himself in the character of a redeemer. Vigorously did he address himself to the work; and in the accomplishment of his task—one of the finest which it was ever given a man to fulfil—he showed himself throughout equal to the importance of the occasion. His example and his all-powerful influence imparted from the first a most happy impulse. He had devoted himself with care, from the moment of his arrival, to acquiring a knowledge of the laws and customs of the country, its history, its vicissitudes and its primitive organisation, and in a short time he had become so perfectly acquainted with the men and things around him, that nothing escaped his penetrating and enlightened mind. Six months after the arrival of the general, an organic law, a labour worthy its author, sincerely framed to promote civilisation, was completed. Revised and discussed by an assembly extraordinary, it was promulgated on the 1st of May, in the year 1831; and from that day the principalities date the present era of justice and civil government.

Scarcely was this new state of affairs constituted, when the cholera swept, like a meteor, over these unfortunate provinces. All progress was suspended, and the general safety was for a long time the only law. General Kisseleff now appeared under a new aspect to the afflicted people. An active and paternal solicitude, and a personal devotedness, inspired by the sincerest charity, distinguished the chief and the regenerator of the country amongst all.

With the retreat of the scourge, calmness and security re-appeared, and Kisseleff could resume his course of salutary reforms. The civil records, justice, home affairs, education, the army and the civil

force, received in turn a powerful organisation. The national Legislative Assembly assembled under the ægis of the new institutions. Its first act was to present General Kisseleff with the title and rights of a citizen, with all the privileges enjoyed by the most noble families in the country. "Who can have a better right," said the president, to him, "than yourself, to be adopted a son of that land whence every evil vanished from the time you set foot upon it, where everything is the creation of your hand, and all that was dead and inert before, has revived beneath your breath?" While the general assured them how much he was affected by the sentiments which had dictated this offer, he declared that he could not accept it, so long as he was in the country, and charged with the direction of affairs.

Towards the middle of the year 1832, all the new institutions were completely developed, and the principalities presented on all sides an instance of those happy metamorphoses which are commonly the work of time, and the gradual advance of civilisation. The founder of this state of things, desiring to judge, from his own observation, of the internal condition of the country, undertook about this time a tour to Wallachia. He passed through the identical places where, thirty months before, he had met only misery and distress. How happy was he to find everywhere the first indications of growing affluence, the blessed fruits of security. This visit became the source of fresh benefits to the country. The general was determined to see and learn everything; he inspected the schools, the tribunals, the prisons, the hospitals, the quarantines; he collected useful information in every quarter, and directed further improvements. He took compassion on the condition of the convicts employed in the salt-works; and after proposing to the administrative council a reform in the penal regulations, he added, in his own hand,

the following words: "My colleagues will thus give me the means of performing an act of conscience and religion before my departure from this country, that I may leave it with a light heart, and free from a reproach, which I should never forgive myself."

The events of the year 1835 imposed fresh duties on General Kisseleff. Ibrahim Pacha threatened Constantinople, and the Porte implored the aid of Russia. Kisseleff was chosen to command the army, which was to proceed by land to the assistance of that capital, while the fleet of the Black Sea advanced under the direction of Count Orloff. He was then at Yassy; and this mission, the success of which depended on the celerity with which it was executed, surprised him in the midst of the labours of the two assemblies. The general recommended the soldiers he left behind him to the care of the two governments. The Assembly of Bukharest wrote to him in the following words: we are informed of the fresh mark of esteem and confidence which has been afforded you by your sovereign, and we feel a pride in the honour which is thus conferred on you. Your soldiers are our brothers; we shall always find a pleasure in all that contributes to your happiness and to your glory, because we are convinced that the destiny of our country is intimately bound up with yours. In a few days the general had organised an army, and was ready to cross the Danube, when hostilities ceased between the Pacha of Egypt and the Porte.

The mission of the general in the principalities was not, however, yet at an end. The treaty concluded at St. Petersburg, in 1834, had stipulated the evacuation of the Russian troops, and the installation of the Ghospodars. Never had the solicitude of Kisseleff for the welfare of his trust, appeared more eager than during this latter period. All the heads of office received orders to submit to him circumstantial reports on every branch of the administration, in

order that, previous to his departure, he might advise with the assembly as to the measures to be taken for the final consolidation of the new system. He desired to be informed of the state of all the public coffers, and to ascertain the resources which he left behind him in each. He revised and checked, with his own hand, the receipts and expenditure of the treasury during his administration, and commanded the necessary measures to expedite the payment of arrears devoted by him to the extinction of the public debt. In a word, as a father, about to separate for ever from those whom he loves, endeavours to secure the interests of each and all, and to ward off future calamity, General Kisseleff quitted not these provinces of his adoption, this people to whom he had become a father, until he had ensured them, as far as is permitted to human foresight, the most precious of benefits, the protection of sound laws and individual liberty.

General Kisseleff took leave of the principalities in the month of April 1834. I have described by what a concourse of grateful and sorrowing people he was accompanied to the frontier, and how dearly his memory is cherished in all hearts.

On his return to his country, Kisseleff was appointed general of infantry; and, worthily to crown so admirable a career, the emperor confided to him, in 1837, the department of the crown lands, an important branch of administration, embracing in its vast attributes the government and administration of nearly twenty millions of individuals. Here, too, all had to be created; for in Russia, in spite of the progress of all kinds which has marked this century, the condition of the serfs of the crown had, up to the period I allude to, remained stationary; that is to say, that they continued to be the most oppressed and least protected class in the empire. The time, however, was now come for this class to be included in

the reforms which the Emperor Nicholas has never ceased to carry out in every branch of the government of his vast empire. Numerous labours were immediately commenced, and towards 1840 a homogenous body of laws had been formed for the regulation of the affairs of this department. The condition of the serfs of the crown is at present notably improved; and an era of well-being and civilisation is promised to this interesting class, which cannot but have a powerful influence on the future destinies of Russia.

Thus did General Kisseleff, when once more invested with high and important functions, again find the means of exercising at once his eminent administrative faculties and his enlightened love of humanity. It may be said that this glorious career has reached its apogée. The most distinguished honours have long been awarded him; and for a long period also, the enlightened favour of his sovereign, the gratitude of nations, and the esteem of the good, have crowned all his desires, and recompensed one of the noblest political characters of which Russia can boast.

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